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WELL NIGH

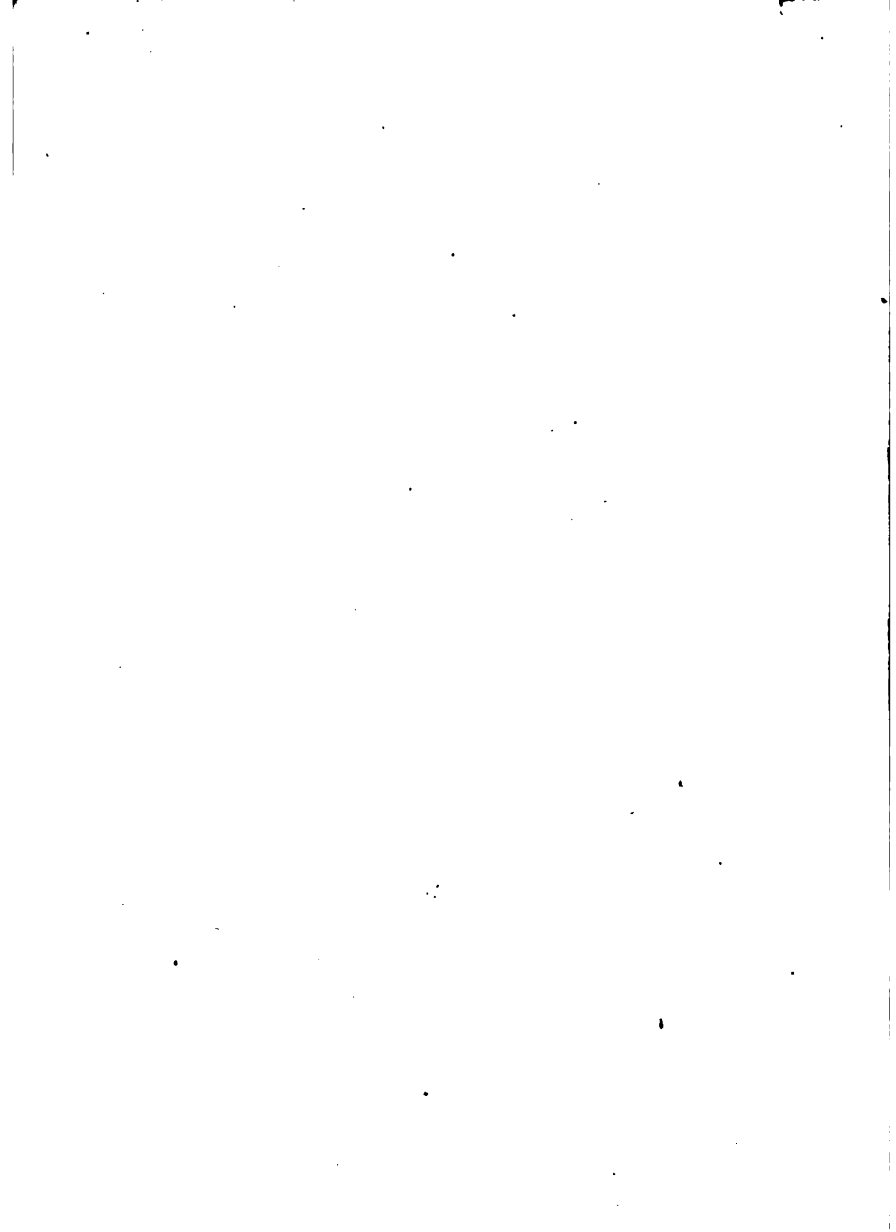


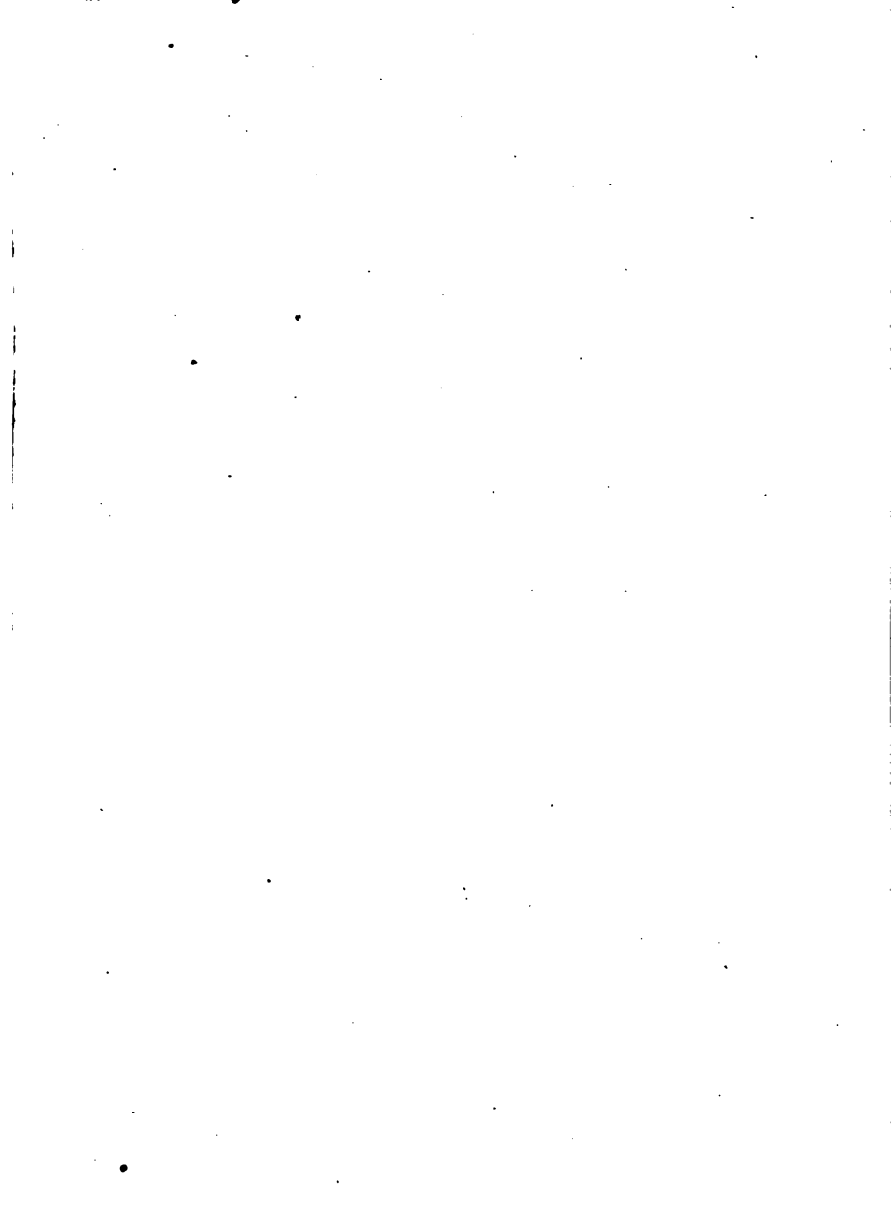
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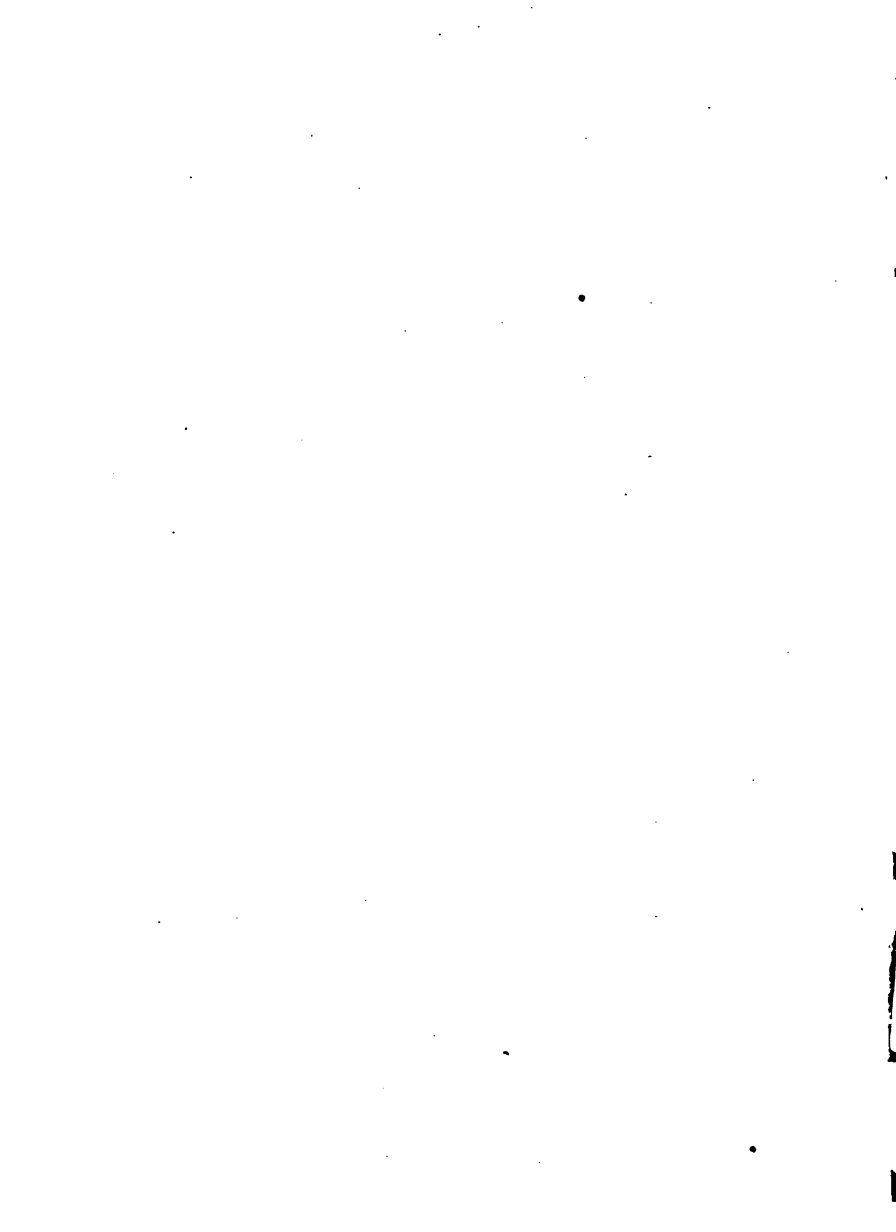
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ΜΩNON ΟΥ

OR

Well-Nigh Reconstructed.

A POLITICAL NOVEL.

BY

BRINSLEY MATTHEWS,

A VILLAGE LAWYER.

W. S. Pearson.

"O that this too too Solid South would melt!

• • •

Fye on't! O fye! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely."

The Thread of a Civil Service Reformer's Dream.



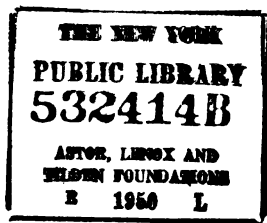
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1882.

M. S. M.



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THIS PAGE

TO THAT

GENIAL GENTLEMAN AND SHREWD CONTROVERSIALIST,

AN APT CRITIC, A CHARITABLE SATIRIST,

A TRUSTY FRIEND,

MR. JOE CALDWELL,

OF

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

See index, Mar. 24, 1850.



A SUGGESTION TO THE NORTH.

"Civil wars strike deepest of all into the manners of the people. They vitiate their politics; they corrupt their morals; they pervert even the natural taste and relish of equity and justice.

"By teaching us to consider our fellow-citizens in a hostile light, the whole body of our nation becomes gradually less dear to us. The very names of affection and kindred, which were the bond of charity whilst we agreed, become new incentives to hatred and rage, when the communion of our country is dissolved.

"We may flatter ourselves that we shall not fall into this misfortune. But we have no charter of exemption, that I know of, from the ordinary frailties of our nature.

* * * * *

"I know many have been taught to think that moderation, in a case like this, is a sort of treason; and that all arguments for it are sufficiently answered by railing at rebels and rebellion, and by charging all the present or future miseries which we may suffer, on the resistance of our brethren.

"But I would wish them, in this grave matter, and if peace is not wholly removed from their hearts, to consider seriously, first, that to criminate and recriminate never yet was the road to reconciliation in any difference amongst men. In the next place, it would be right to reflect that the American-English (whom they may abuse if they think it honorable to revile the absent) can, as things now stand, neither be provoked at our railing, nor bettered by our instruction.

* * * * *

"Contending for an imaginary power, we begin to acquire the spirit of domination, and to lose the relish of honest equality. The principles of our forefathers become suspected to us, because we see them animating the present opposition of our children. The faults which grow out of the luxuriance of freedom appear much more shocking to us than the base vices which are generated from the rankness of servitude.

"Accordingly the least resistance to power appears more inexcusable in our eyes than the greatest abuses of authority. All dread of a standing military force is looked upon as a superstitious panic.

"We grow indifferent to the consequences inevitable to ourselves from the plan of ruling half the empire by a mercenary sword.

"We are taught to believe that a desire of domineering over our countrymen is love to our country."

(Edmund Burke's Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol on the Affairs of America.)

"B'leeve me, my young fren', I kin place my old hands tenderly on the fair young hed of the Virginny maid, whose lover was laid low in the battle dust by a fed'ral bullet, and say, as fervently and piously as a vener'ble sinner like me kin say anything, 'God be good to you, my poor dear, my poor dear.' I riz up to go, and takin' my young Southern fren' kindly by the hand, I sed, 'You Southern fellers is probly my brothers, tho' you've occasionally had a cussed queer way of showin' it! It's over now. Let us all give in and make a country on this continent.'"

(Artemus Ward's Letter from Richmond in 1865.)

WELL-NIGH RECONSTRUCTED.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCED TO YOU.

THERE is of course a woman in this story. In fact, no story worth the telling since Milton and Moses gave us the rupture in Eden has been without its heroine. Often not appearing in the climax, when the lights burn brightest and the orchestra wand moves most rapidly, still the ever-present She has a place in the watchful mind that has annotated the successive steps in the play.

The South has been made solid mainly by her women.

The preachers have helped, it is true; but they were in the main reflectors of the female determination. Mr. Jefferson Davis, but slightly bent, and in no wise broken, (what a magnificent virility his!) looks out from his Gulf home on the fretful waters, which he once dreamed would be encircled by a great Slave Empire, and draws a consolation from the daily evidences given him that the men of the South are more occupied with the price of cotton than with the question of States' rights, in the fact that the great mass of their helpmeets still speak of him as *President* Davis, and would as soon entertain a Mormon preacher as a native Radical at table or at ball.

If Longstreet has gone to Turkey, Margaret Preston has written a new poem, and he knows that while the minister is despised as playing a weak second to Grant, the poet is loved, and her name is a household word.

Not that her verse is ranked higher than it should be, for the Southern reading woman brings a nicely adjusted taste to bear

in the discussion critical; but that the singer gives vent to many thoughts which occupy in part the daily lives of her sex in the South. The minister to the Sultan, on the other hand, is the highest in rank of the Southern men who have "gone over" to the Northern side since the war, and in consequence has lost caste. The author feels sure, right here, that the dominating feeling of the South on the great subject of its relation to the North, is best found in the frequent use of those homely words applied to every Southern man who votes the Republican ticket.

It is said of such a one, that "he has gone over." Now the evident underlying meaning in this, if anything can be gathered from the tone, look, and bearing of those saying it, is that the man spoken of has committed a grave offence against good morals and the well-being of society. Whether this be true, let this story say further on.

If the gravamen of the offence was that the turn-coat had professed a love for the Union, and was glad that the slaves were free, and had learned to respect the memory of Mr. Lincoln, then surely the Southern people are a greater race of liars than the Euxine Greeks, for on all these and kindred subjects, De Tocqueville, travelling from Richmond to Matamoras, would hear but one expression of opinion. That opinion would be identical with the opinion of the North, with a slight difference in the manner of communicating it.

Above the Potomac, a certain joy in the utterance that all the goody goodies which Mr. Seward had promised, as the result of the war on the South, had come to hand. South of it, that there had been a rash sowing in bitterness and folly, and a harvest in mortification, regret and tears.

However, I am not to philosophize too much in a novel, if George Eliot has set the example. That is the province of history, where woman, the subject with which I set out, seldom appears.

The ponderous tomes of the past are occupied almost exclusively with what the male half of creation have done; while it is in the novel alone that woman lives to conquer the heroes of

the histories, to upset cabinets, to declare war, and occasionally to make peace.

But for Beatrix Esmond's beauty, the Pretender would have been king.

What Pitt owed to Pompadour we shall never very well know. Quebec and Calcutta certainly—perhaps, by her withdrawal from the Continental system, England's subsequent salvation from the clutch of Napoleon.

But it is an American woman I set out to describe—a Virginia girl fifteen years old—as she appeared in the spring of 1865, when Stoneman's Cavalry were scouring a section of her State, purged for four years as it had been of blood and treasure, food and raiment, to resist the restoration of a union in the rearing of which it lent such a mighty hand. This girl (Cornelia, her mother called her just then from the door of a high-gabled old brick house,) was standing in the front yard under the shadow of a Lombardy poplar, if that tree can be said to make a shadow, at four o'clock of a bright, blustery April afternoon in the spring of "the Surrender." All Southerners date from the Surrender. Perhaps they remember, pity it is, that England and France and the United States accorded them during the civil war the rights of belligerents in token of some very stubborn, well-won fighting.

Well, this girl, (how distinct is the memory of a very black eye that was fully lit up this particular afternoon, and made a colorless skin show some signs of blood elsewhere than on her lips, for they were the reddest of red, made so it may be by the contrast with their porcelain environment,) was looking from quite a height on the approach of a column of Union cavalry up a lane, which, at first approaching the house was made to turn around a field, and so throw the homestead farther off from this the public highway. She had a boy visitor then, not quite her age, who was making his way home from a school, the session of which had been abruptly ended and the pupils scattered, by the news of the surrender of Lee, and the presence of the Union forces in the next county. His earthly all, a suit of

black cloth made by the most loving of old-fashioned mothers (he chose to fancy her such an one as they of Rome were in the time of Cincinnatus) from a remnant laid away at the time Sumter was fired upon, together with his linen and school books, (Dan Sloan had drawn pictures in the fly leaves of every one of them, and it was on that account chiefly that he did not leave them a spoil to the enemy,) were carried by him in a pillow-slip on which were his dear mother's initials, worked with a cunning hand in red thread. For two days he had trudged with this load on his back in company with straggling detachments of Lee's veterans, seeking their South-Western homes, all of them in good spirits, none cast down, and generally having a good word to say of Grant.

His food had been the boiled cow-peas, dried fruit, sorghum and corn-bread, which the ladies in the villages through which they passed had brought out on the sidewalks to the soldiers. For whenever a band of these entered a hamlet, the sad news of the 9th of April had set fair hands to work in devising some relief for hunger and high-strung hearts, to fashion words of hope and sympathy and encouragement. "You are not ashamed or afraid for what you have done, are you?" they would say in perfect confidence of the answer, to the roughest of the men; and one little girl, seeing our hero with them, cried out, "Oh look, what a poor little soldier that is! Mamma, give him some of that old black pea soup."

It was in this village that the boy first learned how near he was to the raiding party of East Tennessee bushwhackers, who trailed along in Stoneman's rear, though I have previously dignified them with the name of Union Cavalry. But one should not at this late day quarrel even with the worst of East Tennessee's contributions to the cause of the Union, remembering as every woman and child in south-west Virginia and the Carolinas must remember, how sorely disgraced was the name of Confederate soldier when borne by some of the men who claimed to belong to Generals Wheeler and Vaughan's commands of cavalry.

There was never a hope that among that array of freebooters would be found a claimant for the reward of \$10,000 offered by a noted infantry commander of the South "*for a dead man with his spurs on.*" Now for a school-boy of fourteen to be wedged up, as it were, in this manner between retreating squads of a rough soldiery, who were his friends, but like all soldiers callous and somewhat selfish, and an advancing squad of the enemy about whom he was hearing terrible and as it proved true accounts—this impressed him very painfully, though not with the feeling of fright, for he had no apprehension that any man, however brutal his disposition, would kill a boy. The dread was rather that he might in the hurly-burly then going on be called to the protection of some female in the absence of better guardianship and be inadequate for the task. There was a positive dearth of men in the country, excepting of course these passers-by of Lee's, who were under parole, every mother's son of them, and this lad's disquiet arose not so much from apprehensions of what the Yankees would do, as from what the negroes might do. He had read fearful accounts in the newspapers of their excesses in Northern and Eastern Virginia, how all the old family ties, which were vainly believed to be hoops of iron and chains of steel, snapped on the instant a blue-coat hove in sight; how "Missus" was told good-bye in a "huff," and sometimes with rough insolence; how darker scenes had been enacted which it is not the province of these pages to record; and how that the protection which a civilized enemy usually affords the non-combatants was usually withdrawn in the very nick of time and seemingly with the knowledge that the camp-followers would do as devilishly as they did.

Uncertain whether to advance or remain, knowing no one, the mail facilities completely destroyed, heavy-hearted when he thought of home and the dear mother, ignorant whether the last of three gallant brothers sent off to fight the Union survived to protect her, he bitterly bemoaned ever taking the advice of his teacher to leave school. There at least the kind but homely old spinster, who had boarded twenty "sets" of boys,

would have given him shelter and soft words till either peace came or war took on a more auspicious look for the poor staggering Southland.

Musing thus and resting on the curb-stone of the village pavement, the cheery order to "march" was given by one of his soldier friends, who knew the value of the parole he carried and cared nothing if he met Stoneman's Brigade in the dark. Foot-sore as he was, his judgment dictated that he had better keep with his new acquaintances than trust to entire strangers, and so limping to keep up, he bade good-bye to ladies and cow-pea soup and left the row of bright faces shining under the foliage of the young sidewalk elms, to welcome the next band of Lee's men that might come in sight. Three miles out, the party waded a rapid river whose waters were almost as clear as those that lie in the home from which it came—the beautiful Blue Ridge.

The stones of its bed pained our little friend's poor feet while it cooled them, and once over it he tied his boots to his back and trudged along bare-foot. Not a mile from the river an old gentleman, shabbily mounted, asked the soldiers if they knew where the "raiders," as he called Stoneman's men, were, and noticing our friend's bare feet he asked what such a child was doing with the army.

The soldiers explained the connection he had with them, complimented his marching powers, but expressed the belief that he was about "gone up."

"What is your name, my young friend?" said the old horseman.

"Moran, sir. Archie Moran. I am from Alabama—a son of ex-Governor Moran."

"I knew your father by reputation very well. You must not go any farther with your feet in that fix. That is my house," pointing to the high-gabled brick of which mention has before been made, "and Brookwood can still entertain man and beast fairly well if the devil is to pay everywhere else, and I verily believe it is.—Gentlemen," to the soldiers, "what is to become of our country? Are n't we ruined? What do the army say about it?"

He was a very abrupt old fellow, this gray-beard, and took Archie's assent to what he said as a matter of course. He did not even wait for an answer from the soldiers, but continued, pointing with his riding switch to a young sergeant from the Carolinas, who at once introduced himself as Mr. Bond, "What are the Yankees going to do any way? You look to be posted."

The young fellow smiled and said, "Not very well, sir, I fear. Grant gave the men here all very good terms and treatment at Appomattox, but hell has broken loose at the North since that time. Abe Lincoln was killed, and they say it is doubtful whether the Yankees will stand up to any terms our Generals make with theirs. You have heard about old Abe's death, haven't you?"

"Not a word! not a word! I've heard nothing except that Lee had thrown up the sponge," replied the elderly man.

"Oh yes," continued Sergeant Bond, "they killed Lincoln and old Seward too—in a theatre, I believe, but I don't know the men's names that did it—Southern sympathizers I expect. As for me, I am going to the Trans-Mississippi department with Jeff Davis and Kirby Smith. I've got no parole and don't want one. If it gets too hot out there, why Mexico is handy, and I'd a d—d sight rather live under the French than under the Yankees. You don't catch me surrendering. I left the day before the Yankees came into Richmond, and have been half starved ever since, but 'never say die' is my slogan, and 'hurrah for Dixie.' Don't you say so too?"

"Yes," said the old man, "we are all in the same boat; I guess you are right about it. Do you think Joe Johnston can make a stand against Sherman?"

"If he had Lee's men he could," said the Sergeant with pride and an evident huskiness of throat, "but those South-Western fellows have got no discipline and never did have any. The generals have been forever quarrelling with each other and the men lost confidence in them; but 'Old Joe' is all right and Jeff ought never to have removed him. You can bet he'll stop

'Mister' Sherman if there is any stop in him, but you know Sherman is a long ways the best Yankee general."

By this time the old gentleman, who had while conversing turned his horse and ridden slowly along by the side of Sergeant Bond, who was in the lead of our straggling file of weather-beaten tramps, reached the side lane which led to the front door of the aforesaid Brookwood.

"Come, Mr. Archie, excuse my way. I am a little blunt," he said. "Gentlemen, won't you all turn in? I never keep anything stronger than wine about my house, but you shall have as good a Confederate dinner as I can have prepared."

They thanked him "No," and urged that they wanted to keep ahead of the Yankees, whom they believed to be just behind them—perhaps by that time in the village they had just left—and for dinner they did not care, the ladies of said village having abundantly cared for them.

"Well, good-bye, God bless you. My name is Renfrew. Colonel, they call me, but that is a militia title. If you ever pass this way stop and see me. You say you think those bushwhacking raiders are over in town by this time, eh? Well, I had my stock hid out and I reckon they won't burn Brookwood down, and as for Mollie (switching the brute), do you think they would steal this old mare?"

The Sergeant said he had heard that they took every four-footed beast they met with, that they were not regular Yankees at all, but a gang of deserters from the Confederate army who had sought East Tennessee for a place of refuge, and had there united with guerrilla parties of the enemy, and joining Stoneman's raid, had made horse stealing a profession. "But," added the Sergeant, as he called out good-bye, "I hardly believe they would shoot an old man like you, though they would steal your wig if you wear one."

"The shooting is a game two can play, eh, Archie?" he exclaimed, as the two wound up the hill that led to his home.

"Yes, sir," Archie said, "and one in which I'll help, if you'll let me." This last, half bashfully, but with some sort of pride

in the tone, touched the old man, and he thought more of the boy for the way in which he replied.

"Well, there's some old fire-locks in the hall, and we might stand a pretty fair siege in Brookwood, its walls are thick, but what's the use to fight even bushwhackers, if General Lee has given it up," he said, with something like sorrow, and drew his breath very full and long.

"Ain't you very tired, my son?" he continued, noticing that Archie pulled heavily going up the hill. "What have you in your sack?"

"School books and my Sunday suit," the boy told him.

He thought him a good boy for remembering his books and taking this care to preserve them, while the lad was mute on the reasons that might have been drawn from the Sloan etchings, and then Colonel Renfrew told the youth how his own boy, who had looked death in the face from that fearful Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg, had gone to old Dr. W.'s school, the same from which young Moran was then returning.

The two agreed in praising the venerable Busby till the front porch of Brookwood echoed with their footsteps, when good Mrs. Renfrew and black-eyed Cornelia (already known slightly) came out to know why dear papa (both of them called him papa) had not gone to town as he intended when he left home. The Colonel replied by introducing his picked-up friend, told of the near approach of the Yankee raiders, and gave the very fearful news of President Lincoln's assassination.

This last piece of information (it may seem strange to Northern people) horrified the old lady and the little one more than did the approach of the raiders.

Assassination in a theatre, surrounded by one's family and friends, what a devil's job indeed it was, and such, even at the day of which I write, it was considered by all the well-bred people of the South.

Mr. Lincoln loved a joke and told one well, and we did not believe such a man could be a whole-souled hater, and in this, simple as it seems, I have thought the reason could be found

why we regarded him in a light so different from that in which the North view Mr. Davis, who is, in truth, a grave, severe man, avoiding trifles even in his pastime.

Now if this news of the raiders being in the neighboring town was true, Mrs. Renfrew said there was no time to be lost in hiding valuables; and did Colonel Renfrew believe the negroes would do to trust (Maria, the cook, had been saucy all the week, and as Mrs. Renfrew believed, knew the Yankees were coming to set her free)? and what did Nelly think about the best place to hide the plate and the watches and the jewelry? and Mr. Archie, would he please to make himself at home? and mutton suet, of which she would give him some, was the very best remedy in the world for bruised feet; and without waiting for answers to any of her queries she led the party, except her daughter, within doors, and seating Archie near a great, old-fashioned fireside, set vigorously about her magpie work. Colonel Renfrew decoyed the house servants into the kitchen to communicate to them in an oracular way, and with repeated expressions of confidence, the momentous intelligence of the near approach of the Yankees, and his hopes that they would properly behave themselves and protect their old mistress, and he said he was going to where the stock was hid. He concluded by impressing upon them to make free with the corn crib and the smoke house in entertaining the enemy, and to forestall search and open plunder by freely tendering, upon first arrival, the best of everything he had to eat. Lastly he appealed to them to say whether he had not always been a kind master in sickness and in health, whether he had ever in his life sold a negro, and whether he had not, at great expense to himself, purchased many of them simply because they had intermarried with slaves inherited by him.

Young Moran had not been twenty minutes at the fire when Miss Nelly cried out from the yard, that the Yankees were coming around the hill. Out of the door this woe-begone scion of the house of Moran at once hobbled to gratify his curiosity with the first sight of a blue coat who was not a prisoner.

There they came, some on horses, some on mules, some with

lewd women, white and black, behind them, riding at a quick pace, and numbering perhaps twenty. It was perhaps six hundred yards across the fields to the road, and twice that distance to go around by the avenue which led from the house, so that the enemy would be in sight some minutes before they reached the house.

How to improve those minutes, was evidently uppermost in the mind of the young girl, who had stood sentinel in the yard from the moment she heard her father tell what the soldiers had told him.

"Where is papa?" she said to Archie as he joined her. "Oh Mr. what's-your-name, please, sir, tell him to run to the Rattlesnake Cave, and stay there till those horrid brutes get away from here. Run! please run! and tell him what I say, and what I beg him for my sake and for mamma's sake to do. *Won't* you, please? They won't hurt me nor mamma, will they?"

She had scarcely ended, when a half dozen shots came in rapid succession across the field, at the base of the hill on which stood the Brookwood dwelling. One of them, badly spent, struck a stone pillar supporting the floor of the porch, and glancing, wounded her above the ankle, so that from the stinging sensation made by contact with the bone (though the ball fell at her very feet harmless after that), she sank to one knee on the grass, and shaking her little fist in great passion (the green gingham sun-bonnet had fallen back, and the long dark curls were all in her face), she cried as if the scoundrels could hear her, "Oh you cowardly villains, that's just like you to shoot at women. You hateful old Tories, how I despise the very name of you! Oh papa! papa! Where is papa? Tell him to run to the cave."

"Get up quick," Archie said, "if you can. Let me help you to the house. I hope you are not much hurt. There is time enough for your papa to get away. I'll stay with you, if they kill me. I had as lief be dead as alive any way."

At this minute Colonel Renfrew came around the house, his exhortation to the servants having been suddenly interrupted by

the sound of the firing, and Mrs. Renfrew was in the door calling lustily for Cornelia to come in the house—the exact situation of things already set forth in a previous part of this chapter.

As Cornelia and Archie hobbled up the steps, her mother pulling on the other side, they could hear the clatter of hoofs in the distant highway coming every moment nearer. The girl paused at the door to watch the retreating form of her father, and smiled with a most satisfied sigh as she saw that he had gained the cover of the near woods—his path leading under the shelter of the hill and out of sight of the road.

Conscious in part of his safety, no sooner had she been placed in the seat recently vacated by Archie, than she begged her mamma to go to the door and watch, to see if any of the Yankees followed the path her father had taken.

Then turning to Archie, she whispered, "Won't you do something for me if I'll ask you?"

"Of course I will; just name it and see," were his eager words in answer.

"Well then," she said, "just take these boots," handing him his own, "and run up those stairs to the big room above this, where you will see the door to the garret stairs, and in the back part of the garret papa has got ever so much leaf tobacco, and you get behind that pile of tobacco, and lie there till I call you or come for you. They'll never find you there as long as the world stands. Please make haste and go. I hear their horses' feet in the yard now."

The boy hesitated. He wanted to do whatever this girl told him, for she had more presence of mind than all of the household, and yet he felt like a sneak when he thought of slipping upstairs and leaving her and her mother, who had taken him in out of the road, to face the storm alone. All his manhood came up at once. He felt strong, indignant, anxious to be beaten to death right there in her own and her mother's presence; at least, to show them he was of a race that had good blood in their veins, and would not run when danger came. He fully

resolved to throw his boot at the first head that showed itself in the door, and then to make fight with a long brass-headed fire-poker which he saw in the chimney jamb. The girl, now lost in resolution, divined in some sense his foolish purpose, and sinking her face in her hands wept freely as she cried, "They killed Buddy, and they will kill you. Men are so foolish! Please, please leave me and go upstairs."

He saw that she had surrendered to despair, and, boy as he was, his determination became the more fixed to stay downstairs and see the worst of whatever might come, till her mother, violently slamming the door where she had for five minutes kept watch on the movements of the foe, approached Master Archibald, and said with a stern authority, not admitting of question, "Do as she tells you, and as you promised to do; I heard you. To the garret go! We are women, but we are not afraid. Quick, they are coming now;" and she pushed Archie up the stairs and out of sight.

As he crossed the room above to go still more aloft, the boy heard the oaths of men who he knew were under the influence of spirits, in the room he had quitted, and through the upper windows he saw rough, bearded men hitching their horses to Mrs. Renfrew's shrubbery. He finally reached the attic, and lay like a guilty thing behind the pile of leaf tobacco, which he found to be as the poor wounded girl below had said.

CHAPTER II.

A RULE OF WAR UNKNOWN TO GROTIUS.

When Archie Moran had secreted his person, his troubled little mind gave way, and he sobbed in the intervals left him from choking by reason of the unaccustomed dust and odor of the dry tobacco. However, he heard no unusual sound below stairs, and

flattered himself that things were not going so bad after all. In fact at the very moment after the shots were fired from the lane he had observed the front man of the raiding party ride to the rear with his arm raised as if carrying a saber, and he hoped from this incident that a commissioned officer might be along, who would restrain any excess on the part of the men.

What happened below is briefly told. The mill, a fine merchant one at the lower end of the valley, was first fired, and search being made for the stock and none found, threats were at once made to burn the dwelling-house unless the horses and mules were brought in. This threat Mrs. Renfrew communicated by a servant to her husband, who, from his perch in a rock cave on the side of a little mountain, which jutted into the river bank opposite the mansion, had seen his mill property in flames and dreaded the near prospect of Brookwood being levelled in the same manner.

Just as the old man had determined at any cost to return and surrender himself, the servant reached him with Mrs. Renfrew's message, and the two proceeded to a thicket in the vicinity, where seventeen head of horses and mules were coralled in a dense growth of laurel and ivy, to reach which they had to wade shoe-mouth deep in a rapidly flowing brook, which had its rise in this cove.

The negroes in charge of the stock were whistled for by Colonel Renfrew blowing through his lapped hands. They came from various hollow trees and from behind huge rocks on the mountain-side, and when informed of what had been done at the house and of the necessity of surrendering the stock, were thoroughly dumb-founded and terrorized. What had old master done to deserve such treatment? He had but one child in the world now that young master was killed in the war, and she was loved by these brawny black men as if of their blood; the fine farm which stretched up and down the river for two miles, for all purposes of support and enjoyment, belonged to them and their fellow slaves; the stock they were now ordered to send in to "the poor white trash" from East Tennessee, who were scorned alike of

God and man, had been bred on the farm, bore pet names of their own giving (there was Fan and Fly, Darby and Pete, Christmas and Juno), and each animal had its own colored owner, who would have taken mortal offence upon its being ridden, ploughed or driven by any one else than himself or a fellow servant, whom he would regard as a trusty bailee.

And now what did "these American citizens of African descent" say to the much-humbled planter, who stood before them with neither cowhide, bowie-knife or revolver? Why, they begged him for *their* sakes not to be troubled so that "old miss" and "little miss" were safe, and the owner of "Fan," a black mule, slipping off the bridle, struck her with the reins as he pointed her head towards Brookwood and cried, "Don't you be afeared, old Boss, that my Fan won't come back home. De Yank what backs that critter will be lonesum 'fore de journey's end or I's a fooled one, sartin shore."

One by one the stock were brought from their hiding place and started towards the house, the negro who had brought the message riding the Colonel's best horse (the trick of leaving old Mollie in the stable as a Greek offering had failed utterly), and driving the other cattle before him. When the colored stock-driver (Empsey, Col. Renfrew called him, Hiempsal was his name), reached the stable yard of the old manor home it was dotted with soldiers in twos and threes, lolling on Mrs. Renfrew's best Marseilles quilts, drinking the best of her wines, and having the dirty Magdalenes who had been brought along from the town employed in cutting her Brussels into saddle blankets.

There had been a dozen of champagne left from the ball given when the news came that the Virginia Convention passed the ordinance of secession, and when this was captured in the cellar, the first bottle (opened on the spot) revealing the mysteries of carbonic acid gas for the first time to the rude mountaineers encircling it, there was manifest terror, a hasty retreat to the world of sky above, a conviction amounting to certainty that poison had been set for their thirsty throats, and, best of all, Mrs.

Renfrew's plate, which lay dangerously near this suspected dynamite, escaped asportation.

Not all her plate either, but all except one huge waiter of the dinner service, which Uncle Empsey's mortified eyes now saw dangling behind the saddle of a trooper approaching him from the house.

"Old miss hadn't time to hide that," thought Uncle Emps, or so he told Cornelia afterwards he thought, but "how I would like to batter it over your poor buckra head," imagining the trooper and himself meeting alone.

Simple Hiempsal, little didst thou then dream of the ballot, or of the coming time when these honest but mistaken thoughts should seem traitorous to thy own breast, when the now present thieves should be regarded in the light of deliverers, and the spoliation of your old home be reckoned one of the white days in the tablets of your emancipated, reconstructed, loyalized memory. Yet such things were to be, O faithful cup-bearer of the house of Renfrew. A carpet-bagger from Wisconsin, who had been a sutler for four years (and not in vain had he followed the flag, as he wrote home—I have his own word for it—to an humble parent, who had a beef contract for the army), was even at this moment opening his wares in the nearest town, and by him were you, in the near future, to be shown the tree of knowledge of good and evil, the very graces taught you by your present patron to be turned in bitter *proletaire* hostility against him and his, so successfully that, as I can myself certify, you were more eloquent and more influential in the after-formed Union League than your Lake State Lucifer, though in the getting and speedy selling and prudent funding of a State bond, it is but fair to say he surpassed you unmistakably and with ease. But this is a narrative of Empsey unreconstructed, and his opinion of this April day's work would have been approved for its denunciatory logic by great Hugo Groot himself, as sound to the core. The mill he knew was burned, the last head of working cattle he was that moment bringing in to surrender, and how that year's crop was to be made, in his own dejected

words, "the Lord only knows." The quilts, carpets and empty wine bottles told their own story, the last-named too plainly in the glazed, stupid eyes of the rough riders around him, who were now engaged with many oaths in selecting a "fresh mount" from the drove in his charge.

With a peculiar pleasure, if the grin on his brown face betokened anything, he saw the drunkest, and by all odds the most ferocious looking man of the party approach "Fan," the clean-limbed black mule, of whom her keeper, his fellow-slave, had prophesied such great things. With bridle in hand, and reeling with his many-mixed drink, he went towards the mule with all the confidence of an elephant trainer. His very drunkenness must have persuaded "Fan" that only kindness was intended, for she quietly submitted to his embrace, his bridling and his mounting. But now her Confederate treachery began to manifest itself.

A divination that she was to be taken from home touched her memory nerve, as my scalawag follower of the old flag pointed her head towards the barn-yard gate, and quicker than a New Bedford man takes a codfish, she wheeled, the delight of the equine arena, and flew for her stable door, unwisely left open by her rider's friends.

Now a Pennsylvania Dutchman's barn door would have let in mule and rider, and so, forsooth, would any other loyally constructed cattle-shed, where as much attention is paid to saving fertilizers as other nations give to saving love-letters, but in this ill-arranged pile of long, hewn logs the doors were cut low, and besides the manure had been suffered to pile up a foot above the lower level of the door. This explicitness of detail is introduced to set forth properly the agility of Fan's leap, the nice adjustment of that feminine movement by which, I grieve to record it, she safely gained entrance, contriving at the same time to force the red face of her rider in violent contact with the log over the door.

A helpless, swinish mass,—the nose stove in, and what had been a very ill-looking face now a purple pulp,—a mass in which life would have been extinct but that it reeked with liquor and

the brain was dead, was now picked up from the mud-hole in front of the stable door, and a comparative degree of sobriety crept over the surrounding crowd. The aforesaid mass came to partial consciousness after a long interval, muttering an obscene oath. The irreverent Empsey saw him full in the face at this juncture, and describing the scene to Colonel Renfrew afterwards, said, "Boss, he looked like a whig that had been to Bumgarner's election ground,"—conveying thereby, it must be confessed, a significant hint against the ante-bellum purity of the Southern ballot-box.

Thus evenly balancing the scales of partisanship, this humble narrative will proceed to record the closing scenes enacted at the dwelling-house, as given by two of the most veracious of women, by Archie's hostess for many days at each and every meal, and by his black-eyed girl friend once only, and that at the hour when she came to the garret to assure him that the Yankees had gone, that her papa was safe and that mamma was just crying her eyes out over the lost household accumulations of many years of patient industry, in which the pretty speaker's future "dowry" and paraphernalia had been the leading motive. Not that it should be understood from this that Archie was wholly ignorant of the shifting scene of booty-hunting going on around him. The garret had two gable windows (out of one an owl flew the very moment his bruised feet touched the upper landing of the stair-way), and from these he had a full view of the scenes in the yard and at the barn—the vagabond women gathered from a section of C— county (now famous for its disposition to shoot Revenue officers, which officers are for the most part twin brethren of my "raiding" friends), by hopes of the plunder of a Confederate commissary depot in the town, where the Yankees encountered them—the drunken carousal on his hostess's best bedding and table-linen, the arraying of prostitutes in the wardrobes of ladies, the mounting in hot haste consequent upon hearing from one of the negroes of the rumored approach of a squad of Confederate "home-guards," and the profane yells as all vanished down the lane out of sight and out of hearing.

The midnight bell of the Episcopal church is ringing out the year 1880 as these lines are written in a quiet Southern village, and my sense of the horrors of the war days is revived as if no fifteen years of so-called peace had passed. I pray God the lesson taught in that great blood bath of brethren may answer to quiet the ambitions of at least this generation—that we may learn to pay Mr. Vanderbilt's interest account with as much cheerfulness as promptness, and that Jay Gould will forgive an occasional murmur among us that what we bulldozed with our blood out of Mexico has been given in large slices to him and gamblers like him.

CHAPTER III.

A LETTER FROM HOME, AND A GOOD-BYE TO BROOKWOOD.

Master Archibald Moran, owing to that sudden exchange of Confederate money (of which, whatever its faults, there was abundance,) for greenbacks, which were then and have since been so rare in the South, was compelled to accept Brookwood's hospitality for several weeks after the "raid."

He wrote home of the kindness of Colonel Renfrew, and described his adventures in about the same fashion herein employed, and received in reply the following letter from his surviving parent, giving the news of his South-Western home.

DUNHAM, ALA., May 27, 1865.

MY DEAR ARCHIE:—You will never know the joy which filled your poor mother's heart, when your letter told her you were out of harm's reach and among friends.

I wrote you about poor Lawrence's death, but know now that you never received my heart-broken letter, and that you are altogether ignorant of the loss you and your distressed mother have sustained.

God knows best what to do with each of us, and to His mighty will I bow and pray that you, my last of four sons, may walk righteously in

His sight, and be an honor to your name and a comfort to me in the old age which I feel rapidly creeping on me.

You know your brother never entirely recovered from the wound he received from a shell at Seven Pines, but for all that he would not quit the service entirely, and was given a light duty on detail in Columbia, S. C., where he had many friends, and where the people were as kind to him as could be. He was taken with typhoid fever and wrote for me, as you are already aware, to come to him. When I reached him, which was only a few days before Sherman entered the city, he was quite convalescent, and I hoped to get him home restored to health, but the entrance of the Yankee Army and the firing of the city, with all the horrors of that most horrible night's work, completely upset him and caused a relapse, which was fatal to an already overworked system. Sherman's blowing up of the depots, arsenal and old Capitol killed him. His death was most horrible—the wildest delirium, in which he would gnash his teeth, and push my hand away from him in every effort to force a sedative down his throat. He was utterly unmanageable, and the noise of the soldiers and the people, with the news of poor Frank McKeethan's death, of which his colored boy Jim informed him without my knowing it, were additional causes, I think, of the change which took place in his condition. Poor Mr. McKeethan, who was one of Lawrence's best friends, was killed just outside the city as the Yankees were entering it. I was compelled to bury the body in Columbia, as a metallic coffin was not procurable, and, besides, all the railroads in Georgia were torn up by Sherman's bummers, so that I could not have got the dear boy home if I could have bought the coffin. I will write you again and enclose you funds sufficient to reach home as soon as I can make sale of a few bales of cotton, which were saved from the Yankees, and which constitute my only resource for money. I have not yet even seen a dollar in greenbacks.

Give my ten-thousand thousand thanks to Colonel and Mrs. Renfrew, for their great kindness to you a stranger, and tell them how much it will delight your dear mother to repay in part the care bestowed by them on her darling boy. I am glad this horrid war is at last ended, though the South has lost every stake except honor. I feel that the whole of our defeat is due to our sins as a people, and that it is a chastening wisely meant for our good, if we do but see it as we ought. The servants behaved very well throughout, and, except old Toney's

boys, are all on the plantation with me. Those young sprigs of freedom have gone off to Montgomery, and are being supported by the soldiers of the Yankee army in some way or other. God bless and keep my dear boy, is his mother's daily and hourly prayer.

Write me how you are off for clothing.

Your affectionate mother,

S. E. MORAN.

Happily passed those latter spring days at the Renfrew mansion—happily the mullets played on their cunningly contrived spawning beds of rock pebbles in the clear waters of the mountain river, which flowed through the Brookwood farm; clear and gorgeously cut was the distant fringe of the Blue Ridge, forming the background to the Brookwood landscape; tender, loving and hospitable were the words which protracted the school-boy's stay, till the current of travel Southward should open the way for his young and inexperienced feet.

Always a bookworm, foremost in the classes at Dr. W's, and now six months past the prepared standard for college, the old Renfrew library divided the charming outdoor scene in soothing an enforced absence from the stricken South-Western home, where he knew an anxious and aged mother battled alone with the many increased cares, which emancipation and conquest inflicted on every Southern household of wealth or culture.

Here he read his first novel, the "Vicar of Wakefield," and to his young hostess, the black-eyed and alabaster-faced Cornelia, he owed an introduction to poetry (which he had heretofore thought repugnant—in fact, a different mortal tongue from prose), by following her recitation of, and laughter over, Tam O'Shanter.

He remembers distinctly now, how in all innocence they hung over "Grammont's Memoirs," which they found on the top shelf, not indeed to read it, but to gaze over and over again at the plain wood-cut face of the beautiful Countess of Shrewsbury, which the boy fancied looked liked the girl's, and so said to her repeated "pshaws" and exclamations of "ridiculous; you know it is n't so, why do you say it?"

Colonel Renfrew rode daily to the county town and brought back the current news of that stirring period to the quiet country household in which he presided, a veritable patriarch. It was a sight for good men and for angels—the daily life of this plainly dressed, plainly spoken, plainly acting country gentleman. He had all the courage and stout patriotism of the famous October Club, with none of its boorish ignorance, and with a trifle only of its prejudice. Morning and evening at table the Holy Book was read, and the prayer of thanks for whatever had been, and for support under whatever should be, was offered with an odd but touching speech.

From the diminished store of grain left him by the raiders, division was made with the widows of soldiers and others more unfortunate than himself. Strictly a law-abiding man, he advised unmurmuring submission to every military order which was issued to the people, assisted the newly established Freedman's Bureau in administering justice between landlord and colored tenant, repressed the thoughtlessness and rashness of the younger Confederate soldiery, who, returning poverty-stricken from the war, were out of employment and drifting into dissipation, and did numerous acts of kindness in the matter of old debts due him, which his family learned only when told of them long afterwards by his administrators.

Mrs. Renfrew was not so patient under the changed condition of public and private affairs. She said some very sharp things about the men who wore the blue, and persists, perhaps to this day, in thinking that the South was never whipped in fair fight, but was simply overpowered; that speculators and croakers, and "blockade runners" in the rear, did more damage to the Confederacy than the hostile line in front, and that line she righteously believed to be composed almost entirely of Germans, Irishmen, and escaped slaves. As to the first class she regarded them as infidels; the second were papists, which was as bad, and had been Democrats, which made them worse; and as to the third, she felt that her countrymen North were disgraced from their rank in civilization by using them.

My beautiful girl friend simply adopted the prejudices of her parents without inquiring into their justice, and she hated the war because by it she had lost the one picture of glorious manhood beauty ever given her young mind to feed on, when her brother died striving vainly with Pickett's and Pettigrew's men to dislodge Hancock from the key to Gettysburg.

She remembered how very much grayer her father's head had been since that bloody week in July, 1863, and how her mother never referred to the lost boy at all, but on rainy days would read over and over again every one of his army letters, and then retire to her room for prayer.

The colored boy, who was with him during the whole of his brief military life, never tired of telling her what the officers said of his conduct during the fight—how that he had fallen thirty yards ahead of the first man of the regiment, and how his dying voice was heard by the men as they wavered from the fire, screaming with tears of anger for them to go back to the charge.

Brookwood contained but one memorial of him, brought to their ruined home by a distinguished officer, who had ever loved the boy. That was a scrap of paper on which he had written in pencil and with faltering hand, "Tell my father that I—," and here the rest was mere scrawling, bloody and crumpled besides. This was found on the ground, and brought back with him to the Colonel, who watched his expiring breath an hour after the charge, in a field hospital.

These references to "the old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago" are necessary to understand many feelings which will show themselves on the part of my Renfrew friends as this true tale progresses, and which, without some sort of prior explanation, might impress a fair mind unfavorably and as being highly wrought.

But all things have an end, and so had Archie's sojourn at Brookwood. A letter at last reached him, containing a check on New York for \$300, procured by his mother from an old friend of hers in Alabama, his father's former law partner, Colonel Paul

Foley by name, who on his last trip North before Secession had prudently deposited some funds with a banker friend in New York.

This banker was an avowed sympathizer with the South, and during the days of Mr. Seward's "little bell" had sought, after the fashion of some distinguished New York and New England families in an earlier and more successful rebellion, the hospitable shores of Nova Scotia.

But the money of his Alabama friend had been secured with the same care bestowed upon his own, and some of it had earned good interest (thanks to the English *neutrality* laws), in certain maritime ventures between Halifax and Wilmington, N. C., wherein calomel and cannon powder were supplied on the one side, while cotton and naval stores were taken on the other.

All of which dealings had but one effect on my hero: to wit, they tended to make sure the payment of his check, without which he would, perhaps, have never left Brookwood, and his permanent incorporation in that delightful family, however pleasant to him, would have been, to say the least, premature, if not wholly foreign to my purposes. The letter of Mrs. Moran, enclosing the check, bade him return to Dr. W. and say that it was her wish Archie should at once matriculate at W— college, and unless Dr. W. should declare that he was not fully prepared, her son was to hasten on to the said college at the now approaching session, without attempting the difficult task of reaching home in the demoralized condition of the highways and the unsettled state of society at that time existing in the whole Southern country. She added that, painful to her as was the long separation from her only son, he might regard it as certain that if life was spared, she would come on for him at Christmas vacation, and pay Colonel and Mrs. Renfrew a "pop call" of thanks on the route.

This last sentence he read to Cornelia with exquisite delight, imagining foolishly that every one must be as much in love with his dear mother as he was; but the girl took his ebullition of joy with apparent coolness, and Archie felt that perhaps this

contemplated visit was viewed in the light of an additional tax on Virginia hospitality. Now nothing more alien to the mind of Nellie Renfrew than this suspicion could possibly be thought of.

The origin and distribution of bread and meat—the number of persons among whom the Brookwood supply of those common but highly praiseworthy products was divided—the payment of a laundry bill or a servant's wages,—were things about which, if she thought at all, she put in the same mental schedule with sunlight and pure water and fresh air. The fact was that Nellie's cool reception of Archie's piece of news was merely a passing humor of the moment.

The boy was foolish enough to imagine she dreaded to meet an ex-governor's wife, with whom her own mother might unfavorably contrast in knowledge of politics—that great vent for Southern talent.

In no country in the world, perhaps, does the politician play a part so much out of all proportion to his real capacity for affairs as in those States of the Union which lately adhered to the Rebellion. Social distinction, reputation, wealth, are best and speediest won in politics. The people show the same mania for political display as the old Polish nobility did in their elections of a king. It is no exaggerated statement to say that the number of boys in the Virginia University is not small, who, in their knowledge of the traditions, precedents and anecdotes of American politics, surpass an equal number of average Northern Congressmen.

It is not pretended that this is a healthy sign for the new national life any more than that a very impressive but overgrown head would be regarded a good point in an infant. It is only claimed to be in fact true. It is even better than that abandonment of all public affairs by the decent people of the Northern cities which has produced such characters as Tweed, Kelley, Quay and Kemble.

What the tax-paying constituencies of such leaders would have done had they been called upon to save South Carolina under Hampton, it is easy to say.

They would have shown the same aversion to demagoguery as Eschines manifested towards his rival, Demosthenes; the same contempt for the great popular methods of electioneering which distinguished that celebrated aristocrat throughout his whole life of envy, and based on the same substantial bottom the fear of both to face danger.

These notions, whether right or wrong, wise or foolish, Archie was to learn, not in this epoch of existence, but much later on, when life was not so delicious as now, when the sky showed more clouds, and the winds roared, where now they whispered or sighed. So there is a pardon to be begged for this post-dating of biography, and a promise to be made that such occurrences shall not so often happen hereafter, and a prayer that you will agree with me in thinking he did right to leave Brookwood with a heavy heart, that there was no harm in vowing to Cornelia to be a good boy at college for no higher motive than "for her sake," and that among the youth gathered the session after the surrender at W— college, there were many brighter and handsomer faces than Archie's, but none that gave expression to more honest, white-souled thoughts than his.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SERPENT ENTERS.

The promised visit was made to the Renfrew household by Archie's mother on her way to W— College, and very grateful was he for the information communicated by Mrs. Moran, with evident pride, that the impression made at Brookwood by the youthful straggler, in those last horrid days of the war, was all that she could have wished it to be.

Cornelia sent many pleasant messages, along with the ball which had been shot by the raiders at her and Archie.

Mrs. Renfrew notified him that she and Colonel Renfrew would honor him with their attendance at his graduating "commencement," if he took first honor, and this her husband sanguinely prophesied for any boy who would lug away twenty pounds of school-books in preference to more valuable baggage, from an enemy that would have spared the books and have made sure to steal the baggage.

It is unnecessary to the purposes of this story to give in detail the many incidents of college and vacation life, which, however embalmed with all tenderness of honor and love in the memory of Archie, would be very differently treasured by that patient personage, the reader.

School and college life in the South, at least during slavery, had an ideal side to it, equal in exciting a well-fixed interest with Tom Brown at Rugby, or with the rearing of the Beecher brood. Mrs. Stowe or Mr. Hughes would perhaps think it a Patagonian romance. There would assuredly be no traffic in doughnuts to call forth the blushing talents of some heaven-born broker. Our Harriets and Henry Wards would not put in the spare time of childhood by gathering hickory nuts, for which some paternal, iconoclastic Lyman would pay ten cents per bushel, as described in that really charming piece of personal writing, "The Memoirs of the Rev. Lyman Beecher"; though from such training might come the doughty race of men and women who carried the axe and Webster's spelling-book into all that great region of lake and prairie, which to-day gives such splendid republican majorities to General Garfield, and such enthusiastic shekel-yielding audiences to Col. Robert Ingersoll.

Nor would such a romance, albeit not Patagonian, have about it that hawthorn flavor, the rich, brown ale, the cherub-faced bar-maid, the hearty pull of oars on silver-gray rivers, banked with black-green grass—the peculiar "dewy meadowy morning breath of England," which we find in Tom Brown, and which has proved an exciting cause for the display of that valor which marched over sun-baked wastes to the relief of Lucknow, and

faced death in the mountain passes of Afghanistan, with a stern welcome that would have called forth the applause of Leonidas.

Rank at home gave rank at school, in the South as much as in England. Not moneyed rank, but that which came of distinction by the parents, in arms, in eloquence, in mastering the poll, in field sports, that give muscle, nerve and manly beauty. The debating societies were and are as much a part of a liberal education as the curriculum proper. The fights are more often over the "sweethearts" than is common in higher latitudes. A favorite school game is "shinney" (polo on foot), when well played, worthy in its rashness of Donnybrook fair. Courage is, among all school-boys, the one thing to lack which constitutes the unpardonable sin. Among us its displays were called forth, not commonly, but on occasions only when honor seemed involved, and its possession was conceded rather than sought for and tested in every new-comer.

The excellence in bruising faces—prize fighting in miniature—of which West Point and Annapolis give us accounts now, would, I am sorry to believe, have been thought worthy of being met by Mr. James Bowie's knife or Mr. Samuel Colt's revolving pistol; for while these implements of death were really not a part of every Southern boy's outfit, as has been darkly hinted in certain enlightened quarters, such could and would in such case have been borrowed from the few cowards (generally city boys) who kept them.

This schooling, which it is understood I am in no sense undertaking to describe, produced the race of men who, for sixty years—all the while in a steadily increasing minority—swayed the home and foreign policy of America absolutely and without reproof.

They trebled our territory, whipped the troops of Wellington, (terrible to all other people,) marched into Mexico over the route of Cortez, with all of his complacent decision, and with none of his savage religionism.

Maine and Michigan were made to vote their ticket; while it

was at home—in Virginia, Tennessee, and Louisiana,—that they found their staunchest political opponents.

Any trading necessary to secure the votes of New York and Pennsylvania they turned over to the Van Burens and Buchanans, with all the contempt with which Pitt tossed the offal of patronage to Newcastle. Men like Jere Black, Wm. B. Reed and the Seymours, they valued even too highly. Those of them who became judges showed that reverence for the constitution which the Rabbi gives to the Talmud, or the Hindoo bestows upon the sacred books of Brahma.

It was second in their love to the Bible alone. Under the already declining influence of such a system Archie passed that period of life which lies between youth and manhood, visiting his Alabama home in vacation time, and finally graduating with brilliant distinction in the presence of his dear mother and his Renfrew friends.

Miss Cornelia, now a full-grown lady, carried off a brilliant society regalia which he wore on that occasion, and with it, I fear, the foolish fellow's heart, if one of his age can be said to have any heart, in the best use of that sacred but badly-bandied word. For does not the heart show "the metal of its keeping" only when suffering and neglect and the world's ill-usage have grown commonplace? and what, pray, of these things did Archie know at this time? Young, light, heedless, he took shipping for life as if going on a picnic excursion. The ocean in front seemed a land-locked lake, and imagination (miserable moonlight that it is "in the teens") showed islands of rest where, in truth, billows were gathering strength from deep and unappreciated currents.

Archie, like many of his fellows, early imbibed a love for political discussion, and school-boy bets had been freely taken on Grant and Seymour the fall before his graduation. Every such boy has his idol, either living or dead, before which to offer the incense of an exact, exclusive and unreasoning worship.

Archie's father had been a prominent Whig of the States' Rights school (not called an anomaly in the South), and owing

to his reverence, perhaps, for his deceased sire, he adopted Mr. Webster for *his* hero.

The letters and public speeches of that statesman had been the inexhaustible store from which he had drawn the materials for all his college debates, and the Giant's perorations had constituted the selections for his college declamation.

In this manner it came about that, unconsciously to himself, he had drifted into the habit of spelling nation with a big N, and his young mind, allured by the charm of reflecting on the great example set the old world and South America by the Federal experiment of government, dismissed Mr. Calhoun's speculations, which he faithfully and from a noble prejudice tried to appreciate, as hide-bound and out of date, if at any time worthy of being propagated. Now on this subject professors and students were alike against him, and nothing save his ancestry and the place of his birth saved him from being opprobriously dubbed a young Radical. Even in the half-ashamed communication of his views made to Colonel Renfrew upon his graduation, in a general conversation on politics carried on by that gentleman and a number of the college trustees, it was more than hinted by all present, and with grave but kindly looks, that "he needed to be looked after." His girl friend, whose eyes were as black as ever, and decidedly more intelligent and penetrating of purpose, heard of this conversation, and declared quickly but with force, in a circle where she knew it would be told, that she never would speak to him again if he dared to avow any such opinions.

Now the fact was that neither Cornelia nor her father nor the professors nor his school-mates knew what the difference of political opinion between them and Moran was, if, indeed, he knew himself. He could really go no farther than this, that he believed Mr. Webster to have been a greater man than Mr. Calhoun, his opinion about the Constitution a more correct one, his tariff views more patriotic, and, as he said in his graduating speech, devoted to the praises of his idol, his denunciation of nullification and disunion were worthy of being worn as a front-

let on the brow of every Southern man who had his face to the front instead of to the rear—all of which was not bad for an eighteen-year old.

Now the real value of Mr. Calhoun's fears regarding centralization, and with it tyranny (for where was power ever massed afar from the source of responsibility and not illy used?), his thorough acquaintance with Puritan unscrupulousness (those Jesuits of a colder zone), the evils of rapidly fusing diverse races, the cancerous tendencies of large cities of mushroom growth, the exorbitant and irritant life of those artificial persons called corporations,—about the composition of which, and their capacity for mischief, the average citizen knows as little as the simple Mexicans did of the bearded monsters, half-man and half-horse, controlling the thunder and lightning, who composed the army of Cortez—all this was a sealed book to Archie at the time of which I am now writing.

He loved freedom with a fierce French heat, and never having travelled, was content to believe all the world (his own country and England excepted) more or less given over to personal oppression and public robbery. So that, compared with his imagination of what the larger part of the globe was at that moment suffering, the condition of the South he did not think relatively a hard one. But the experienced heads of the South, at that time menaced by the suddenly acquired political power of their former slaves, and reading history through very different spectacles from Archie's, were in no humor to brook diverse opinions from one on whom they had a right to count for unquestioning loyal support to whatever line of political warfare the party chiefs might lay down.

The military spirit of superior and inferior subordination, it must be known, was still existent and interwoven in the warp and woof of Southern life and thought. From time immemorial all our civil divisions of territory had been framed on the military divisions. There were captain's "beats" instead of townships, and in the early days, regimental muster grounds where now are county sites. A major-general's division was a

better known classification of counties than a congressional district. The war of secession, while it resulted in putting the old leaders of the South under a temporary proscription, raised up in their stead a class of younger politicians, who fully shared the opinions of their elders and lacked their caution of expression. To such as these the feeble, hesitating, half-hearted allegiance of such a youth as Archie was neither more nor less than concealed treachery, and as such, was at once, and with vindictive, insolent language, denounced. The prejudices of the young were taken for granted, and commended as their most proper guides in the Reconstruction Conflict; for of what use was it to bring reason to bear in the discussion as to whether it were better the Saxon or the Ethiopian should dominate the politics of the Southern States.

Reason could aid nothing in deciding it. A steady, steel front of implacable, never-resting hostility could and did decide it in a way which reason approves.

Archie Moran was born with a rough stock of pride not given to stooping postures, but on this, to reverse the olive tree metaphor of the Epistles, might have been grafted many kind and social virtues. The treatment now given him, because of temperately expressed views on all political questions, angered the young man, and soured his temper to a degree which surprised no one so much as himself. There was indeed no direct "cutting" of his acquaintance, either at college, at Brookwood (where he spent a day with his mother on their return to Alabama), nor at home (where the news of his being "shaky" on the political question was given with exaggeration by one of his college-mates, resident of the same county, by the name of Holt); but he could not but perceive that the hearty confidence he had always felt in people was gone, and that a feeling was upon him that he was being "shadowed" by some unseen and prejudiced police.

Governor Moran, who died before Archie was ten years of age, left directions with his wife to devote the boy to his own profession, the law. The senior year at W— College had been

divided between Blackstone and the curriculum, and he was to continue the study at home with his father's old partner, Colonel Foley.

Archie's wish was to eschew politics and confine himself to his profession, but this was not permitted him by the society in which he lived. There was no half-way course to be taken at that time in a State situated as Alabama was. He lived in the northern portion of the State, not far removed from the Tennessee border. His county contained a respectable minority of white Republican voters, who had been Whigs before Secession came, and were avowed Unionists during the Rebellion.

This class were popularly known as "Red Strings"—a name derived from the red-flannel hat-bands, which a secret union organization, called "the Heroes of America," wore during the war as a sign of recognition to deserters from the Confederate armies, and to escaped Union prisoners making their way from Andersonville and Salisbury to the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky. These so-called Red Strings numbered in their ranks some conscientious patriotic men. Not holding slaves themselves, they resolved early in the war never to carry a musket in defence of "the peculiar institution."

Then came the passage of a general conscript law by the Confederate Congress, containing the very unwise exemption from active service of men owning as many as twenty slaves. This, known among all the non-slaveholders of the South as the "twenty nigger law," permanently alienated from the Confederacy a large class of men living in the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge from Virginia to Alabama.

This element existed, as has been said, to some extent in Dunham County, and their ears greedily devoured the street rumor, that young Moran had turned Radical while at college.

In practical politics Archie was a complete novice. It was a subject which engaged no part of his thoughts. Though his father's estate was badly reduced by the emancipation proclamation, enough remained to make his own and his mother's life comfortable, and if the coldness he was now made to feel was a

foretaste of what might be expected from political enemies when once his real war paint was put on, he wished to have no part in the conflict.

These Red String fellows, however, gave him no more peace after his return from college than his old friends did. They sorely lacked influential leaders, and left no stone unturned to inflame his imagination with bright pictures of what might be done politically in that part of the State if only he would lead. The older ones among them had consistently voted for his father in all his victories and defeats in the old days of Whiggery, and to whom could they look so naturally for a successor, they said, as to his son. They would send him to Congress when he was old enough, they would make him Governor as his father had been, and as to law practice they would give him *their* practice, if the Ku Klux Democrats refused to employ. As to the negroes, their acres of ivory were in broad and happy smile, when the designing youth of his own age and station gave currency to the slightly founded rumors of his changed politics.

At last came a crisis in his life. He was asked to deliver the Fourth of July address in his county town in the year 1869, and though he protested in the speech that he was not a voter, and hence ineligible to office; though he made not a single political allusion; he rode back to his plantation home late in the night of that day a banned man, socially an outcast, a very Cain among the people of the Southern earth. There was no suspicion on his part when he accepted the invitation that the Democrats of the town and county would *en masse* absent themselves, and that every negro who could ride, walk or hobble would be present, that a detachment of U. S. troops, who were stationed in the vicinity, would in solid and solemn square be his nearest and least noisy hearers, and that of those for whom he had especially composed his rhetorical flowers, no single soul would expose to such contamination a yard of silk or a bow of ribbon.

It was a sore day of trial, and his young heart hardened under the causeless contumely cast upon him, and through him upon

the country which, it was his loving boast to say, the South had done the bigger part to start a-going in the race of nations.

Worse luck yet befell him. On this day, estranged it would seem for no fault of his own from the friends of his childhood, he took his first drink of ardent spirits, given him by a venerable "Moounshiner" of enthusiastic Union proclivities, to strengthen him on the stand, the old sinner said.

The exhaustion incident to the stand prompted him to take another quaff of the corn juice, while the rude congratulations of his auditors, continued to a late hour of the afternoon, so unsettled his regular habit of life, that he was again and again solicited to drink with them the stale toasts of the nation's natal day, till (I record it with sincere pity) our young hero, at a late hour, after a most furious headlong gallop in the night, stole to his bed decidedly fuddled in his thinking powers.

He woke early the next morning, to hear his aged mother singing in the dining-room just under his chamber, the sweet strains of that beloved household hymn, the "Even me." So patiently and tenderly went the refrain :

" Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind, O bind my heart to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others—O bless me.—Even me."

Then it was he hid his head in the pillow and wept as if his heart would break. He was a fool to be a Union man when the country was covered with Ku Klux; he was a scoundrel to be drunk in Dunham and disgrace his dear mother, who would make any sacrifice for him—her last child, her Benjamin, her hope in the winter of life that was now setting in. Let us vilify him roundly, reader, but let us pity him too, that, at a time of life when he knew nothing, he thought he knew everything. There are so many like him in the world that he ought to have sympathizers.

CHAPTER V.

A MOONSHINER AND SOME OF HIS OPINIONS.

Ravenscroft had been the home of the Morans from the time of the removal of the family from Carolina, when Alabama was yet a territory. It had a most commanding situation on the one high hill of the neighborhood. The house was the traditional Southern eight-room brick square, except that its stuccoed, rifle-barrelled chimney flues were enclosed by a handsomely railed upper deck, resting on a roof broken with attic windows, while roomy bow-windows flanked the lower piazza. The house had thus quite the look of a fort when viewed from the surrounding river lands; and to add to this delusion, Archie's father had erected a flag-staff, from which on gala days the ensign of the old Union floated. Always during a political campaign it could be seen, even in the streets of the county town three miles distant. Its owner dying before Secession, Mrs. Moran had never replaced it with the Stars and Bars of the Montgomery government; but associating it proudly with the triumphs of her husband, who had been a noted officer in the Mexican war, the piece of bunting, carefully lavendered, had lain in her drawers for eight years unused.

This loyal emblem, in spite of some protests from his mother, —who gave way, however, when she learned how badly abused her son had been by her old neighbors on the afore-mentioned Fourth of July,—Archie now floated from the peak of Ravenscroft, and felt there was a mighty menace in its every fold to the now popular Ku Klux Klan, a branch of which he knew had been organized in the county town of Dunham the very day of his speech. The country back of Ravenscroft was rude and broken up to the foot of a mountain range, the farther boundary of the county. In this region—which, far removed from any large

water course, was poor in soil—many small farmers, owning no slaves, had made their living before the Rebellion by distilling corn whisky. It was here that the white Republican vote, "the Red Strings," of whom mention was made in the last chapter, lived, loved and "liquored."

This population formed a veritable Whig clan in the old days, and were as much attached to Gov. Moran as the Campbells to Macallum More.

The most prominent man of this wild yeomanry was one Gilbert Kroom, an octogenarian, but as vigorous in mind and limb as when he turned the meridian.

"Uncle Gilbert," or "Grandpap," was his neighborhood name, accordingly as his friends or his own numerous progeny hailed him. He had been the father, by one wife, of sixteen children. Of these his first brace of twins, Manuel and Jeff, had taken him to live with them, after the death of the old woman; Jeff was a bachelor, and had, since manhood, always resided with Manuel, who was as uxorious as his father.

The two had been almost reared in a distillery, and it will not, therefore, seem strange that, accustomed thus to regard the boiling of corn into spirits as the one staple industry of their locality, they should have regarded with peculiar disfavor the attempt to enforce the U. S. Internal (they called it invariably Infernal) Revenue Laws in Northern Alabama.

A loyalty to the old government, which had not quailed during a long imprisonment in Castle Thunder, Richmond, for treason to the Confederacy, which had been proof against conscription, tithing laws, the raids of Wheeler's cavalry, who ate out their poor substance as the locusts eat grass, the visits of Confederate impressing officers, who rated all their fat stock at a government figure, and handed them checks, payable "six months after the ratification of a treaty of peace with the United States"—this loyalty now showed signs of faltering. But the "Heroes of America" were wiser in their generation than the pimps of the Revenue Service. They said, "This order has never yet been of any use except to pilot Yankee prisoners, who

had escaped from Andersonville, through the mountains into East Tennessee. Come, let us make its pass-words and signs a means of informing each other when the 'Révenues' are about. Let us make its oaths of service, by binding us to 'blockade' in squadrons, so that we may be strong enough and willing enough to resist the deputy-marshals and the sub-collectors. Let our women use their old-fashioned dinner-horns by sounding the alarm from house to house whenever the hirelings are in the region; and boulders are neither so scarce, nor are laurel thickets so far apart, that one cannot have time to get a fair shot at the five-dollar-a-day men." In something like these words—certainly their equivalent—the Red Strings back of Ravenscroft found a value in their order.

Hearing that Archie stood up so well for the Union in his July speech (they knew no political parties except Union and Rebel), they were anxious he should connect himself with their brotherhood. Not that he would ever have any need for its protective features himself, they thought; but, selfish with the rest of the world, it occurred to them he would be as ready as he was able to stand surety for all their court appearances, and they would repay this kindness by voting for him whenever he wanted office. It was to explain to old Gilbert Kroom and his boys the reasons why he could not assent to their often pressed wishes that he should join the League or the Heroes, that Archie was found at Manuel Kroom's house one autumn afternoon in this same year of grace 1869.

"Good evening, Mr. Moran, light and come in," was the cheery voice of Manuel Kroom, as he advanced from his cabin door in his shirt-sleeves—an open, honest, Dutch countenance, overspread all the while with genuine welcome.

"The old man, I mean pap, you know, has been saying you'd come along arter a while. He's in the house. Go in. I'll put up your horse."

"No, thank you, Manuel," said Moran, "I'll get home this afternoon. I can hitch my horse to this tree. He won't break loose."

"Well, but the business we've got with you will take part of the night, and no man or beast ever left my house hungry or sleepy. You let Manuel Kroom boss this job," he continued, leaving Archie in the road and leading the horse towards a stable near by.

Yielding to a hospitality which is as common in the South as running water (in truth the people don't know how to be selfish at home—it is their very best trait), Moran entered Kroom's cabin, where a chubby wife and many children were engaged in spinning, knitting or playing, according to age.

Gilbert Kroom did the honors of the house, introducing his daughter-in-law as "Manuel's wife," and paying no attention to the boys and girls, who, one after another, quietly disappeared in five minutes after the entrance of the stranger.

"Well," said old Kroom, "you are the man that made that powerful speech in town last July, are you?"

Archie smiled acquiescence to the fact as well as the compliment.

"The boys heerd it and come home and said it was the master speech they ever did hear. But I reckon you ain't up to Henry Clay. Me and your daddy went clean to Orleans once to hear him. *Gentlemen*, but he could make the fur fly. He jist talked angel like. But you are too young to know anything about them days. Do you ever take a dram?" he continued.

"The old man, that's your father, has took a drink here, right in this very house, but he always fit shy of it. Never seed him have one ahead in my life. He was a powerful electioneerer, got all the votes! Powerfulest man in the county! I spec in the State! You'll never be strong as him. D'ye reckon?"

"Mattie," to his daughter, "git some sugar. Town folks likes their lickier sweetened. The old man takes his'n straight allus. A body'll last longer at it that way." And then he chuckled and asked Moran what his opinion was on the subject.

"Well, sir, the question is, if taking it straight keeps a man here as long as you've been, how long would he stay if he took none at all?"

"No, sir, that don't follow at all, at all. Not by no means. It's the water in licker what kills. It 'pears to lie kinder dead-like in the stomick, and eats away a fellow's coppers as still as a mole a-working. I want to feel my dram working quick, and then I know I'm all right for hog and hominy."

Here Manuel entered at one door and his wife with the sugar-bowl at the other, and several of the smaller children with her, who were curious to know what was going to be done that necessitated the use of the sugar bowl at such an unusual hour. Spice was next called for, and finally the old man Kroom suggested, as Manuel was in the act of pouring from a jug which stood on a high, old-style bureau, that his son should draw "some" from a barrel in the smoke-house, which he pronounced better "sperits."

This errand was in due time accomplished, and Archie, feeling that all this extra to-do of spice and sugar was exclusively in his honor, could not refuse to imbibe the mixture.

Manuel stood in the centre of the room radiant with delight, stirring and drinking, and letting one child after another have a taste of the "sweetened dram" in his tea-spoon. He complimented Archie and he complimented his horse, his speech in town, prophesied his future success in politics, and damned the Ku Klux and the "Revenuers" by turns.

"Why," said he, "these Revenuers want to take away a man's liberty to do as he pleases with his own. I *work* for my corn, and by gracious I'll still it too, d'ye hear that?" Archie heard and readily agreed that the Revenue business was a bad business, and none but bad men had anything to do with it.

"Of course not," said Manuel, "they don't want a man to still according to law, that would take a job from 'em, and so they fix it that nobody but a rich man kin still. Why, they've got what they call meters, Tice meters, that cost, they tell me, a thousand dollars apiece. Some swindling Yankee trick got up by a fellow named Tice, I reckon! And store-keepers at four dollars a day to watch honest men! If I wuz worth a million I would n't have an overseer over me. I'm no nigger,

and if I ever get catched up by one of the d—d bung smellers I'll show him so too.

"Mr. Moran," he went on, "you are a shore-enough gentleman to my knowing, and reads the newspapers. Now I want you to tell me one thing. Why have we got to send north for men to tend to our home business?"

"I'm a Union man and allus was. I bushwhacked Key's men and the Home Guards all durint of the war for trying to put me in the rebel army to fight for rich men's niggers. But I never thought hit 'ud come to sich a pass as this, that our own home folks 'ud have to send to the Yankees to get men to do our business. Why, every government officer I see now-a-days is a furriner. There's that d—d scoundrel Maloney in town, what stole all the county's school money last year. I heerd yisterday he had bin appinted a deppity-marshal, to go around with a squad of soldiers and take up us 'moonshiners' for violatin' the law. He's a pretty fellow to take up an honest man for violating the law, ain't he?"

"Jist you let me tell you one thing now," he continued, speaking slower. "It's solid. Reckollect it. If that carpet-bagger from God only knows where comes foolin' around my still-house he'll get a dose of buck-shot. D'ye hear me, pap? I mean it," and between the drinks, and the passion, and the sincerely felt indignation, his blazing blue eyes set with the steady heat of steel.

After a time he rather forced than invited the party to repeat their drink, and then calming himself somewhat, said, "Let's don't talk no more about it. It makes me mad, and I don't like to get mad in my own house. Jeff, that's my twin brother, Mr. Moran, is a-stilling right this minute, a little piece up the branch. He makes the best lickier of any man in this country. We git two dollars a gallon for it in Chattanooga as fast as two stills can turn it out. Why, that's my living—making lickier is. I never done nothing else, nor old pap there before me. Why, we poor folks in this brushy range would starve to death if it wa'n't for 'moonshining,' would n't we, pap? You

don't know them things," he continued, turning to Archie, "but they is jist as I tell 'em to you, and no man ever told Manuel Kroom to his face that he lied."

"You never seed any stilling, did you?" he asked Archie, who replied in the negative and expressed a curiosity to learn the workings of one. "Come on then," he exclaimed, walking out of his back door, "Jeff 'll tell you all about it. You 'll like Jeff, I bet. He's a man all over, and ain't afeard of *any* 'red-legged grasshopper'—that's what old Zeb Vance over in North Carolina calls the Revenuers. I heerd him last spring make a speech down in Atlanty.—Well, Jeff ain't afeard of nobody, that's what's the matter with *him*." And off Archie posted to learn some every-day chemistry. The old man had remained behind at the house, promising to bring his son and our hero word when supper was ready.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FRUIT OF THE BEFORE-MENTIONED OPINIONS.

The setting sun of the October afternoon in which the rude talk last laid before the reader took place, saw Moran and Manuel Kroom following the spring branch of the Kroom homestead to its near source in quest of the brother Jeff, whose praises as a "moonshiner" Manuel loved to sing. One-half mile's walk introduced a picture never before seen by the younger man of the two. In an uncleared plat of ground from which sprang lofty clean-limbed white oaks, stood a low but wide log hut with a roof almost flat, and through which the smoke rose as if the building was slowly burning within. The branch of clear sparkling water was turned from its natural course into a rude trough made by hollowing out a lofty forest tree, and this led into the hut, resting on the upper log or wall

plate. A dam of pine brush a hundred yards up stream diverted so much of the water as was needed for condensing the alcoholic vapors of the "doubler" and making beer from the corn meal. The place, despite the wild beauty of its situation, and it seemed as if the foot of man had never been there till this visitation of unlawful purpose, was made exceedingly filthy by the presence of a score of fine porkers and half as many milk kine, which helped themselves at will to the rich slops which poured from the rear of the distillery.

No sign-bearing, seal-locked, storekeeper-guarded ware-house, labelled with the terrific U. S., offended the sight

Here was freedom flourishing under the constitutional protection of a long barrelled rifle, which leaned, half cocked and shining with the grease of long usage, against one side of the doorway. The rifle at the entrance told the whole story to Moran.

Its owner inside had crossed the lines during the war, raided and bushwhacked for the old flag.

He was now ready to shoot any man who craved its protection in the work of collecting from his labor the means to pay the war debt.

When the seekers for Jeff darkened the door, Moran in front, that gentleman sprang from the ground, on which he was sitting, tailor-fashion, very much after the manner of a surprised buck, when hounds and hunters break on his noon-day nap. He was quickly quieted by his brother, who introduced Moran both to Jeff and his comrade, not as yet seen by Archie, owing to the smoke which, in the few seconds, had caused his eyes to water and his throat to choke. Jeff and his friend, who was introduced as Bartlett Swazey, had been enjoying a game of seven-up, or "old sledge," with a very greasy pack of cards—the bed-clothing of the former gentleman (who never slept outside the distillery during the busy season) serving as a sort of Turkish table.

Mr. Swazey was, like the Kroom family, of Dutch extraction, but of the black Dutch variety. His neighbors, the twin brethren, were tall men and bright blondes.

Heavy and squat was Mr. Swazey, breeding back in bone and ligament to the men of the fens, or, to speak historically, of the good Holland meadows won from the most wrathful of seas.

There was most usually a kindly, humane look in the blue, oxen-sized eyes of the Kroom boys, and the hair receded from their temples with a genuine gentility of wave. Long back there had perhaps been a lady grandmother in the family, when the Kroom theory that one man was as good as another had not been taught. It had, of course, at no time been acted upon. Mr. Swazey's enemies, and they were numerous, averred that his blood was mixed slightly with that of a Mountain of the Moon man, who had crossed the Atlantic in a slave ship. All trace of such crossing (I mean of the blood) had been long lost to sight, except that when his shaving was neglected, self-made beautifiers would form themselves in front of those sneaking, pursed-up, wilted ears of his. Mr. Swazey's eye was not a gray eye, nor a cat's eye, nor a green eye. There was certainly no violet about it, and it was anything else than a parboiled blue, but I speak only the truth in saying that it alternated through all these colors, retaining the violet but a very little glance, and there was in that moment a real leopard light about it, alternating as quickly as the lower Mediterranean alternates in color when the sun dances through the bright upper sirocco and the lower copper-colored clouds. When you first looked at Mr. Swazey he showed his most lustreless glance and the whites of the ball were Christian-looking and healthy; but the straight, inquiring stare of a stranger or of a student of the species—more certainly the watch on him kept by those who owed him trifling vendettas when he was thrown in their close company—it was on occasions like these that one at once learned to know Mr. Swazey well without loving him, and to perceive those Christian whites of which I have before spoken well take on a perfect "male green sickness," turn dirty yellow as if diseased by choked secretions; while his devilish pupils brightened and slunk and brightened again, though never steadily—passing quickly the

violet point, and holding longest the cat-look with an added touch of wariness.

Then if his opponent had such an open and honestly penetrating hazel as God had given and good conscience improved for Moran, it was Swazey's style to take refuge in shaking his head wolfishly and to make his thick neck sink deeper yet in his shoulders.

This gentleman was very slow of speech. He loved liquor, but had not as yet given himself away to it. His chief relish in life was the enjoyment he derived from the travail of soul his bullying disposition caused to certain weak and abject natures, whom he could drag to the polls on election days and sponge a living from in the off years of politics.

It is no reflection upon Mr. Swazey's character to say, as I find myself forced to say, that the 19th century, with its brisk, enlightening, gospel-spreading tread, mocking all the dull, sottish life that had gone before, and bringing to the cabin so many comforts of the palace, had made of Mr. Swazey simply a bruiser, a rough and a court nuisance, where another and more heroic century would have furnished him with the gold purses of travellers, swift horses, rare wines and painted women.

Mr. Swazey called himself a democrat in his politics. If he had ever learned to spell, he would certainly have written negro with two g's, chiefly because of the neighborhood rumor that his own veins were in debt to a sunnier land than Alabama for some part of their lading.

The little part of his time devoted to honest labor was employed in driving a stage-coach from a railroad station across the spur of the Blue Ridge, near which lay the Kroom settlement, to a good-sized county seat a day's journey distant.

The drummers and life insurance agents, who made up the bulk of his live cargo, were as a rule fierce expounders of democratic principles, and quoted to Swazey, with borrowed emphasis and a few original oaths, the most startling opinions of the newspaper editor, whose words they had read on that day's train.

The opportunities thus afforded to learn what was going on in

the world sufficed to make Mr. Swazey quite an oracle in the political discussions of his township, where he was regarded as rather the leader of the hopeless minority of Democrats, who eked out existence in a portion of the planet made too early, geologically, to be fertile.

Moran had heard of Bartlett Swazey for years, for Bart's name had been glorified by the mouth of every little school-boy bully in Dunham since he could remember. Bartlett, of course, knew Moran by name and character, and having never in his life succeeded in levying any sort of blackmail upon Archie's father (and he had tried all of his arts, when hard pressed by court costs for fighting scrapes and conduct yet worse), disliked the son by a kind of instinct.

Besides, in the great world's struggle between decency and dog, which is forever and in all places going on, Archie and Swazey, of course, took different sides. It was therefore not a pleasant surprise when Moran's clean shirt front interrupted this game of sledge played with a well oiled and beer besplashed pack.

"Well, Jeff," said Manuel Kroom, "Mr. Moran has come down to get you to show him the distillery. He never saw one in his life. Who'd a thought sich a thing possible?"

"Don't know how lickier is made?" cried the gentleman addressed, in a loud tone and with a surprised laugh, looking inquiringly at Moran, "but town folks and men with high learning knows nothing about common bizness no how." And then Mr. Jeff, with great natural politeness and in a very sensible manner, explained to his guest how to "mash in" and how to "cool the mash," how long the beer should stand before being distilled, had him to taste the ripest beer and the beer not so ripe, which latter he found by no means unpalatable, told him how to make malt and how much of it to add to each bushel of meal, uncovered his "singling" stills and showed their product of low wines, and described the mysteries of the "doubler," impressing the injunction with great emphasis that the flow from the latter should be cut off when it ceased to "bead at

the worm," and wound up his twenty minutes' talk by asking his opinion of the revenue law and offering a proof phial filled with the fresh corn juice.

Mr Swazey and Manuel, meanwhile, renewed the interrupted game of "seven up," and as the former gentleman ended the rubber with the triumphant turn of the greasiest and most woe-begone knave in the pack, one of the many little Krooms put his head in the door to say that Grandpap said for all hands to come to supper.

To that repast Mr. Jefferson Kroom led the way with the pine torch, by the light of which he had just finished his tour of explanation to Moran. It is not pertinent to the purposes of this story to say how much or of what variety was the food Mrs. Mattie Kroom offered her husband's friends. Coarse plenty would sufficiently describe it to the reader who has fine plenty, while the majority of the world's working population would have thought it a kingly feast.

However described, it was soon disposed of—the little Krooms sweeping the battle-field with a merciless molar surgery, and capturing with Mohawk whoop, their alien friend, the sugar bowl.

The business in hand was then taken up by the men ; but on motion of Mr. Jefferson Kroom, the meeting adjourned to the still-house, grandfather Kroom protesting vigorously. But as the old man could not well leave the house after night, when all the men-folks were gone, as was very clearly set forth by Mrs. Mattie Kroom, the very clever, chubby, pleasant-faced hostess, and as Jeff's stills were at this very moment needing fresh fuel and fresh provender, the latter's motion of adjournment passed the house. Mr. Swazey, between the customary dram before supper and his hearty appreciation of that meal, was emollient, not to say cheerful. Mr. Moran was the oracle to be consulted, and a well-filled stomach inclined Mr. Bartlett Swazey to listen, not indeed to any of the secrets of the heroes of America, or to the book Oaths of Obedience to the Howard amendment, spread among all the loyal Union Leaguers, but to

the scheme of rendering the local members of these powerful political societies useful one to another in thwarting, and, if need be, "bushwhacking," the hated officials of the U. S. Internal Revenue. Mr. Swazey's political views were known to be of the pronounced white man's type, chiefly it was suspected because of the ill rumor whispered before in these pages.

In fact, the Krooms doubted whether their neighbor had not seen the inside of a Ku Klux "den." But the opinion was so sanguinely entertained that Mr. Swazey hated everything connected with the United States, being one of that numerous class of Southern gentlemen who never got mad till the war was over, and, to quote from them, "saw how we were being treated,"—I say the Krooms felt so sure that Mr. Swazey having been a bully before the war, and a sneak and a hunter for other deserters during the war, was now returned to his old trade, exercising it chiefly against the government, whose real defenders he had never faced in battle, that Manuel whispered to Moran on the path to the still-house, "Bart is all right, he won't go back on us."

This cheerful opinion of Mr. Swazey's fidelity was confirmed by that gentleman in his best and most social speech of the evening. He said he thought the Radical party would take Moran and the Krooms to the devil, that he believed the latter would be willing to go there if the former led the way, but that he graciously waived such considerations, remembering, as every man must remember, that it was better to go to the devil than to be ruled by laws, the execution of which was given to deputy-marshals like Maloney, who had stolen the county's school money, and was at that present moment prepared to steal a hot still, if he could find one running.

The notion that Maloney ever turned over any government money to the accounting officers, Mr. Swazey pronounced a myth, a supposition entertained, if at all, by strangers, or by his fellow-thieves, interested in giving currency to the fallacy. To shoot such a man on sight was neither a sin here nor hereafter, and for one, he would be glad to assist the digestion of his

evening's meal in some such light amusement. The Kroom twins agreed to Mr. Swazey's premises so far as they related to Maloney (who was, to say the truth, a low specimen of an Irish army sergeant turned loose to forage on the South, in the sink of second grade carpet-baggery), but denied the powder and shot conclusion deduced from them.

They vastly preferred the permanent retirement of Maloney to whatever State originally had the vomiting of him and their being permitted to live under laws of their own making. They farther suggested that it was for this great boon they had differed with Mr. Swazey, who had, to do that gentleman no discredit, upheld enforced Confederate conscription laws, the suspension of habeas corpus, the titling of produce, and the shooting of Unionists.

Mr. Moran now took a part, laboring to show that all secret political societies were inimical to the spirit of Washington and the other great heroes, of whom the young man had read in his college books, when Manuel Kroom interrupted him by placing his thumb on his right eye, and thence transferring it to the tip end of his nose, from which he vigorously wriggled his fingers to and fro a moment. That means, he said, "'Eye nose nothing,' and I learned it from your native Amerikan father, sir, the old Guvner, before the war, when I giv my fust vote for Fillmore—Millard Fillmore for President. Now don't you say nothing agin secrit societies." And he laughed till Jeff joined him, and their united roar put the party into a state of high glee, which cut Mr. Moran, Jr., very short in his proposed essay on the ruler and the ruled.

It takes a very small joke to succeed in satisfying a devout retainer, when that joke is gotten off on his liege, and is, as in this instance, a strictly original application. Manuel felt for a minute, that he was as smart as Moran, whose counsel he was now seeking, determined in mind fully to abide it, with of course the one reservation that Archie did not counsel a suspension of his illicit business, for with that literally went his living. He was not to take bread from his children's mouths,

but apart from this he wanted advice, expecting to follow it. It is very easy to say of those regions of the South, fortunately few, where the disregard of the excise laws is habitual, that the offenders should make their livelihood in some other method. Men who say this most flippantly could grow grapes of thorns and figs of thistles.

I believe it is in about the same way that Mr. Kellogg has so often advised the people of Louisiana to obey the laws, and not depart therefrom. Mr. Manuel Kroom, a very law-abiding man, as the word goes, feels towards all these kind advisers of his, as the Louisianians feel towards their self-appointed senator, that he will seek counsel when he needs it from his known friends. He like them will not be converted—conceding conversion to be, *per se*, a good thing—he will not be converted at the gun's mouth with a dog at the breach. But it was really and truly in just this last-named manner that conversion was proposed and in part carried out, and of this our chapter must tell before it closes, and closed it should be before it will be.

Mr. Archie Moran never *did* get to say that the same rule, which would make it praiseworthy in a brother Leaguer to subordinate the signs of his loyal order to defeating the execution of United States laws, (about which in lodge meeting they were properly and persistently scrupulous, that other folks should obey at least in the affair of negro suffrage,—a hard dose, a very hard dose to take he admitted, and only taken, he wished to add, as the price of getting back into his much loved Union)—the same rule, to get back to the beginning of this sentence, would sanction a brother Leaguer on a United States court jury (and the iron-clad oath kept all but Leaguers and their kind out of that holy of holies), would sanction him in bringing in a verdict of not guilty, despite the clearest evidence to the contrary, and this no one but an infernal night-riding Ku Klux would do. Mr. Archie never *did* get to say this which he wished to say and had in mind and partly in mouth to say, because of the very substantial deep toned barking of Jeff

Kroom's watch dog, who lay at the foot of the long barrelled-rifle at the door.

Mr. Jefferson Kroom knew, so he expressed himself, that "when Bingo barked that long bark, something was to pay," so he strode quickly to the door-way, hissed his dog into the darkness, and was pulling his rifle into the light made by the distillery fire, when a two pound stone came from the aforesaid darkness, in direct and violent contact with poor Jeff's midriff, and doubled him to the earthen flooring of his illegal log home.

Manuel at once sprang over the now prostrate Jeff, pushed violently close the still-house door—calling meanwhile to Swazey to cut down the "dead fall," as he named a heavy swinging log held by a rope to one of the low joists, its other end resting against several stakes deeply driven in the ground near to the first furnace. In sunnier hours Mr. Jefferson Kroom, when intent on a ramble of more than an hour's stretch, was wont to untie this rope, and when the huge timber slid down the wall, halting in its descent just under the heavy upper batten of the rude door, the gentleman in mention felt sure that his property was secure, and he made his exit through the roof next the hill side, replacing the boards in a most carpenter-like fashion after him. Mr. Bartlett Swazey was not so rare a visitor to the Kroom curtilage as to be innocent of the workings of the ponderous boom above his head, and with very commendable dispatch, he was on a joist with an axe seized from the wood-pile in front of the furnace, and the "dead fall" slid under the battening of the door with a sound that almost said, "fast—ened."

It being impossible except with ladies to tell two things at the same time, it will be seen how I could not sooner have narrated what was being done without the door during the time the door was being fastened.

Just as our friend Jeff was being knocked down, and while Bingo's long bark was being followed by quick, short, savage snaps, the rush of several pairs of feet towards the door was

heard by Moran, and the impatient demand yelled from three several sweating throats, "Surrender! damn you, surrender! Surrender! or we'll shoot." This interesting language came from the law's officers, and was presumably directed to Mr. Jefferson Kroom, the only man on whom the light of the distillery fire at the moment shone, and whom the front ruffian (afterwards ascertained to be Mr. Deputy-Marshal Maloney), struck helpless with the stone in the very breath of his demand.

As the cutting of the "dead fall" so expeditiously by Mr. Swazey gave the beleaguered party a moment's time for consultation, Mr. Manuel Kroom remarked with apparent joy in the midst of his danger, "Bingo is giving one of 'em hell." Even a more reverent listener might have inferred as much, if such an inference was to be justified by the repeated cries—issuing, Mr. Kroom insisted, from the throat of Deputy-Marshal Maloney—of "take him off," "take him off;" "kill the d—d dog," "he's eatin' my heart out,"—which cries were at last hushed as two United States soldiers, who accompanied the marshal on his raid, being detailed for that purpose from the garrison at Dunham of which former mention has been made, clubbed poor Bingo's brains out with the butts of their carbines. Mr. Maloney's heart, if "that nest of addled eggs" which lay under his left ribs could be so called, was not eaten out, for Mr. Maloney, like the red-faced, sandy-haired, pock-marked Irishman that he was, rose to his knees and yelled out to charge the distillery and "shoot 'em through the cracks." Spurred on by this command and maddened in a measure by their encounter with the dog, the men broke the red clay "daubing" which served to keep out the winter's flaw, and placing each a carbine in the crack so made, fired without taking aim.

One minié centred the front head of Manuel Kroom, who was looking directly towards the falling clay, and the brave fellow fell not ten feet from his still insensible brother, directly in front of the furnace fire, turning over in his fall a "stand" of the beer, which poured over his clothing and half extinguished the fire. At this instant Mr. Bartlett Swazey laid a vise-like

grip on the arm of Moran, who was in the act of rushing forward to lift up Kroom, and hissed out rather than said, "Be still, lie low, they can't get in here; not a word now, not a word, the d—d Yankees will kill both of us—me certain," and his terror for what was to happen made him fierce towards his one co-defender of the premises, whose owners were lying like slaughtered swine in their very sight.

But Moran shook him off with such strength that he went back tumbling and bruised over the pile of wood, and springing himself for the rifle, which lay near Jeff, who was now seen sitting up in a dazed lunatic way, he pushed the muzzle through the still smoking chink and crying out, "where are you—you infernal Hessians," fired at the sound of steps heard ten feet away. His aim was as good as with the disadvantage of the darkness it could have been. It brought Maloney once more to the ground by shattering the knee cap on which he was just staggering to his feet. His moan and muttered oaths for help brought to him his two comrades, who were battering with their now emptied fire-locks upon the still-house door—poor, weak, bewildered Jeff on the inside trying to help them by struggling in a vain way with his own massive draw-bar.

When Maloney was supported by his men he said, "My knee is broken, carry me to the horses; I must get to a bed and have a doctor. Did you ever see such a d—d night?"

As Moran from his dirty port-hole heard these words and afterwards the sound of feet moving off down the branch, from an opposite direction, just coming over the hill-side path from the dwelling-house, a queer procession—the leader bearing a blazing pine torch—showed itself. Kroom's wife, with hair down, led the way, and behind her, his white head seeming to sway in the night wind, came grandfather Kroom, while, clinging to the skirts of their mother before her and behind her, were all the terror-stricken little Krooms. They had heard Bingo's death bark and the firing that followed, and the old man said the "Revenuers were around" and they must go and see what was the matter, and after that it had proven useless to scold the chil-

dren back. The whole household except the baby in the cradle was pouring over the hill as Maloney, groaning and cursing, was being carried down the branch to where his party had left their horses.

Had not this veritable life picture better be closed here? Of what avail to put into words the shrieks of wifely anguish Moran heard on that night, the like of which even Maloney's savage nature had never heard? Of what avail to tell how this strong country woman raised her lion-lengthened husband from the dust and tenderly lay him on Jeff's rough bed of boards—how she wiped away the beer slop from his face and the blood from his nose, which he had nearly flattened in his death fall, and kissed with the wild clutch of the Hindoo widow on the funeral pile, the spot on the broad, manly forehead, where the white brain matter bubbled up from the murderous hole and had congealed to the size of a partridge's egg.

And as Jeff came to himself and saw and heard what had been done, he vowed a great oath, and threw the "dead fall," out of mere passionate experimental strength, clear across one of the furnaces, smashing the still of the other, which, containing boiling high-wines, emptied itself with a crash into the fire and blazed up a liquid, lurid spasm of flame.

Mr. Bartlett Swazey came out of his retirement, enforced he said by reason of his long and unsuccessful search for the mislaid wood axe, with which, had he found it in apt time, that gentleman was to have brained "the two d—d Yankees as they brained Bingo before they had time to carry off that thief of the cross, Maloney." He gave now the consolatory declaration, which he said he was not ashamed nor afraid to make, that he was a real live Ku Klux, just from Hades, the captain of the Ravenscroft "den," and that in the next meeting he would have a unanimous vote to hang Maloney (if he should survive his wound) passed by the aforesaid "den" and sent for execution to a Tennessee "den" over the line. As he spoke he looked very much as if he would like to include Moran in the decree. The death of Manuel ought to be revenged, he said, by

every white man in the county, and politics was now with him a secondary issue. Moran paid little heed to this clatter, which Jeff alone of the party seemed to take in; but rather used all his efforts to make bearable the crushing weight of poor Mattie Kroom's grief. Old man Kroom could but seat himself by the side of his son and sway backwards and forwards, repeating over and over again between his childish simple tears, "poor Man'l, poor Man'l." And noticing the deep sympathy Moran felt for him, he paused to say, choking with the words, "It was not so, it was not so, that old Hickory Jackson would have treated a boy of mine."

Grandfather Kroom had been a soldier in the Creek war, which reclaimed for civilization the fair soil of Alabama. Perhaps he was lamenting his lost manhood, which could no more "meet his enemy in the gate." Perhaps his sorrow makes no difference to many a reader—the fair shes, who have drunken brothers,—the coupon clippers who get the liquor tax—the army of dead beats who feed off it *en passant*—such may think him well served. God help them, and may God help old Kroom, for that he was a better man than any of these, I both feel and know to be true.

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH A STRANGER PRESENTS HIMSELF WHO WILL
AFTER AWHILE BE BETTER KNOWN.

Such things as have been so recently narrated could not occur without exciting the special wonder and vigilance of all that host of officials, who made the Federal Courts in the South the unclean shambles the world knows them to have been since Poker Jack McLure and the western district of Arkansas embalmed themselves in rich and lasting infamy. Subpœnas,

capiases, alias capiases, bonds, recognizances, commissioners' trials, collectors' advertisements of seized property, the Kroom home-place for sale, with a moiety for Maloney, helpless letters to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, trips without number to see a vinegar-faced United States' Attorney, who had been a fire eater, and then a dirt eater, as the cry of his stomach inclined him, who knew just enough law to do simple ignorance to death with—it was among thorns like these that the seed sown in the tragic autumn ripened in the ensuing spring and summer.

But before coming to that, it is proper and polite to see our very worthy and misguided friend safely home.

The news of the shooting of Mr. Deputy-Marshal Maloney had reached Ravenscroft before Moran's arrival—rumor, as usual wrong, having ascribed that affair to the credit of the belligerent Mr. Swazey.

Mrs. Moran knew where Archie had gone and felt deeply mortified to think of his being in such company. It was therefore with a quickeued pulse and much motherly anxiety that she embraced her dear boy, and chided him for remaining from home over night.

She explained that in such ill-jointed times as were then passing over their heads it was not prudent to follow the old habits of slave days, when the absence of the man of the house for any length of time was counted a thing of nothing. Her anxiety had been greater on his account the night before than on her own, as Ravenscroft had been honored with a guest, whom her old friend, Dr. Roberts the rector, had sent to see her. He was a perfect gentleman, she said, and was that moment above stairs in his room; but would leave for Dr. Roberts's before dinner, desiring to reach the afternoon train, which was to take him home.

"And where is home?" inquired Archie, "and what's his name?"

"His name is Mr. Hubbard—Mr. Frank Hubbard. He is a manufacturer in Lynchburg, Va., and returning from New

Orleans, where he went on some tobacco business, stopped over to see Dr. Roberts, who married an aunt of his."

"And why did the doctor feel so anxious that *you* should know him?" asked Archie.

"Oh, it was purely a business matter he came to see me on. Your father invested long before the war, when we were spending the summer at the White Sulphur Springs, in some Virginia County bonds, issued to build a railroad or something of that sort, and they have lain idle on my hands ever since. Dr. Roberts, as a friend of mine, inquired of Mr. Hubbard as to their value, and he has come out to buy them. I only delayed giving him an answer till I could see you and turn the negotiation over. Your father paid par for them, I think, but I have received no interest on the investment since 'the surrender.'"

This talk was stopped by the stranger coming down stairs, and bowing to Mrs. Moran, who was still with her son on the porch, as he glided into the library for a forgotten newspaper.

Archie said he would renew his linen and discuss the money matter with Mr. Hubbard at once.

He soon returned, was introduced, and liking Mr. Hubbard's affable appearance, persuaded that gentleman to stay for dinner, guaranteeing to ride to the station with him and arranging the time so that he should have half an hour's good-bye at the rector's.

After explanations on both sides as to the reasons of the coming of the one and the absence of the other, the business in hand was taken up and Archie persuaded his mother to regard Dr. Roberts's note of introduction and the accompanying advice to close with Mr. Hubbard on the terms offered, as decisive of the matter, and the bonds were handed Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Hubbard's check given that lady for quite a nice, tight total.

Mr. Frank Hubbard passed the check over with such a winning grace that mother and son felt a very great favor was then and there being done them.

The fact was, that while Mr. Hubbard was rather an undersized man, of no striking peculiarities, he had to a wonderful

degree that wonderful something we know by the word Presence. A very erroneous notion would, in the outset, be formed of Mr. Hubbard, if the reader infers from this that the gentleman in mention was what is ordinarily known as a dignified man. He was simply a very quiet person, who derived his stock of information chiefly from a thorough reading of the newspapers, but who knew very well what to say and when to say it.

Mr. Hubbard bowed to no man on the street, nor retained any piece of ladies' news, without a motive. Every garment in his wardrobe indicated a motive in the selection. He aimed not to be original. He studied to be unobserved. Eclectic in his philosophy, he had learned to put self out of sight—I mean out of his neighbor's sight. He walked, talked, dressed and associated in such manner that the most scrutinizing people would be forced to say, "that man may be anything that is genteel except a preacher." To look clerical would be to invite specification, and Mr. Hubbard's horror throughout life had been to be labelled and classified—thus inviting loves and hatreds. Equally removed was he from any ambition to be thought secretive, for the Oracular was but a class and usually a very contemptible class. He was often frank and generally sincere, but when frank it was in respect to something about which everybody could agree, and his sincerity was lavished on a very few friends, his antipodes in character.

But while not highly educated nor greatly travelled, while his blood was not the bluest of the true blue, Mr. Hubbard was, as I have before said, the possessor of that rare gift, a Presence, and hence, chiefly, it was that he had been more than ordinarily successful in life.

Now, I hope no one will suppose for a moment that one could not joke with Mr. Hubbard for instance, or bore Mr. Hubbard intolerably with bad company. I only wish to insist that one always knew exactly *when* to stop a joke of which this gentleman was the butt, and that no man could possibly surpass him in showing the barnacles of society the way to the door without openly offending them.

His age was on the turn of thirty, and though in fine health now, he had suffered long and grievously from wounds received during the civil war, in which he had risen to be Adjutant-General of a distinguished division. The very best and most consistent trait of character this man showed to the public was his patriotism. Apart from that Mr. Huxley would not have hesitated to have alcoved him under the two heads, self-preservation and procreation.

Mr. Hubbard, to tell at once all I know about him, was a gentleman—unquestionably a gentleman—and one who, having seen the preponderating influence of money in this world's affairs, was disposed to believe hard cash the one earthly conqueror. It may also be said to the credit of Mr. Frank Hubbard, if the reader is disposed to look upon him in any other than a favorable light, that he was kind, as a general rule, to men younger than himself, and was still more kind to ladies younger than himself, when those ladies were either what is called *first*, or good looking, or well to do in worldly goods. In fact, Mr. Frank's way of making love was decidedly of the fatherly pattern. He was interested in her, would be his words to a young girl; he would advise this and he would advise that, and his flattery was of a very delicate perfume, a kind of cold ether that lulled to perfect confidence. No attar of roses or musky scents came with his low, quiet speech, and yet it must not be charged that I am clothing Mr. Hubbard with a coat of hypocrisy.

Mr. Hubbard was a good man in his way. If his powder was always kept dry when other people's canisters were left unstoppered, it is surely no ground of censure against my worthy friend.

He was, as I have said, disposed to be kind to men younger than himself, and when in the course of a long conversation Moran informed him of all that had taken place at Kroom's, Mr. Hubbard said, "I perceive from what you say, Mr. Moran, that you are a Republican—at least, that you are disposed that way. I am a Democrat, *of course*." (Here Moran winced visibly.) "I mean no disrespect to your party friends, assuming the Radicals to be such, but I advise you, and you seem to have spoken

with the view of getting my opinion, I advise you to pay your way out of this affair at once. The deputy-marshal, I should think, would be the man to give your money to. Make it a plain business transaction. He will, I venture to say, sign any receipt you would draw up."

Moran was thankful for these opinions, and so expressed himself, disclaiming at the same time any thought of being a Radical, and observing that he was in no sense of the word a politician, being only a law student; but owned frankly (here he ceased to hedge), that there being no conservative position to occupy, owing to the extreme opinions of the two parties, he infinitely preferred being known as a Radical to being known as a Ku Klux.

"We will not discuss that," said Mr. Hubbard. "I take for granted that if these men with whom you are in difficulty conceive you to be in political alliance with them the road is thereby made easier of being paved with 'greenbacks.' Compromise the matter at once by paying your way out.

"I have no faith whatever in the justice of Federal courts South," continued Mr. Hubbard. "Have you ever seen one of their juries?" he inquired.

Archie never had seen one.

"Well, then, you must know that the prerequisite for a seat on their jury bench is the taking of the iron-clad oath; and what decent man among us can do that?"

Moran said he knew many who could take that oath, who were not only decent but substantial citizens. "It is not here as it is in Virginia or South Carolina," he added, "States where the white people vote for one party. We have in this county a large white Republican vote. They are plain men for the most part; but they are patriots," he replied with some pride.

Mr. Hubbard pitied Mr. Moran in his heart. He ventured to say, that the trip to Montgomery, which Moran had told him he would soon make in the interest of the Krooms and himself, would cure his young friend of any flattering unction that Republican newspaper talk about progress and civilization had

lain on his too susceptible soul, and then Mr. Hubbard, with eminent but unnoticed tact, changed the subject to that of education, particularly Mr. Moran's education. Where had he been educated? With whom was he studying law? What branch of law did he like best? Would he go South-West when he had his profession? and many other inquiries of the same uninteresting nature to Mr. Hubbard, were put by that gentleman, who simply wished to stop talking himself and to watch Mr. Moran in his character as a conversationalist.

It was a relish with Mr. Frank Hubbard to wind up new acquaintances as he would wind up a new clock, and set them going, while he enjoyed the full let off of the pent-up clatter common to both the man and the machine.

Moran, in compliance with Mr. Hubbard's desire, narrated his school experience in Virginia at length; the break up of the same by the war, with a mention of his stay at Brookwood; his college life in the Old Dominion; and communicated the fact that his law-reading was conducted under the supervision of Col. Paul Foley, the former partner of his father, one of the finest lawyers. he observed with earnestness, in the Southern country, resident of the neighboring town of Dunham, to whom he recited twice a week, and that he would ride over for that purpose this particular afternoon, as Mr. Hubbard went to the station.

"And so you know the Renfrews of Brookwood. I am a particular friend of the old Colonel's. I buy all his tobacco. He has a nice family."

"I did not know there *was* any family except Miss Cornelia," replied Archie, doubtful whether his Renfrews were the Renfrews of Mr. Hubbard's knowledge, and hoping (for the life of him he could not tell why) that they might not be.

"Yes, that's a fact. There was a son in the same regiment with me, but he was killed at Gettysburg. I brought his last message home—a scrap of paper stained with his life's blood on which he had scrawled a few illegible words to his father. He was as fine a soldier as I ever commanded."

"I remember all about it," said Archie; "Nellie, Miss Nellie, I should say, told me of it. Do you know her, Mr. Hubbard?"

Yes. Mr. Hubbard knew her, and then he told again of what a fine soldier her brother was, till Moran felt thoroughly ashamed that this gentleman with his provoking Presence should think him a Radical. It is hard to be a Radical with a dead Confederate kinsman or friend in your mind. But Mr. Hubbard kept talking of the war, and of Cornelia refused to speak till Moran felt it must be sinful to have cherished the Union proclivities which he had done so long and so lovingly, when here was a practical man of the world discussing the war between the States as a Frenchman of to-day would discuss the campaign of Sedan.

Feeling at a disadvantage in the company of Frank Hubbard on all subjects thus far discussed, Mr. Moran finally begged that his visitor should describe to him a battle-field as it really was. He had so long wanted to know this, so he exclaimed, from some other source than the foolish pictures, which continue to gull all the grown-up children.

"Well," said his guest, "no description could be given you unless you knew the ground on which the particular battle you would have described was fought. Fredericksburgh, for instance, Marye's Hill, the Rappahannock 'bottoms' and the heights, which Burnside left and went back to, you can see pretty well, as you are aware, from the car windows as you go North."

Moran said he had been North once and noticed it.

"Well, I was in that battle and was in temporary command of a regiment. The Yankees came closer to my men there, than they ever did. I remember to have seen the expression of their faces accurately on that occasion alone. To show you, my dear sir, what kind of troops the South had, and how they rated valor seen anywhere, there was a little man—a private—shot through both legs, he seemed to be—lying just about thirty steps in front of our works, and that fellow—it's the God's truth—lay there and loaded on his side, and fired on his back till he had exhausted his ammunition. He must have deliberately killed

or wounded four or five of our regiment between the time when the line in which he came wavered and went back, and the time when the second line of Yankees charged us. Every one of our men noticed him, and in the interval of the two charges the yell went all along the front of the regiment, 'Don't shoot him, boys, don't shoot him! It's a pity to kill as brave a man as that one.'

Yet more affecting at least to Moran was his new acquaintance's description of that second charge, when the Federals in vain tried to wrench from Lee's grip the key of his position. Hubbard told with real pathos, a rare rôle with him, how a Federal Colonel of some Ohio regiment, as he remembered it, was found by actual measurement after the battle to have got within twenty feet of the works. He described him as a giant of a man with deep red hair and whiskers, both closely trimmed, lying on his face in the little blood made by the ball which found a home in his brain. He said he was by a good distance the nearest man to the works, as could be seen after the fight by a glance along the line of the Federal dead, and his right arm clutching his sword was stretched at full length. He said, "I turned him over and envied him those shoulder straps of a *real* colonel."

Mr. Hubbard did certain things well which he did rarely, thus contradicting the practice-perfection theory. He was rarely other than commonplace in language, but when he sought to stir the blood for a moment he divined the true ring of words without ever a miss.

Mrs. Moran's servant girl informed the gentlemen that dinner was waiting before this conversation ended.

The afternoon ride to the depot contained no matter for my reader's interest except that after Mr. Archie had said good-bye to the Lynchburg factor of the many war memories, and desired his compliments to be given to Colonel Renfrew and family, if Mr. Hubbard should soon meet the Brookwood people, and when he was about to mount his chestnut colored mare, Effie Deans by name, a lame fellow, known as Cicero Crites, a

hanger-on of Maloney's, arrested him under a warrant issued by a United States Commissioner for obstructing a United States official in the discharge of his office.

This Crites was a native Dunhamite, who had been lamed from an accident in boyhood, and was by trade a bar-tender. Mr. Maloney's attention had been called to him by virtue of that gentleman's repeated visits to the place where Crites dispensed his poisons, and in payment of a long standing liquor bill the Irishman had secured Crites the little place of an unbonded deputy-marshal.

John Colwood, late of York State, was both postmaster at Dunham, and commissioner of the United States Courts. Before him Moran appeared with Colonel Paul Foley as counsel, and gave bond for his appearance at the next term of the District Court to be held at Montgomery.

So that Archie, instead of reciting a hundred pages of Blackstone to Colonel Foley, listened to that distinguished member of the Bar pour a hundred pages of abuse upon the heads of Bartlett Swazey, the chief witness for the government, and the bed-ridden prosecutor, Maloney. All this, whether exactly proper I do not say, before Commissioner Colwood, who both committed as magistrate and prosecuted as United States Attorney with a most charming *nonchalance*, so honestly worn that it did not seem there was any inconsistency in his official conduct. To Colonel Foley's repeated protests against his taking Swazey from under his cross-fire, Colwood simply grunted out, that if he did n't take care of the government, he would like to know who was there that would?

Now the attentive reader will know that when the sound of the shot which stretched the heroic Maloney on that couch, which he had purchased with his last moiety check, broke upon the night air of the Kroom farm, Mr. Jefferson Kroom was sitting with his head upon his arms, and that head was going round and round in a lunatic whirligig; brave Manuel lay dead as a beef in his own blood, and Mr. Bartlett Swazey was trying to pick himself up from the farther and darker side of a

wood-pile over which Mr. Moran had a few minutes before thrown him.

It has likewise been related how that Manuel Kroom had in his death fall thrown over and emptied upon the smouldering furnace fire a full "stand" of beer, thereby extinguishing well-nigh all the light which could have given the most truthful bystander a knowledge of what happened thereafter.

But Mr. Bartlett Swazey reasoned very correctly that while the Kroom family were not aware of their own knowledge that Mr. Maloney had been shot, they very well knew who were in the distillery able to have shot him, and thoroughly convinced that Mr. Moran was in much better condition to pay cost bills than he was, the commissioner's warrant was at once labelled "Moran," while his fee-freighted subpoena was inscribed "Swazey."

The upshot of the whole matter was that Colonel Foley got a good chance to blow off his week's secretion of bile against carpet-baggers and scalawags, and wound up by signing Archie's bond, along with Dr. Roberts, in the sum of \$1,000, for his appearance at the spring term 1870 of the U. S. District Court at Montgomery, to answer the charge of resisting a United States officer in the lawful discharge of his duty. There was a most unhappy lady at Ravenscroft that night on her knees till a late hour, imploring from the purest of heavenward-looking hearts that He who had suffered the injustice of this world's tribunals, would vouchsafe her last child a safe deliverance from wicked men.

CHAPTER VIII.

RECONSTRUCTION JUSTICE.

When young Moran arrived at the capital of his native State the Legislature was in session. A report of his Fourth of July speech the year before had appeared in the leading Radical State papers, and the young man found himself known by name, and as the son of his father, to various well-dressed officials, to whom he was introduced in the Governor's office, whither he had repaired to secure the intercession of that official with the United States officers, pursuant to a plan mapped out for him by Colonel Foley.

General Lollamead, late of the negro troops, who had once hopes of filling a seat in the United States Senate from some part of District No. 3, was now in Montgomery interested as a lobby lawyer in certain railroad schemes, which were to scatter cities like Scranton broadcast over the coal and iron region of Alabama.

This gentleman had been a newspaper man in New England in early life, and spoke of Mr. Sumner and Henry Longfellow with provoking familiarity. He really knew Butler well and had been on his staff at New Orleans.

Believing migration to be Nature's law for all New Englanders, he had blessed Michigan for some years with his citizenship, and, failing in the lumber business because of being overreached by an uncle doing business in New York, whom he greatly trusted, had taken up the trade of soldier, and, by skilful fawning to a distinguished member of a congressional military committee, had been made general of a brigade of colored troops.

Several of his subordinate officers were among the colored members of the Legislature, and as he knew better than any

man of his party how much of the varnish of the Civil Rights Bill to put on each one of his colored visitors when the State's champagne went around his mahogany, he was with reason considered a man whom one should know. The best rooms of the best hotel were always telegraphed for by General Lollamead when the General Assembly was to meet. Railroad passes, sleeping-car passes, express and telegraph franks were as common with and as necessary to the happiness of General Lollamead as pocket-handkerchiefs are to common men.

The General was a fine looking, fat fellow, who read the *New York Times* at breakfast, wore Burnside whiskers, and always ate with a table napkin tucked in his glazed paper collar.

The negro waiters at the hotel vied with each other in serving him, and verily believed him the executor of Mr. Lincoln's last will and testament in their behalf. It was to him they owed it that the Freedman's savings bank had honored them by opening offices in all the larger towns of the State. He had commanded a band of their noblest warriors, and had collected pensions for the wounded and the widows.

Mr. C—, a democratic congressman from New York, had said in a public speech in Montgomery that the General had done this pension business twice over, that he had a regular Valhalla of colored warriors, both in the pension office and in the branch of the War Department that let out to the General a contract for furnishing tombstones for his colored dead in one of the national cemeteries.

There were other reports, even more scandalous, against this man of battles, in connection with the removal of the colored dead from around Fort —, and their final location in a cemetery of the Union. They were supported in part, but that part may have been so warped by the partisan prejudices of the tellers, that I have always looked upon the case as not fully made out. It was naturally a matter of difficulty for this or any other carpet-bagger to get justice in the South, and I do not want to add any stumbling-block to that path, always a rough one to his class.

Of course the carpet-bagger came as a meddler and a busybody. He wanted an office before he could call a score of the electors by their surnames. He mocked at all State allegiance, and was fond of declaring that Alabama's position towards the general government was exactly that of a county to the State. The associations of the carpet-bagger were with the freedmen, and the worst of the freedmen, and this not from choice but from policy—the policy of an earnest hater who adopts any means to gain his end.

General Lollamead had invested some money in cotton planting in 1867 and had failed. He had then gone into politics and had borne a prominent part in the early work of Reconstruction. It was this gentleman who was leaving the Governor's office when Moran entered it. The Governor read a letter from Colonel Paul Foley presented by our hero, talked very complementarily of Dunham and its people, was proud to know of Mr. Moran's connection with the republican party, promised to see the United States officials at once in his behalf, and begged that he would call again the next day.

The young fellow, despite his grudge to Maloney, who had brought this trouble upon him, could not but feel pleased with the reception extended him by the various republican politicians to whom he was introduced, and who impressed him very differently from the Maloneys, Colwoods and other carpet-baggers who held both the State, County and Federal offices in Dunham. The Montgomery men had seen the world, and knew human nature well enough to value properly the importance of securing to their ranks a young gentleman of liberal education, of pleasant address, and the son of a man whose memory even was a political power with the old whig element of the State.

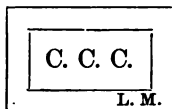
To their credit let it be said, that the carpet-baggers and the Southern Republicans were never so lost to the proprieties of life as not to wish for respectable men to take charge of their party. Though it was a ship-load of buccaneers, they sincerely desired gentlemen of good birth for their officers. How few of that sort joined them (and of those who did so, many turned

back ashamed of their company) must ever remain a choice test of the integrity of Southern manhood. The instinct of moral preservation was finally to preserve Archie to his people; but at this time he was enraptured with the generously expressed sympathy of entire strangers to help him out of his troubles, "on account of the party," they said. In fact the Ku Klux made the Southern Republicans a veritable band of brothers for a time. When Moran called the next day at the governor's office, that worthy informed him with the significant smile of a placeman who has patronage, that he had seen the government's people and that with Maloney's consent they would *vol. pro.* his case. To see Maloney was then the next business in hand. Remembering the programme laid down for him by Colonel Foley, which by the way was in exact accord with the suggestions of Mr. Frank Hubbard on the same subject, he first went in search of a Mr. Pepper, prominently connected with the National Bank in which the Revenue collectors and marshals deposited their own and the government's money.

This bank did likewise a thrifty business in State railroad bonds. In its private rooms were concocted many of the schemes for the plunder of the State, it paid off the checks of General Lollamead, given to members of the Legislature, who believed in "developing our resources," and by its superior intimacies obtained the honor of discounting the notes of various honorable Democrats of the new school (most of them, I grieve to say, were lawyers), whose paper was endorsed by General Lollamead and the aforesaid Mr. Pepper. It may well be believed that long-headed men operated this franchise. A shrewd man who knew the State's history could have written an interesting dissertation on government, had he been permitted to overhear the conversations of its inner rooms, and to have perused its daily mail. Newspaper editorials, nay, even court decisions, were dictated by its managers, and unless the stranger who came in collision with their interests could believe that the telegraph operators treated him as one entitled to send a message without having a copy carried to the bank for approval, he

would conclude that all the movements of his daily life were duly reported to it.

The same system which found it judicious to put on record a Democrat whom it wished to control by holding an uncomfortably sized note of his, with those unsavory endorsers, Mr. Pepper and General Lollamead, treated the rural Republican legislator or his carpet-bag *confrère* with a delicate modesty which even at this distance deserves notice. Their drafts were the queer size of a two-inch square, and were always given by our warrior friend from New England by way of Michigan. Let me give one of the many which that gentleman signed for his affectionate friends, who always wanted to borrow from him on the eve of the third reading of a bill in which there was a million or so of bonds being appropriated.



This, carefully placed in the statesman's vest pocket, would seem to the galleries as he unfolded it when his seat was reached and the roll call was proceeding, a paper from which he had the night before taken a calomel powder, and was at that minute admiring for the accuracy of the apothecary's folding.

The glad sparkle of the eyes was either the happy relief of the medicine, or the conjure work of a patriotic imagination, which was even then rejoicing over the school-houses and factories that would follow in the wake of the railroad to be built under this bill, for which he had voted in committee, and was now about to vote in open house.

Begging pardon for this unimportant and unfriendly digression, I wish to say that Mr. Moran sought Mr. Pepper and found him. A letter from Colonel Foley explained his business, and Mr. Pepper at once said "I will see Anderson. Rowton is in the bank now; where is this Maloney to be had? Get him and be back here, say, at three this afternoon. The front door

will be closed then. Stay," he added; "let me show you how to come in at that time," and he walked with Moran half around the square and entered the bank from the back way. On his route of inquiry for the informer and man of moieties, Moran stepped into a jewelry store to have repaired a watch chain entrusted to him by his mother, and made of hair cut from the head of his brother Lawrence, in the roaring hell of burning Columbia, when the delirium of brain fever was at its height. The young man could but feel pain, when he reflected that half a dozen letters of introduction presented within the past forty-eight hours from Colonel Paul Foley, had described him as the most intelligent young Republican in the upper part of the State. Was this true or not? He thought now *not*; but having allowed a false consistency, his determined self-will—it may be his cheaply gratified vanity (what man is without it and of that sort?) to place him in false position towards his friends, he excused himself to himself by pleading the set-off of *their* false position as Ku Klux and social ostracists.

Wretched comfort, young fellow! Pull out that blunted ball which you have carried in your money purse ever since Cornelia Renfrew sent it to you at college, and which but for a too long range would have bedded itself in her sweet flesh; pull it out and pass it over the counter to the jeweller, and tell him with more explicitness than I care to hear, how you want it trimmed down and banked round with gold and enamel, and fashioned for a cravat pin. Do this, and tell me then if you will vote with the villains who shot her. The Ku Klux! There is no harbor of refuge for you in denouncing the atrocities against society, perpetrated by the old slave overseers of the South and their ilk bearing the pass-words of an order organized to do *for* society what Reconstruction Courts refused to do, to wit, to protect it. But let me not be too hard upon Archie Moran. He was now in the unripe state—a suckling in practical politics, a very floweret in the garden of ill weeds and baneful creepers, flourishing with a rank growth which he admired. For he was, as cannot be too distinctly kept to his credit, ignorant of the

hollow nature of all the happiness which comes from office-holding, and greatly desired to be a ruler of men. He was listening nightly to the same whispers which lulled Lucifer from a more attached and exalted allegiance. *Putrefactio Optimorum pessima*—think of your Latin, young man! The Roman taught many a good lesson, but never a better one than the inestimable value to a man of virtue to the public.

But we are on the chase of an Irishman in this chapter, who had nothing of the Roman except his religion—the religion of Rome when she took the dry rot, and substituted the mummeries of mass for the pecking of the sacred chickens—Holy Father Leo for Pontifex Maximus and his better-dressed augurs. We shall find that Irishman, if you will but accompany me to the Tom and Jerry drinking saloon and ten-pin alley. Thither Moran was directed by Jeff Kroom, who said he had just left Maloney there taking a drink.

The bar was filled with court dependents and defendants—the former “treating” the latter to mixed liquors, which were strange to their rural palates. Moran only remained a moment in this precinct of profanity, noisy with maudlin protestations of regard bandied backward and forward between the low officials and the payers of their costs. In that time he said to Maloney, that Messrs. Anderson and Rowton would expect him at the bank at three o’clock “sharp” of that afternoon, and explained briefly the back entrance to the building.

Mr. Maloney was in a high flow of spirits when this message reached him, and never having been admitted to the upper circles of Carpet-baggery (for that aristocracy of thieves had their peerage and their baronetage and their commoners), he saw in this engagement at the bank an opportunity to bow himself into an “outrage” editorial—perhaps to get a promotion “in the service.”

Mr. Maloney had another thought—his respect for Moran increased highly at once. If that gentleman could pull wires that would cause such lights as Lollamead, Pepper, Anderson and Rowton to dance, there “must be something in him” he ejacu-

lated mentally. Maloney had seen Moran about the streets of Dunham, and had thought him, to use his own choice wording, only "a spring chicken." He now felt that it would be the prudent thing to treat Moran as "the rising young Republican" Colonel Paul Foley's letters proclaimed him to be.

His wound was not yet perfectly healed, but his crutch had given way to a cane, and feeling sensible that he "had a dead thing" (I must again quote Mr. Maloney) on the Krooms, was disposed to pocket the moiety he would get of their property, and put Moran under lasting obligations by having the court to suspend judgment in his case.

In consequence of these impressions the meeting between the two men was brief but gracious.

Punctually at three o'clock, Archie sought the back door shown by Mr. Pepper, and found that gentleman, Mr. Maloney and General Lollamead costily chatting over a sea-coal fire, in a finely-furnished and high-ceiled room that led off from a law office, the door of which was ajar, and opened to view handsome rows of shining, red lettered "Sheep."

General Lollamead was charmed to meet Mr. Moran; he had read the notices of his fine speech, he regretted Moran was not then a member of the Legislature from Dunham county. Governor Moran's name he had heard frequently from "the old citizens" as that of a remarkable man; the Republican party needed just such young vigorous blood as Moran was bringing it—in fact it was a subject for national congratulation when those like Archie were ascertained to be "off color," General Lollamead said, with the Democrats, and much more of the same sort. He was in all sincerity anxious to see Southern men of note join his party, and treated Archie with genuine cordiality.

The General had heard from Mr. Pepper of young Moran's troubles, and did not doubt, he said, but that the affair could be arranged with the nice adjustment of an inclined plane. "It is like this," he continued: "You injured Mr. Maloney without purpose, and are, of course, willing to make him proper

pecuniary satisfaction. If Maloney should refuse that, it seems to me it would be an injury done you on purpose, and with proper regard (smiling towards Maloney), very foolish in the man who was guilty of it. Of course one is out something in doctor's bills and lost chances, which should be made up to him; I think and shall so say that \$500 ought to set the whole affair right, both your own and that of our other friends up there—the "moonshine" men—and Mr. Pepper here is of the same opinion."

Mr. Pepper said "*that* is business," and inquired with his eye what Mr. Maloney had to say—first premising to that gentleman that the party would take his answer with some champagne, a small square box of which sat just behind the folding doors that led into the aforesaid lawyer's office.

A tap on the little silver bell, which stood on Mr. Pepper's marble mantel, (how involuntarily one thinks of the lamented Seward, when he hears or writes of "little bells,") summoned a handsome mulatto boy. "Johnston," said Mr. Pepper, "some glasses and that champagne," nodding towards the door.

While Johnston was absent, the gentlemen rose to their feet preparatory to the drink, and listened as Mr. Maloney professed his disposition to do anything that was "best for the party."

Messrs. Anderson and Rowton entered the room as Johnston was filling the glasses, and those gentlemen, previously apprised by Mr. Pepper of the meeting, and of his wish that they should do him a turn in Archie's matter, exclaimed in the same breath, "Well *this* is nice to ask a party round to leg for you and undertake to make off with the goodies before the time when you expect them."

"I'm not three yet," said Anderson, a fat fellow with a good sort of a face, looking at his watch. "How are you, Rowton?"

"Three—just," said that gentleman.

Mr. Pepper said, "Oh you and Rowton are running a small affair in the shape of the United States, and get nothing to drink except "blockade" whisky. Lollamead and myself are States' rights men, that is, we believe in the inalienable right of

this State to furnish us with champagne when we do its business and charge nothing in the way of commissions. I don't wonder you thought we were careful to avoid seducing you from your allegiance. Johnston," continued Mr. Pepper, laughing, "give Anderson a bottle and a corkscrew, let's see if he can open champagne. I don't believe he ever saw any till he came down here."

Mr. Anderson, according to that gentleman's account, "had been raised on champagne; it was the foaming grape of eastern France. A drunk from champagne was the worst possible drunk. He and Grant had been drunk on it together in Buffalo, New York, in '66, and many other unheard of champagne associations did he then and there relate.

Mr. Anderson was as glad to see Moran as General Lollamead had been, and his remarks to him were in the same general vein. Rowton also hailed a rising light in our young friend, and taking him into the before-mentioned law-office, nodding to Maloney to follow, then and there put a peace pipe in the mouths of the two, the result of which was that Malouney was to come around to Moran's hotel the same evening after tea, and receive in the presence of Rowton, the sum of \$500 in full of all the indignities inflicted upon the majesty of the government as represented in his person. Regarding the libel suit, the Kroom lands were to be bid in by the defendant, Jeff Kroom, for a nominal sum, say \$50.00, at a sale which Deputy-Marshal Maloney himself would have in charge, and in consideration of this sum or some sum not much in excess of it being paid by Moran for Kroom, Rowton was authorized to say that *not prosses*. as to all would be entered. He had been spoken to by the Governor, who felt anxious the matter should be arranged, and it had been settled to arrange it in this way. Mr. Rowton said with much earnestness that it was no time for Republicans to be quarrelling.

So coolly and quietly had Mr. Rowton conducted this little piece of diplomacy, that the party at the wine had not finished the bottle opened by Mr. Anderson (and very deftly too, let it

be said to the credit of that clever carpet-bagger), when the three emerged from the law room smiling as if a duel had been avoided, or a will had been witnessed.

Mr. Moran, with great embarrassment—for he had been thoroughly at a disadvantage from the moment of presenting Colonel Foley's letter to Mr. Pepper—was in the midst of his return of thanks to the several gentlemen about him for their very great kindness to him and his friends, the Krooms, whose way of life he set forth at some length—when a tap at the door summoned Johnston from his leaning posture against a great bronze Indian girl, which held the gas jets for Mr. Pepper's private writing desk near the street window.

Johnston announced "Judge Gardees," a little wiry man with a rolling gray eye, who carried a bundle under his arm.

He entered bowing familiarly to the party, but looking with some glance of disfavor upon the bottles and glasses, and motioned to Mr. Pepper, who followed him into the room with the many new law books, and through that they passed into the now deserted bank, closing with loud echo the high and heavy door behind them.

"Gardees is up to some devilment," observed General Lollamead, half stepping in the direction taken by the last arrival, and blowing away the smoke of his cigar as he peered from under it to see what Rowton thought of the remark. "Johnston," continued the General, "what would you guess the judge's bundle to be?"

"Something for the bank, I suppose," said the boy. "I saw New York marked on it as the judge came in the door." And then Johnston having demonstrated his smartness to all present tried to clear his throat and failed miserably. There was but one objection to Johnston as a valet—he was always making unsuccessful efforts to clear his throat. A nervous master would have been eager to slip "a quarter" in Johnston's palm at any minute of the errand hours, and to insist on seeing that clogged throat free once—just once. Apart from this Johnston was a most excellent person, and knew many things that would have

commanded a price in the courts of justice, if there had been any such courts at that time.

Presently Judge Gardees came back with Mr. Pepper, smiling as graciously as Mr. Rowton and his party had smiled a few minutes before.

"Well, judge," said Lollamead, "how are you and the Ku Klux making it?"

"Oh my bones are whole yet, and I sleep sound o' nights, thanks to a loyal conscience."

"Let me make you known to Mr. Moran of Dunham county, a son of Ex-Governor Moran's," said General Lollamead—the party still standing with wine in hand.

The judge shook hands with the young man, and observed, "Foley lives in your county. I think him the very worst man in Alabama," he added with vehemence. "He is positively viperous towards the Government. He practices in one or two counties of my circuit, and I had rather any day sentence him to be hung, and I believe on more principle of general justice to mankind, than any of the criminals he defends whom I do sentence. Of course I don't mean because *he* defends them. Foley is the very king of all the Ku Klux in Northern Alabama. I'll get him yet. He is the *gentleman* who had the first grand jury I ever charged in Octon county to present me, in half an hour after they went to their room, for organizing lodges of the Union League, and for riding in a Grant and Colfax procession in 1868.

"He is the chap who kept White from confessing to the whipping of the two colored men in that same county last spring. If that bit of history could have been unravelled then and there, it would have opened a rich "lead" for the government in executing justice against these cut-throats."

Judge Gardees had been proceeding all this while on the assumption that Moran was a Democrat, perhaps a Ku Klux.

The general and Mr. Pepper were so convinced of this from his manner, which was excited, in fact defiant, that they toned him down somewhat, by observing in the same breath that "Mr.

Moran was a Republican, but bore letters from Colonel Foley to Mr. Pepper." Judge Gardees then said, "That's not my kind of a Republican, with proper respect for the gentleman."

At the outset of this diatribe Moran flushed violently, and during its progress changed his color alternately from red to white, but now that the carpet-bagger had sneered at his Republicanism, he lost all control, and craning his neck forward till the froth of his passionate breath fell on the judge's stumpy beard, he hissed out rather than said, "I thank God I am not your sort of a Republican. You are the villain who imprisoned two women witnesses in Octon county for a contempt of your contemptible court. I believe now what has been told on you, that you are a pardoned felon from the New York penitentiary."

The carpet-bagger was about to retort when Lollamead threw his stalwart arm around the chest of that lithe functionary of reconstruction justice, and swung his body into the adjacent law-room, cursing him roundly as a fool, and for making himself ridiculous, and for "not knowing that the young fellow was a Republican—one of our best men." Mr. Pepper, meanwhile, was as cool as a cucumber, and begged Mr. Moran to be seated, cheerfully acceding at the same time to the young fellow's protestations, that Colonel Foley was his friend and a gentleman, and that no one should say or insinuate to the contrary in his presence. Anderson rather enjoyed "the young fellow's coming back so lively at Gardees," so he said when Lollamead and his prisoner were out of sight and out of hearing, for the general had not only pulled the judge into the law-room, but also into the bank-room proper.

Rowton frankly wished to see "Gardees put down. He was too d—d conceited. He wants all of us to take back seats when he's about. A recommendation for township constable can't go in without his passing on it," and more words of the same spirit which reconciled Moran much to his new company, and made him feel very foolishly heroic. But Maloney was decidedly on the side of the judge, though he said not a word. A side-glance of Moran's as that person was insisting to Mr. Pepper for

the twelfth time on the gentility of Colonel Paul Foley, encountered Maloney's evil eye lit up with a lurking desire to revive the old grudge of the shot at the Kroom distillery. So quickly does a little alcohol, or a quarrel between others, or, as in this instance, the combination of the two, rouse the sleeping devil that is in us all, but which in an Irishman only nods at the best.

The expressions used towards Gardees by Messrs. Anderson and Rowton alone prevented Maloney from taking up the former's quarrel then and there, for he hated Colonel Foley with a hearty long-cherished spirit. But his living came indirectly through two of the men in front of him, and it was prudent to adopt their dislikes, if they could not sympathize with his own. Besides he consoled himself by reflecting that they would hate Colonel Foley worse than he did if they but knew him, and could experience as he had done, Colonel Paul's refusal to know them, at least by way of introduction as gentlemen.

By this time Moran's temper was somewhat cooled, and aware of Maloney's changed purposes towards himself, he thought with pain of the large draft that would necessarily be made upon his dear mother's money (he had brought with him for deposit in bank, the check given her by Mr. Hubbard), if Maloney should press him to the uttermost.

It was therefore with a sense of great relief that he heard Rowton, as the party broke up, re-ratify and confirm with the red-headed Irishman the appointment at his, Moran's hotel, for that evening. Rowton, Anderson, and Maloney left by the back way, General Lollamead called to Johnston to come with the front-door key to let him and Judge Gardees out. It was then that Mr. Pepper sent Johnston up street for the cashier, who, soon returning, by Mr. Pepper's orders accommodated Mr. Moran with the \$500 necessary for the interview with Mr. Maloney. Mr. Hubbard's check for ten times that amount had been deposited in Mr. Pepper's bank previously. Judge Gardees' bundle, marked New York, was carefully locked up when the safe was opened.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SPOILERS OF THE CANAANITES.

Promptly at the hour named, Messrs. Maloney and Rowton entered Mr. Moran's hotel, and finding that gentleman in the hall below, passed with him upstairs. On their way Moran stepped into the reading-room, and taking from it pen, ink and paper, was proceeding down the passage towards his own apartments, when seeing a parlor on the row untenanted, he led the way into that, and without any remarks seated himself next a table. Pulling out two bank checks, and adding several bills of "greenbacks," he laid the whole on the table, and endorsed the checks to Maloney's order. He then drew up a rambling paper reciting the origin of the libel suit against the Krooms, the criminal action against himself for resisting an officer of the United States, and stating the payment to Maloney of \$500, for which that gentleman agreed to see that the government *not proseed.* the case against Moran, and further contracted in the name of the marshal to get the execution papers in the libel case, and permit Jeff Kroom to buy in Mrs. Mattie Kroom's home for the sum of the costs in that case, which were not to exceed \$50—and if in excess of that Maloney was to be responsible for the residue. This done, Maloney signed the paper, Rowton witnessed it, and Maloney pocketed checks and money. On rising to leave the room, Mr. Rowton assured Mr. Moran that there would be no further trouble with the affair, and regretted that good Republicans should have come together in apparent conflict, that Republican batteries should be turned against the common enemy, and much more to the same effect.

Mr. Maloney said that he considered himself as making a great sacrifice in this matter, that "he had a dead thing on

the Krooms," which he was giving away, but his friends thought it was best for the party that he should do so; that under no circumstances would he have "comped" with a Ku Klux, and that after this generous show of feeling on his part, he thought it but fair that Moran should at least pledge his influence to prevent Maloney's prosecution in the State courts as accessory to the homicide of Manuel Kroom. "I know," concluded Maloney, "that old Foley—damn him—will be after me as soon as a grand jury meets in Dunham, and Foley likes you, and you ought to be able to manage as well for me in your own home matters, as my friends have managed for you here."

"I don't profess to manage any kind of court officers. I think it a disgrace to courts when they can be managed. I am studying law under Colonel Foley's direction, it is true, but shall be very certain not to mention your name to him. Besides, you must know that it would do you no good whatever if I did mention it."

"Oh," said Rowton, "I should not trouble my head about the State's attorney. We can work him; and you say the soldiers who did the shooting have deserted the army. If the worst comes to the worst, move your case by affidavit to the Federal court. You are all right there. All you've got to do is to swear the killing was done under color of office. That lets you out. I never heard of a United States marshal hanging a man, unless, perhaps, in the District of Columbia."

Mr. Maloney said he was aware of all this, and presumed under the circumstances that he could, for the present, be content. His left vest pocket feeling full and comfortable he patted the spleen that lay under it and inquired of Moran, as that gentleman parted with him and Rowton at the head of the basement stairs, which led into the bar-room, "Won't you join us?"

"Thank you, no, sir," said Moran, and without other greeting returned to the hall for a newspaper.

Next day, at noon, Moran, after a long walk, reached the Capitol. He had been brooding about the river banks for several hours, thinking of the old days of his native State, of the many

hot-headed States' Rights politicians, the numberless gray headed cotton planters with pretty daughters and heavy bank accounts; the myriads of rash young fellows overflowing with the animal life which is born with the dominating spirit of slavery—of the gamblers and duellists and quadroon girls, who had gone down this river on their way to the great Anglo-French capital of the South-West.

Moran had in a high degree that faculty by which we repeople the past. He could, he thought, call up one of those old river steamers and see through and through her—the saloons, the decks, the bar, the state-rooms, the lower deck with its cotton and negroes—the conceited pilot in his little shell of a house, the faro dealer talking to him, who did not get enough sleep last night as was plain from his yawn into which he tried to throw a touch of the expressive *ennui* of a *blasé*.

Strolling along this stream, now muddy and angry from recent rains, he said to himself aloud, "Well, after all, the mistake our folks made was that they thought God made this world only for gentlemen. But there is something in climate—only certain kinds of people *can* work here, and I suppose the rest, who don't work and have leisure to think, must be the gentlemen and manage the others.

"Funny to think Republicanism is an affair of the weather, but it seems that way. It don't suit the South either on this side of the water or the other. I don't believe in the blood of people doing this, that, or the other thing through the years when counted by the thousand. But I do believe there are a million different—each uniform—lessons taught in the angles at which the sun strikes the earth.

"Why should n't Colonel Foley be right in insisting that the same reasoning which Buckle gives for a man on the Thames managing one born on the Ganges will explain this slavery business in Alabama. It takes slavery, or something akin to it, to keep the Thames man settled on the Ganges from becoming, in the long run, a Bengalee. He must have something to brace against the climate. Teaching his progeny to dominate the

natives is like a breath of old English air to them. The freest, boldest thinkers in this country have been the slave-holders.

"It is ridiculous to think of this theory, that doing chores as a boy and learning early all the arts by which weakness and poverty and low rank entrench themselves against their superiors—cunning, assumed humility, imitative postures and modes—that this is a good school for rearing rulers.

"These Western State dignitaries, about whom one reads as milking the cows and cutting stove wood before breakfast and grooming their own roadster, which catches the early train for them that sets them down in a big city, where they have an office with veneered furniture in it and a poor devil of a hack at the door ready to smile upon his brawny lord, and ask whether the proposition of Swivels & Farguts to plaster the new city post-office is to be copied in duplicate or triplicate—they are a fraud—bound to be. They are the patron saints of our carpet-baggers, of whom I have seen no member that did not boast of being taken out of the mud, the very worst of Bounderby's."

It will be readily conceived that with these thoughts in his head young Moran—who was always too much given to musing, and sometimes, as in this instance, following close after his payment to Maloney of \$500, to very foolish musing—was not in a fair frame of mind to judge the law-makers, who sat under and around him, when he entered the lobby of the Capitol.

A colored commoner, who may be known here as he was called in the Democratic prints, Cuffee Carey, was speaking to an amendment to amerce the sheriffs who should make the mistake of selling a homestead. The homestead, according to this statesman, was the inestimable boon conferred on the State, to get which Reconstruction, carpet-baggers and scalawags were a poor and insufficient price. He was something of an orator, as in truth are nearly all of the better specimens of his race, and made the sophistical point very well and pertinently, that the "neegroes" of Alabama (he said "neegroes" with unction) had voted a homestead upon their old masters out of very kindness when they were "settin' out in the cold" and voting against

taking it. He noticed "they took it 'mighty glib' now when one of 'em was in debt and could n't raise the stakes," and here everybody laughed, and after this he sat down. The Hon. George Y. Hunt, who was six feet tall and wore eye-glasses over a profusion of oiled yellow whiskers, which reached to his vest buttons, (rumor had it that the Hon. George had gone six weeks in Charleston, S. C., just after the war, without changing his linen, in which event those whiskers must have been a source of comfort inexpressible to their honorable owner,)—the Hon. George rose, and the call for the previous question issued from the cod-fish mouth hid back in that awful mass of yellow hanging moss.

The ayes had it, though the vote for some unaccountable reason was a close one; but the public printer's "subs" were standing near several members advising motions to print, and three or more clerks of the two houses were in the hall, and these, out of very impudent self-assertion and as if to demonstrate beyond doubt the goodness of the farce of this government voted aloud aye, and aided to swell that side's noise. Moran's Republicanism was giving place to nobler feelings as he saw this veritable vote taken. Disgust and shame covered him as with a garment; he thought of Cromwell and that sturdy cry, "Get you gone. Ye are no parliament. The Lord is done with you." He said to himself, "The good people of the North, who have some memories in common with us that are surely still pleasant, cannot know that such things are being done here solely because they are thought to approve them, and our experience of defeat is too recent to make us think of interfering with their enactment. Are honor and generosity qualities to be cultivated in the individual, but forgotten in that mass of individuals called a nation?

"But," he continued, "we have got some good native material (he thought among others of himself), and if they can be brought to the front all will go well after a time. And besides, what have the Democracy to offer; the Northern wing of the party got us in trouble and then volunteered to whip us and did whip us—there is nothing comfortable in that—the South-

ern wing are sore over their banishment from office and the fact of negro suffrage; *they* are all Ku Klux, and have no better weapon in hand for open use than social ostracism, which don't hurt *me*, though it does keep immigration from coming in—and then there is Grant; he is a remarkable man, and could put all these matters right if he would. Moreover, there is no use in a young man being a Democrat. The future is all with the Republicans, and I never shall forgive the Dunham people for the mean way in which they treated me last July. There was Emma Frost who said her waiting-maid was the only 'lady' present at my speech who knew what the Fourth of July meant."

This cynical soliloquy was interrupted by the motion of the Hon. John G. Butner to reconsider the vote just taken.

The Hon. John G. was greatly interested in the protection of creditors. They had rights, which this legislature was bound to respect.

The debtors were overly well taken care of already, and this repeated strengthening of the homestead provision by auxiliary legislation would so terrify sheriffs that they would after a time be afraid to levy any sort of execution process. The Hon. John G. made the better part of his living out of these persecuted creditors. He was a country attorney whom Mr. Burke would have characterized as "a fomenter and conductor of the petty war of village vexation."

Seconding his motion was Michael Dunlop, a bald-headed native Republican of the poor white class, who hated every man that wore a clean shirt.

Michael had been a member of the convention which framed the State Constitution; he had been by military appointment a registrar of voters and inspector of elections in the wicked autumn of 1867, and the pickings and perquisites of these little places he had husbanded and loaned on personal security at a high rate of usance.

His interests, therefore, lay with the creditor class, and he said so frankly—giving his own case as illustration. Michael

was tall, angular and muddy colored. He seemed to have been born with the jaundice of body as well as of soul.

He read the weekly New York *Tribune* assiduously, and owed to it his political prejudices in large part, while, to say the truth, its agricultural columns had set Michael's farm in neater order than that of any one of his near neighbors.

But the motion was voted down chiefly because of the stentorian tone in which General Otho Lowell of the Champlain section of New York voted nay. This gentleman, though stentorian in tone was small in person, but that small frame could deceive the oldest of toppers in the quantity of alcoholic fluids it was capable of retaining with entire safety to itself. It was to this excellent power of liquid retention that General Lowell confessedly owed his greatest success in political life. He represented one of the largest counties of "the black belt," and was the chief reliance of General Lollamead, our esteemed acquaintance, the check dispenser, in the lower house of the legislature.

General Lowell was one of the leading spirits on the committees of finance, internal improvements and corporations. He had a hand in the management of several of the leading State charities, and through the chief officer of one of these he obtained his whisky free of charge and that of the best quality. The general was of a playful turn and always referred to this, his favorite beverage, as the B. & C. whisky—laughing as he said to a new acquaintance that those enigmatical letters were to be translated bribery and corruption. This General Otho always considered a good joke.

While stating the bad side of his character—and he *was* a thief who gloried in his trade—no man could surpass him in the accuracy with which he met committee appointments, the neatness with which he drafted a bill, the punctilious observance he paid to parliamentary rules.

He freely conceded that the goods of the rebel element, since Thad. Stevens had failed with confiscation of the lands, were properly the spoil of the faithful. He sincerely desired to be properly informed of every legislator's political orthodoxy; he

then measured his deftness and courage, and after this either admitted him to a partial partnership or put him with the mass of the roll call.

Everything tangible could, of course, be stolen ; but the stealing, General Lowell thought, should be done decently and under the strictest forms of law. Money bills must be read for three days in both houses, the public printer ought to have a chance to make his per cent. in printing, the lobby of lawyers should be gratified if possible with fees for arguing before the committees, some part of the democratic denunciation ought to be cheerfully borne in debate, and the previous question was rarely called till after the General had delivered one of his short, sharp, yet patriotic speeches about human rights and the new South that was to blossom like the rose.

And this he did very well and with the full applause always of the native republicans and the colored members. His carpet-bag brethren said aside that Lowell dealt too much in " taffy " and wasted time ; but they, hostile to any, even the slightest, break-water between their dirty palms and the bottom drawer of the State's Treasury, yet frankly confessed they were but novices in the art in which Lowell was a *chef*.

Drinking so freely as this gentleman did, he would have gone mad in the hot season if put together after the usual fashion of men ; but all the stimulants he could hold seemed never to raise that whalebone frame above the temperature of a pleasant heat. It was when fullest of the fire-water that he played his best hand at " poker," and his success in this game had won for him a certain respect among the lower class of Democrats in more than one of the Gulf State cities.

" If Lowell does steal a little from the State he spends it with us," was a remark more than once heard by the owner of that name, greeted with the applause of his company.

Moran was now desirous of his dinner, and the entrance of Judge Gardees, who familiarly took a seat on the floor to look after the passage of a bill affecting certain ferry privileges in which he had acquired an interest, decided him to leave at once.

He regarded Judge Gardees as the duplicate of General Lowell with his liquor and joviality left off and infinitely a greater hatred to the South added.

Judge Gardees was the assassin of his black-letter friends, John Doe and Richard Roe, and the author in large part of the new code of law. Therefore he hated him professionally as well as personally, since he had made useless his Doe and Roe learning.

He ate his dinner, wondering whether the Yankees whipped the South or whether Bob Toombs spoke truly in saying "we wore ourselves out whipping them."

In the afternoon he saw the *not. pros.* entered in open court in his own and Jeff Kroom's case.

He saw our friend, Mr. Bartlett Swazey, much the worse for his repeated patronage of the Tom and Jerry saloon, and coldly refused to give that gentleman the loan of five dollars, though Bartlett stoutly protested he would repay him as soon as the marshal paid his ticket for attendance as a witness in the case of the United States *vs.* Moran and Kroom. On the night's train he left for home and fell asleep with his chin on the new cravat pin, made in part with the ball shot at Miss Cornelia Renfrew.

CHAPTER X.

A GENTLEMANLY K. K.

The town of Dunham was the usual Southern up-country county site, having, however, more than the average population of such places. Colonel Paul Foley was its leading lawyer and politician, since the death of his old partner, Governor Moran. Dr. Roberts was its most educated preacher, while Postmaster Colwood and Deputy-Marshall Maloney were allowed to be its chiefest scabs.

It possessed the advantage commercially of being in some sense a distributing depot between the grain and cotton belts. Its manufactures of buggies, wagons and furniture were in high local repute, while its leading ambition was to be considered a fine summer resort for the refugees from malaria.

Mosquitoes were unknown and one had need of a blanket for covering during the latter hours of even August nights.

There was but one physician in the place—a matter of constant boast—and he was a most consummate fraud, who had moved many years before from Charleston, S. C., and was forever talking about “the immortal spirit of John C. Calhoun.” He professed to be a Roman Catholic in religion, and did occasionally entertain a priest of the old church passing to visit a few Irish families in the adjoining county. His blustering impudence and constant mouthing of false Latin technicalities won him a living from the simple country people, who might have a child sick from overfeeding, or an aged crone of a kinswoman given to periodical hysteria.

There was but one set-off he was ever allowed to plead against the nuisance of his citizenship.

To hear him vilify Colwood, the carpet-bag postmaster, punctually upon the opening of every afternoon’s mail, in his great pompous, dropsical, bastard adjectives, affected the Dunham small boy so healthfully that grave elders joined in the general glee.

This man of science was named Dr. Sydenham B. Hasslett. He was now past sixty years of age, and stood in great need of a new wig to warm his wretched old box of humbug and hypocrisy which he carried about and called a cranium.

When Mr. Archibald Moran reached the depot at Dunham he alighted to find Colonel Paul Foley’s driver ready to carry him at once to that gentleman’s house. Colonel Paul did not wish Mr. Moran to go home before seeing him, the driver said. As the carriage entered the Foley yard its owner came from his law office, which stood in one corner of the aforesaid yard, and extended a very hearty hand of welcome to our *nol. prossed.* defendant, his student and the son of his old partner.

Moran assured him that his, the Colonel's, letters had done the work, and was extravagant in the bestowal of his praise.

Colonel Foley said, "Come, let us go into the house. We would be interrupted in the office. I want to talk to you about another matter."

Mrs. Foley, a lady who had just reached that age when the wearing of a cap indoors appears an essential to female happiness, with her daughter, Miss Laura, who was thinking of caps in quite a different but equally well-known connection, were in the sitting-room when our party entered. They soon retired, upon Colonel Paul expressing a wish to see Archie privately.

"It is about this Ku Klux business I wish to speak," said Colonel Paul. "They were at Ravenscroft last night on the hunt of you."

Moran's heart came into his throat here and his face showed visible signs of excitement, dread, despair, desperation,—the one after the other.

"Keep cool," said the Colonel. "No harm was done; fortunately you were away. That d—d scoundrel, Bart. Swazey, put up the job, I am sure. I wish you to know that no gentleman here had a hand in it, and I wish you to be prepared to meet your mother, whose nervous system has sustained a heavy shock. Our rector and his wife are with her now. She sent for Hasslett, but I forbid his going. You know that you may depend upon me, though I regret, perhaps more than any of your friends, the course you have seen fit to pursue in politics. My respect for your father, however, is a bond that will hold me under obligation to see that you do not lack for advice in so grave an emergency as the present."

"I want no advice," cried Moran, springing to his feet, "that cursed Swazey came back on the train with me. If you want to do me a favor lend me your pistol—I have n't got one—and I'll blow his brains out before sundown—the miserable coward and bully that he is;" but before the young fellow got farther, his tears of rage completely choked all utterance. The

thought of his mother's condition threw him back in his chair, limp and pitiable.

Colonel Foley said, "Archie, before you leave here you must make me one promise, or I cannot be answerable for anything that may hereafter happen to you or to Ravenscroft.

"You must leave Swazey to me. Why, I shall not now say. If you are doubtful about giving the promise, think of your mother and of the consequences to her which would result from a repetition of last night's scenes."

"What did they do, Colonel? Please tell me that much," said the poor fellow.

"Nothing, I told you, nothing. Only they alarmed your mother dreadfully by inquiring for you. They did not even go in the front yard, but took old Jim's word that you were off at court. They made him come out to them at the gate, so I learned this morning on the street. It seems they came through town after leaving your mother's place, and called at Maloney's house for him; but left after his wife assured the leader of his being with you at court. They did no damage to any one, though the negroes who saw them ride through town are scared within an inch of their lives."

"Damage; indeed!" said Moran. "I am surprised and shocked to hear you talk so, Colonel Foley. You speak as if this invasion of a quiet, peaceable community by a midnight band of cut-throats was some dispensation of providence—a flood or a hurricane or something of that sort. I do not understand you."

Colonel Foley gathered the long wisp of iron-gray hair parted just above his right ear, and smoothed it with his left palm over all the surface of his bald crown. He nervously stroked the unmanageable moustachios out of his teeth, and sat bolt upright in his chair—his fine eye looking full into Archie's face. Now to tell the reader in all confidence the first thought which crossed the Colonel's mind, I must say that nothing but a fitting memory of Governor Moran, who was to him as Brutus to Cassius, prevented the irate lawyer from ordering young Moran to leave his house at that instant.

His lips were just about to convey the intelligence that no d—d Radical should abuse the Ku Klux in his presence, much less in his own house, when the memory flitting as aforesaid, restrained him and he changed his expression entirely. He said, "Listen to me and never repeat what I say. I am a Ku Klux, as you call it, myself, but I heard of this affair through my daughter Laura, who, with a woman's wit, guessed it from something said to her by young Holt when your name came up.

"I only reached home from Chattanooga yesterday afternoon, and hearing what she said went immediately down town to stop it; but found all the members of the order in Dunham ignorant of any such thing being on the carpet. I learn this morning, in a way that I cannot tell you, that this fellow, Swazey, who managed to get into the order in Tennessee, had called together some members of it in your own township—low fellows they were with the exception of Holt, who, I was sorry to hear, was present (he was in college with you, you know), and had secured a vote ordering you and Maloney to be whipped, and had sent this across the border to be executed by some of the order in Tennessee. It is unnecessary for me to say that I do not approve of the outrage upon you, and am confident the men engaged in it were ignorant of your character and standing; but as for Maloney, he ought to be tarred and feathered and then run out of the State, even on the motion of such a man as Bart. Swazey, whom you well know I despise.

"I of course request that you make no use of the information about Holt obtained in the way you now know it to have been.

"As for Swazey, I will attend to him when the proper time arrives. When the truth came to your knowledge through other sources, my trip to Chattanooga, on the very eve of this affair, might have borne a false construction in your mother's mind. She would know very well that if there were any members of that order in this country, I would be one. Hence I have been so explicit.

"Finally, let me beg you to take no steps looking to revenge in this matter, without consulting me. I see you scorn to think a

member of the order would assist one under the ban of its displeasure ; but I repeat that no such men as yourself are in that situation. When such creatures as Swazey can find entrance into it, much less to manage it, I and all other gentlemen will retire. Thus far its influence has in my opinion been not only good, but its existence a vital necessity to the white people of the South—the female portion in particular. You would join it yourself with me if it were properly presented.

“To outrages of the kind that occurred by mistake last night all decent men are opposed. You need apprehend no personal violence. I pledge my word to that. I think on your mother’s account it were best you should both come to town for a few weeks and I will telegraph to Chattanooga for Dr. Givens to run over and examine her. Please express my utter condemnation of the whole affair,” seeing Moran rise and take his hat, “to your mother when she is able to converse about it,” said Colonel Foley.

“Are you through, sir?” said that gentleman ; “if so, permit me to say that in regard to the information you have given me I shall of course respect the means by which you obtained it. Your offer of protection I hope I duly appreciate. When I need it for myself or my mother I shall ask for it. When I ask for it I request you to cowhide me on the spot. I thank you for mentioning Dr. Givens’s name. I can telegraph him, if mother requires it. If we should come to town at all, I beg you to believe it is neither for your own nor any other person’s protection. I bid you good afternoon.” And Mr. Moran was out of the door before Mrs. Foley and Miss Laura could get into the sitting-room to learn “what in the world dear papa and Mr. Moran were talking so loud about.”

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CHAPTER XI.

K. K. THAT WERE NOT GENTLEMEN.

When Moran reached Ravenscroft at twilight of the same day, old Jim the house servant met him at the yard gate and narrated about what is already known—that his dear mother was bed-ridden from the nervous shock of the night before, that Dr. and Mrs. Roberts were then with her, that her enquiries for Archie were constant, that he, Jim, was “so glad Mas’ Archie was away” (the habits of slavery still clung to Jim, and his lips were unused to Mr.), and that a whole *rigiment* of Ku Klux had been at the old place the night before.

At the precise moment the negro closed his account Mr. Archibald Moran was without doubt as extreme a Radical in his feelings as lived at that time south of the Potomac.

He felt towards his neighbors all the fierce fury of Zach Chandler or Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. He inwardly resolved to sacrifice himself and his property if nothing less would arouse the law to action. No measure appeared too violent to his hot imagination, and he actually counselled with Jim in regard to the destruction of Dunham by negro incendiaries, if another raid of Ku Klux was made in the county. The negro, like all of his race in the South, had shouted with joy upon hearing of every accession to the Republican ranks from the late slaveholding class. There was nothing he or they would not have done under the direction of that class—the reconstructed Republican ex-slave-holders. Over Archie’s conversion to the good cause Jim had almost felt the elevation of aged Simeon.

Moran believed (foolish fellow that he was) that the whole county of Dunham was in league against him and as determined to crush out the heresy of his opinions as the old church was to suppress Luther. There was united effort, he imag-

ined, to choke down every man who dared to exercise the God-given rights of free thought and free speech.

It was a long time after this that he came to think the people of his State right in certain extreme views, which they entertained at the time he and Jim were talking about burning Dunham to the ground.

The people whom he was now execrating had concluded to be rid of their thieves in high place, cost what it might. The thieves were known to be cowards and their fears were worked upon till they fled the country. Here and there a God and morality man, who was bringing up the passions of a vast black horde of ignorant men to support the government of the thieves, was soundly threshed with hickory withes, and given a certain number of days in which to go North and report the failure of his plan to Christianize and civilize the South. It was long after this that he read in Burke's splendid pages this exact description of his people's feelings in reply to the kind promises of the North to convert and enlighten them :

"We know that *we* have made no discoveries, and we think that no discoveries are to be made in morality ; nor many in the great principles of government, nor in the ideas of liberty, which were understood long before we were born, altogether as well as they will be after the grave has heaped its mould upon our presumption, and the silent tomb shall have imposed its law on our pert loquacity. We have not yet been completely embowelled of our natural entrails ; we still feel within us, and we cherish and cultivate, those inbred sentiments which are the faithful guardians, the active monitors of our duty, the true supporters of all liberal and manly morals.

"We have not been drawn and trussed, in order that we may be filled like stuffed birds in a museum, with chaff and rags and paltry blurred shreds of paper about the rights of man.

"We preserve the whole of our feelings, still native and entire, unsophisticated by pedantry and infidelity. We have real hearts of flesh and blood beating in our bosoms."

It was a long while after this that he read these noble lines

along with the prose of Milton and the masterly Macaulay. He then took account of many indices which now escaped him. The wrath of a whole people became a solemn, grand thought. Now it provoked him as a vendetta would have done. Selfish then to a degree which afterwards writhed him, he imagined himself patriotic, and was proud to be stuffed with those "paltry blurred shreds of paper about the rights of man."

He was unconsciously glorifying himself on being connected with that school of Northern plutocrats—themselves the most careful to avoid poor people, which the mass of mankind must ever be—who are forever prating about equality among men—a dogma which has not in France alone, but everywhere, as its corollary, the equality of man with any other, even the highest type, which plain people call God. This is the more certain to happen when that God is presented for acceptance in the likeness of flesh. We are all equal, they first say. It soon comes about that we are all equally the highest of beings—concluded developments. It is a poor Maker who has but one model. If men are turned out from the heavenly moulds with the uniformity of spools from a machine, what is the necessity to our complete mental satisfaction with such a system, of any other supplying data except what Mr. Herbert Spencer's Force can furnish. It is perhaps a mere incident that Beecher and Ingersoll and Mr. Lincoln (if his trusted friends are to be believed) and others high in Republican politics are or have been disposed to investigate the enigmas which puzzled Paul, without asking as Paul did for assistance outside of themselves. This basis is, of course, not wide enough to build the conclusion at which analogy clutches. Even if the statistics were furnished us accurately showing that where these equal rights theories are most thoroughly grafted in the warp and woof of every-day life, there Orthodox Christianity as understood in the Sermon on the Mount does least obtain, and is most obnoxious to objection, it would scarcely be enough. That the figures would show this one can hardly doubt (of a whole colony of West Massachusetts settlers in Ravenscroft neighborhood, the very

nearest approach to Christianity is one family of Unitarians, who take Christ with a query—all the rest deny hell out and out)—I say if the figures fitted, I don't know that they would prove all they would appear to prove. The opposition might say, as they said when France went mad a hundred years ago, that they went mad because they were Frenchmen, and not because they were infidels, and before we could catch our breath they would have us on the hip with the debt all Americans owed to those very free-thinkers, Franklin, Jefferson and the whole school of our early Gallic worshippers—winding up with the observation that Washington was a common man, a man of fair sense and much prudence, but after all a common man—in fact no such man as Grant.

So that with these knock-down arguments, you and I would be compelled, as Archie long afterwards was, to give it up and fall back on inequality, as the rule of God speaking through nature everywhere—in the shark of the sea, or the pike of the mill-pond, in the lion and the hyena, in elephants and rats, in Stonewall Jackson and General Nathaniel P. Banks, of Massachusetts, in white men and negroes, between the Foleys and the Maloneys, with whom this chapter set out to be occupied, and from whom it begs a great deal of pardon for the thus far evident neglect.

There are certain scenes in domestic life which one does not permit even friends to look upon, and the same sense ought to follow us in making books. Why call up the changes in a sweet matronly face made by one night's work of hell? Why tell that in the race between the silver and the auburn of that pretty round Greek head, the silver was past the third quarter's stretch—having gained so much in the one week of the young man's absence?

Why compare and contrast her present, either with her own former modes, or the modes she was so soon to wear, reft of her clay and made all pure? We will do as Dr. and Mrs. Roberts did—we will leave the room as Archie enters. We can hear as they did from the hallway, the invocation to heaven, the

sobs, the mutually relieving grief, and you and I will be polite enough to hear nothing more. The rector, without knowing Colonel Paul Foley's opinion, had fully adopted that opinion, which was, as we know, that upon Archie's return his mother should at once be removed to the Dunham rectory, where the best of female friends could minister the numberless little attentions which give peace to warring pains, and rally the enervated mind to conflict with the distempered surrounding of flesh.

Dr. Givens could run down from Chattanooga one day and go back the next. Dr. Roberts could read that blessed liturgy which has comforted twenty generations of Christians to his favorite female parishioner, without neglecting the interests of the residue of his flock. Archie could stay at the town hotel if he would not accept the hospitality, which was declared to be a necessity in the case of his mother. And so it came about that to the secret chagrin of Moran, he found himself and his mother at the end of the week in temporary sojourn at Dunham, according as Colonel Foley advised.

Weeks followed in which Moran passed the mornings with his law books (no longer reciting to Colonel Foley), and the evenings with the gentle lady, who lay at the rectory—partially paralyzed, Dr. Givens said, from nervous prostration, and threatened with softening of the brain. He ate and slept at the chief tavern of the town, a large rambling frame building with double porches front and rear, and stairways running from the upper tier to the lower.

One afternoon in the summer of this year, he was returning from his usual visit to Dr. Roberts's little rookery of a home, hid in the outskirts of the town by vines and evergreens and cunning creepers, when, as he was about to step into the tavern porch, what object should he see coming up the street directly towards him, but the white head of Father Kroom. Moran remained on the steps of the porch till the honest manly face came up, greatly smiling, but the worse for the tobacco juice, which took advantage of the feeble old lips and made its way,

will-you-nil-you, over the smart bit of black silk wrapped twice around the neck, and serving as well as a more pretentious "stock" would have done, to hold up the double chin which hung over it.

Father Kroom shaved, put on a biled shirt (as he called his linen in contrast to the every-day cotton), and wore this old black stock cravat only when he came to Dunham; but the memory of the oldest inhabitant could not recall a visit made by him to the town without these antecedent preparations. Supplemented, as they now were, with a handsome suit of steel colored home-made jeans, the handiwork of his widowed daughter-in-law, our old friend made no bad figure.

"I kum to town to see Lawyer Foley on some business and heerd you was staying here. How is your mother since she got her skeer? Nobody was sorrier than me to hear about that piece of devilment," said the old man.

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Kroom. I know that you mean what you say. My mother is much improved; but I fear will never be wholly herself. She has a partial paralysis of the left side, and her entire system has suffered a great shock. I reproach myself severely when I reflect that my political course has indirectly been the means of bringing this affliction upon her. I have never given her anything but trouble, and I am the last of her sons."

"It'll all come round right arter awhile," said old Kroom. "Your mother isn't so powerful old, is she? I mind seeing her when she was a gal, and likely she was too; Sophy's her name—Old Dave Speer's daughter—I know'd *him* like a book—us'd to go to the Legislatur when Alabama was a territury. I heerd him and Guvner Pickens have an *argyment* once right where we are this minnit. There was a log tavern where this one is a standin' and court was going on. They was a fussin' over Gineral Jackson—Pickens fur him and old Dave agin him—but the crowd was agin your granddaddy just as they are agin you now, but you are right and he was n't—at least accordin' to my thinkin'."

Moran said, "Come up stairs on the porch and have a chair. It's cooler there. How is your son Jeff doing, and Mrs. Kroom and her children, are they well?"

"All well as common," said old Kroom; "Jeff's down in this beat somewhere's. I aint seed him but once since he kum from court. He's quit stilling and gone to tanning leather! That boy would die for you, and it's all owing to the way you got him out of that court scrape. Foley has jist been tellin' me how you cussed out that carpet-bag judge in Montgomery what put the Houk women in jail over the Mountain, for throwin' up to him in the witness-box about his stoppin' with a nigger when he kum there to court—Garden, aint that his name?"

"Gardees," said Moran. "How did Colonel Foley hear anything about what I should have said to him?"

"Oh Maloney was a tellin' it on the streets I b'leeve. Jeff had told me about it afore I seed Lawyer Foley. You giv him h—l, Jeff said, and rubbed it in," and here the venerable Mr. Kroom laughed loudly as he took Moran's offered chair on the upper porch. As he glanced around to a door opening into the porch, he observed that he always slept in that room when he came to court, and that if Best, the landlord, had no objections, he would sleep there on this particular night, his legal business not being finished, in consequence of the absence of the Register of Deeds—a carpet-bagger, as indeed were all the chief county officers except the sheriff, and to that office a scalawag native had been elected, who could not file the bond.

The Board of Commissioners, consisting of three white native Republicans, the town barber, a colored man and a colored preacher of the rampant revival sort, had then been forced to appoint the old Democratic incumbent, who was badly beaten at the polls when offering for re-election. The Register aforesaid was in Chattanooga on a spree, so Mr. Kroom reported on the authority of Colonel Foley, but was looked for at home on the next day. His absence would cost the countryman a tavern bill, which he could ill afford to pay; but the suggestion of Archie that the old fellow should be his guest for the night,

was promptly repudiated with the assurance that Best, the tavern keeper, knew him, Kroom, well, and that he had stayed in that tavern "many a night, many a night."

In this manner it came about that the acquaintance made at the Kroom distillery was his next door lodger for the summer's night which was now setting in, and which with its accompanying invitation to landlord Best's supper-table closed the conversation just given.

Sleep had settled on all the denizens of Dunham. The landlord and his beldam of a wife were asleep. They were asleep at the rectory; good Dr. and Mrs. Roberts and the dear being whose fibres had been racked in fear for her son. Old Hass'ett, the fraud of physicians, was snoring in his little pony pen sort of house back of the hotel, and odorous with the smell of drugs.

Colonel Paul Foley's bald head ought to have been on its accustomed pillow, if it was not. His gentle daughter Laura we are sure was enjoying delightful dreams in which a young man by the name of Holt was a prominent figure, disappearing now and then only to appear again. It may be that purer beings, who had solved the likeness of sleep to his great Twin Brother, watched over this panorama and shifted its scenery. They could not have ministered pleasure to a whiter young soul in all the town, and it would reconcile me to the guardian angel theory to believe that in this instance the guardians had Laura for their ward. The night was moonless but finely lit with stars. The ghost of some old lawyer, who had practiced chicanery or barratry upon ignorant clients in the old tavern rooms at a court session long forgotten, might have been walking the porch in front of Moran's and Kroom's rooms, or slamming a door at the far end of the dark and narrow passage which led off from the porch.

But unless this *was* the case, there was a profound quiet throughout the old building, which (landlord and wife left out) contained for inhabitants only the rats and our two friends.

Such was the peaceful condition of affairs when, at an hour

afterwards ascertained to be past midnight, the court house bell began to ring a slow, mournful sound as if a ghoulish hold of the rope.

Now the Court House Square was diagonally opposite the old inn, and after listening to the first few notes which awoke him, Moran entertained the thought of partially dressing himself and stepping across the street to ascertain the cause of this so unusual occurrence. From his first waking moment he was sure it was no fire alarm, and though the school-boys in his more youthful days had now and then given the town's slumber an interruption in this way, he could not remember that they ever rang in any other than the merriest tones. It therefore could not be they who were at the rope's end.

Determined to find out this offender against the peace of the night, he put on some of his apparel and, not yet shod, stepped into the porch to enquire if Father Kroom was awake and what he thought of the sound.

His call was readily but quietly answered by that stout-nerved gentleman, who, having outlived two generations of friendships and hatreds, stood beside a score of death-beds and been a soldier in the early Indian wars, was prepared for anything short of an earthquake or the millennium that the harpy ushers of Fate might announce.

Two taps at Father Kroom's door. "Come in."

"What does the ringing of that bell mean, do you think?" asked Moran, turning the door knob.

"Callin' the Ku Klux to prar, I 'spose," said old Kroom with his first approach to the tone sardonic. "I bet Jeff's with 'em," he went on. "Him and Bart Swazey 'll about git even with Maloney this very night—d' you mind what I tell you?"

"You don't tell me that Jeff has turned Ku Klux, do you, Mr. Kroom?" broke in Moran.

"I know nothin' about it," said Kroom. "I'm only guessin' that an old account 'll be squared to-night. The books has been mightily scrambled ever since Man'l's death, but I'm not sure that bell ain't calling for a settlement."

Moran long after this used to say in telling of this night's adventures that he wasn't frightened. I have no disposition whatever to reflect upon any person's courage, and it is altogether probable that he possessed in addition to a good stock of hereditary nerve, somewhat of that far higher gift—the rare mental equipoise born of repeated comparison between the things of this world and of the next.

It may be that he told the truth, but I am sure of one thing, that though it was a summer night he complained to old man Kroom of feeling cool as he stood in the dark room with his hand on the bed-post.

Whether what his companion said in regard to the "settlement" with Maloney had weight with Archie in riveting the idea that no personal harm was intended him, I could never find out; but it is a fact that he never once thought of danger to himself, admitting that Mr. Kroom's guessing was incorrect.

Really Moran was affected in the same way that childhood is affected when ghost tales are told. General Dick Taylor was a brave man, and his authority may be cited to show that no man can unhesitatingly rely upon his nerve at all times. What Napoleon called two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage is rare. Therefore I repeat that though Archie always said he was not scared on this particular night, I never believed him, and I never thought any the less of the young man on that account.

A vague, nameless dread had hold upon him, which he could not quite shake off, which he was barely able to conceal; but self did not enter there. He would have been roused the very moment attack had turned to him; but this veiled prophet of Khorassan business was too much for his inexperience, and though he always insisted he understood it, my conviction is that he never did.

But for all this episode, the bell—it never stopped. It got a trifle quicker, and Moran asked old man Kroom to get up and come out with him to see what could be the matter.

"They ain't a going to bother us, my son. They are after some nigger or Maloney one. It can't be nobody else but the

Ku Klux—there's nobody else about at sich an unearthly time," said Mr. Kroom as he arranged his limbs in an easier position. "Go back and go to bed. We'll hear all about it in the mornin'. You won't see nothin' nor hear nothin' by stayin' up in your night clothes."

Knowing nothing better to do, Moran had reached the porch on the way to his own room, when the bell ceased ringing and at the same minute a strange sound was heard, and a strange sight was seen in the centre of the street just under him. He took the shelter of one of the porch pillars and without even calling in a whisper to old Kroom to come out, watched it.

Between twenty and thirty horsemen in column by twos, except the leader who rode alone, passed up the street to the corner of the court square where the leader and one-half the column took the left hand street—the residue filing to the right.

The night was moonless, as has been said, but finely lit with stars. There was sufficient light to make out clearly the general outline of this queer procession, and this is about what Moran saw, or guessed to be the facts of the case.

The feet of the horses were so bound with rags or other cloth as to deaden very much the sound of their tread. Their necks and backs were so blanketed as to conceal color, and under the light of such a night to defy identification.

The riders were covered with a black gown made of paper cambric, if the rustle of the cloth in the breath of the night will bear out that guess. The head-piece (he saw one afterwards that was worn on this occasion) was made after the pattern of a dunce cap, only that it covered face and neck.

It was made of coarse blanketing two ply, and had ample incisions for the eyes and mouth—the latter large enough to accommodate the tip of the nose as well. Around the eye and mouth orifices a rude bordering of red flannel was stitched, which gave the approaching wearers the eyes and mouths of the devils of the nursery, and of him at whom Martin Luther threw the inkstand.

It was evident to the watcher at the porch pillar, from a few

muttered oaths which came up from the rauks, as well as from the manner in which more than one saddle reeled, that a large portion of the party were under the influence of new apple brandy, a considerable quantity of which to his own knowledge was then being manufactured at various points in the good county of Dunham.

The procession was in his view during its traverse of about one hundred yards distance. From the first his attention had been drawn to the one horseman in front, who rode ahead like the clown in the time of the street display of a travelling circus.

He was disguised as before shown; but no disguise could hide the ugly wolfish shrug of those shoulders in which the head and neck were incessantly trying to bury themselves.

The figure was alone. The starlight was not so good as street lamps would have been; but the premonitions of instinct added to the partial knowledge of the senses were both a lie, if those shoulders belonged to any other owner than our quondam acquaintance at the distillery, Mr. Bartlett Swazey, the bully and the sneak. There were no words distinctly spoken till the court square was reached, when the voice of the leader was heard, "No. 21 to the right," upon which the party divided as before explained—a single figure (the bell-ringer) joining one detachment just as the separation was made. Silence continued, and Moran continued at his post, calling now to old Kroom "that the Ku Klux had just passed up street."

"I know'd it was them the bell was a-ringing for. Have they all gone?" said he, coming to the door in his night-dress.

Moran described what he had seen.

"Jeff's with 'em. He's with 'em, I'd bet a shilling to a ginger-cake on that. The old score 'll be settled to-night and I'll be glad of it. There'll be no pestering of us, and I'm agoin' back to bed," with which observation the white head of Father Kroom returned to its pillow, little or nothing disturbed.

Just then a sound of stones striking against the plank walls of a house, followed from the direction in which "No. 21" and

his party had gone; while coming from the rear of the hotel and passing across the street, was the person of Landlord Best shuffling into his coat.

"Hello," cried Archie, "which way are *you* going?"

Best stopped. "Is that you, Moran?"

"Yes."

It was the first time in his life Best had ever left off the Mr. to his name, and the omission chagrined him. He knew at once that the tavern keeper was not only a Ku Klux, but very clearly appreciated the advantage of being one on such a night as the present, and moreover had a desire that a Radical like Archie should feel it too. It was a trifle, to be sure: but the tone meant more than the word, and, besides, he had not yet understood old Kroom's submission to the night raiders nor Jeff's connection with them. He learned from Mr. Best that most probably the object of "the raid" was to find Make Hines, properly speaking, the Rev. Macon Hines, the colored divine, who has been referred to as a member of the Board of County Commissioners.

Mr. Best further remarked that the noise of the stones made against the plank wall above noticed came from the precise location where Mr. Hines lived, and that he would go around to that part of the town, learn the news and report when he came back.

In the meanwhile, he, too, thought Archie had better go to his room, and with this advice shuffled on.

Our now unheroic hero had so far acted upon this suggestion as to have entered his room and closed the door behind him, when the sound of footsteps retreating from the bottom of the porch stairway and stealing into the street arrested his ear, and caused him quietly to resume his former outlook at the pillar.

Leaning over the balustrade he made out the military figure of his former legal instructor, our right honorable friend, Colonel Paul Foley, vanishing down the sidewalk in the direction of his own home.

The followers of "the Invisible Empire," as the K. K. were known in this section, or the vermin of their camps, like Mr. Swazey and the squad he had got together to-night, might, for all Colonel Foley cared, administer this species of wild justice upon such reprobates as the Reverend Make Hines and the man of moieties, Deputy-Marshall Malony; but when there was just a chance that the son of his old partner in the law might be insulted and have his windows stoned, it was quite a different affair.

A vision of the old Bar mess and the jolly jokes of the long ago, coupled with a few poetical memories of Miss Sophie Speers before she became Mrs. Moran, forbade any such outrage. The Foley anger towards the young man for his impudent denunciation of the white people of Alabama, for so the Colonel translated Archie's remarks made in his sitting room, had been wholly removed when he learned on the streets of Dunham Maloney's account of the castigation Moran had given Judge Gardees in the bank at Montgomery. Therefore it was that Colonel Paul, made aware of what was to be done in Dunham on this summer night, had quietly walked up town at the right hour and taken a seat on the stairway that led to Moran's room.

He could not be seen either from above or from the street. He made no noise and he would have made none unless some of Mr. Swazey's party had undertaken to go up, or one of the two Republicans upstairs had undertaken to come down.

In either of those contingencies my knowledge of the tough, strong-headed lawyer warrants me in saying that Colonel Foley would have been seen and heard from.

Moran divined the kind motive as his self-constituted protector moved off, and felt grateful to kind Heaven for bestowing on him a friendship so trusty in peril, whether real or imagined. But his pride suffered, when the reflection occurred that his mother had been removed to Dunham, another Ku Klux "raid" had been made and Archie had been protected (Jeff Kroom was among those naughty night riders!) by Colonel Foley—all fit-

ting in with what Colonel Foley had advised in the sitting-room interview and against which Moran had so scoffingly thrown his cheap taunts.

Father Kroom was by this time snoring fiercely—starting with a low rumbling sound and rising to a regular battle between contending snarls, worse even than the stereotyped log-saw snore.

It was not, however, to be rid of the veteran's uneasy methods of respiration that Archie dressed himself. He wished, before retiring, to know for himself whether the raiders had been or were then present in the outskirts of the town in which stood the rectory. If no knowledge of their presence had been made known to the sleepers under that roof he could afford to feel in the affair only the common interest of the town gossips.

If there was an intimation of what was occurring up street given in that quarter, he felt that same anxiety for his mother, which he had so often heard her say she felt for her lost Lawrence, when Sherman's bummers were blowing up Columbia and his brother's nerves were dancing the death's dance. A mile's walk brought him to the gothic gate which led down to the low-roofed house, but there was neither sound nor light within. The quiet of the surroundings soothed him like a benediction and he returned to the hotel and to sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

THAT THE MEAT OF A LADY'S LETTER IS IN THE POST-SCRIPT.

Mrs. Sophie Moran was never to be wholly well again. She was on the edge of sixty years now and was paying to violated nature the price of those broken laws, never so cruelly exacted as in the instance of prolific mothers. The nervous shock of

which I have more than once written was but an aggravation of other chronic and deep-seated maladies.

But the kind Rector and skilful Dr. Givens (who kept his tiny quid of tobacco so tightly in his back teeth that the ladies of a sick room could never notice it, and whose linen was as spotless as that of a bridegroom) had brought her round, so that she was once more able to look from the front porch of Ravenscroft over that great horse-shoe bend of the river, which enclosed a thousand acres of the best bottom lands on one of the Tennessee's most fertile tributaries. Ravenscroft was the coveted estate of a half dozen counties. Its title deeds were the most ancient in those parts; its hospitality was a proverb; its owners had always been in politics and generally in office; all had been members of the English Church; all fair hands at whist and euchre, and in more ancient days given to the rearing of race-horses and game chickens.

I hate to spoil this true picture by saying that they were *not* fox-hunters. It is outlandish in a novel writer to admit the fact; but after a careful consultation with conscience, in which Reynard and the hounds, the ladies and "the brush," the luncheon and the love-making, were given all the benefits of the doubt, artistic propriety joined in with truth and physical geography and said, don't say they were fox-hunters. Call them English noblemen if you like, or banished French princes, who have dukedoms waiting for them, if they will only go back to La Belle and claim them; but don't, *don't* make them preservers and persecutors of Reynard. Art said: Reynard is associated with farm-houses and barns and a wooded, watered country and ducks and geese. He is at home in Virginia and might find lodgment in the little corner of the Gulf country about which you are writing, where second-class people do occasionally hunt him *on foot* with the ladies at home abusing them for not having cut the fire-wood for breakfast before setting out; but spare the communication to a patient public that Southern gentlemen at any time passed their lives in the saddle with horns echoing through the wild, majestic scenery of the Gulf State Cotton

Belt, where, if Reynard stole any meat, it must have been Cincinnati bacon from the smoke house or a negro's cabin.

So, after a struggle, I record it to their discredit, that the Morans were not fox-hunters. They did *not* keep fishing tackle in their parlor windows ; but one might have found the Letters of Junius, the works of Jefferson and the speeches of Webster and Clay—the one or the other at almost any time—in that receptacle usually devoted, in sketching Southern life, to the aforesaid tackle, or frequently to the cowhide and the whisky jug.

I will say this for Ravenscroft: it would have been a glorious place to have hunted foxes, if there had been any in the vicinity.

In the lower end of the valley there had once been a race-course of a mile as level as a floor. From the foot of the hill on which the house stood it was just two miles to the river bank—all cleared land, though shiftlessly farmed.

In the Indian summer weather, that most delicious of seasons, which was now bathing Ravenscroft in its mellow nerve-restoring light, I say it would have been a thrilling sight at early morning to have witnessed the usual fox chase, which in that part of the year occurs everywhere else in the South except at Ravenscroft.

There was an abundance of quail this season and the young birds were reported fat to our Macleod of Dare by his black Hamish, whom we already know as old Jim. In the Kroom neighborhood, next the mountains, a misty morning, with the wind right and a couple of good dogs, would give a fair shot at a fat buck to any adventurer who would carry two days' rations and camp out.

These references to field sports are thus particular because at this time they completely excluded Pleading and Evidence from the mind of the young person, whose subsequent history is of some concern to us and who will need a fine frame to go through the many experiences the next few years have in store for him. Besides, he felt more than admitted the late confinement in his dear mother's sick chamber, which was most honorable to him, and

where he read over and over again the Psalms and Gospels in a way that quite won Dr. Roberts and solaced the sweet sufferer immeasurably. His train of thought was interrupted when Colonel Foley's man servant rode up to Ravenscroft and handed him the following note from his late law instructor:—

DUNHAM, NOV. 27, 1870.

DEAR ARCHIE :—I have just received a telegram from my Washington attorney urging me to come on at once and look after important suits I have in the Court of Claims. The right course pursued there now would make me several thousands ; but, as you know, Octon Court is next week and I am solemnly committed, as well as roundly paid, to defend young Turner of that county for his life. Hence it is simply impossible for me to go and I want you to go in my stead. In a two hours' conversation I can show you the strong points in the several cases, which refer mainly to the character of our clients for loyalty, and indicate to you, where the ice is thin—where, of course, the skating must be done quickly.

This, no amount of writing will beat into the thick head of the ex-Congressman who is the lawyer at the other end of the line.

I have regretted, more than I care to say, the foolish whim, or rather series of whims, which prompted you to discontinue your legal studies with me. I wanted you ready for license at the coming term of Court. You must be all right at the next. How are you getting on with Equity? It is a divine study. I get my defence for the K. K. out of equity. I know the devils stand no chance in law ; but let us not talk of that. You have never even allowed me to thank you for the genteel dressing you gave Gardees in Montgomery on my account. Quit your foolishness and come to see me. My daughter Laura will go on with you as far as Petersburg, where she will visit a schoolmate, and I want her to start at once. She don't believe you are any more of a Radical than I am, and I wouldn't be surprised if she isn't more than half right. Answer this affirmatively if you care to oblige an old friend.

I shall pay all expenses, of course, and to soften this last blow to you I'll make some of your loyal friends, my clients aforesaid, repay me.

Present my own and Mrs. Foley's compliments to your distinguished mother.

Believe me, &c.,

PAUL FOLEY.

ARCHIBALD MORAN, ESQ.,
Ravenscroft,

P. S. Laura has a letter which she wants to read to you. Come in and hear it.

Moran read this note with suppressed pleasure, not wincing even at Miss Laura Foley's opinions of his politics. She was a dear girl, he said to himself, and then women knew so little about politics, even the cleverest of them. He consulted his mother, who was more than anxious he should have the trip, only stipulating that Miss Ann Duvall, an "old maid" kinswoman and dependent of the Rector's, should promise to remain at Ravenscroft during his absence. It was therefore agreed that he should drop Colonel Foley a line promising to ride in on the morrow, when he could hear Miss Laura's letter, hear her father at length on his "loyal claims," and extort a promise from Miss Ann,—who was the best of company, though she was as constant in her chirp as a cricket—to live at Ravenscroft till its owner returned.

"A devil of a crew to pick out from a whole people, when you propose paying only in part, is n't it?" was the exclamation of the emphatic attorney to Moran as he closed the instructions to him that were to be communicated to the Washington lawyer regarding the proofs of loyalty of his clients.

They were East Tennesseans, whose cotton had been captured, they claimed, near Chattanooga, and certain government officials at Washington appointed from that State were the witnesses to prove loyalty. The claimants had been Confederate conscripts, who quickly deserted to the Union lines, and the officers under whom they had served in their second and more willing service were the Washington officials who were wanted as witnesses and who differed from their privates only in that they had deserted without waiting for conscription as an excuse.

There had never been any cotton captured, to tell the whole truth about these cases, so Colonel Foley said, the Jews having bought it from the officers charged with the duty of firing it; but the proof was clear that it had been seized by the troops along with much other cotton waiting to be shipped at a certain railroad station, whose agent was too smart to give the receipt of his company (the U. S. troops being in the vicinity) except as the freight was loaded and hauled off. Each train, that gen-

tleman said, might be the last allowed to go through, and he was not engaged in the insurance business. He could truly say that the Colonel's clients had cotton at his depot, that the Federals captured it, and that he saw some cotton burning and some being removed as he vamoosed over the country seeking Confederate company to console him for the loss of his place and his escape from capture. But the Colonel was solidly armed with an official acknowledgment of the confiscation of the cotton, and he mooted the Jew theory only to his friends.

"Oh, Mr. Moran, I'm so glad you have consented to take papa's place," broke in Miss Laura Foley, slamming the sitting-room door behind her, and suspending peremptorily any further explanations between her father and his deputy-attorney.

"You can understand it well enough from that," wound up the Colonel, handing Moran a paper, "taken in connection with all I have said."

"And is that the best compliment you can pay your sire to his face, eh, Beauty?" said the old lawyer.

"Oh, no! I don't mean I'm glad you are *not* going, I am only glad Mr. Moran *is* going. You understand, don't you, Mr. Moran?" nodding towards and shaking hands with that gentleman.

Colonel Foley and daughter then exchanged views with Archie as to routes. Should they go by Atlanta, or should they take the East Tennessee line, and the latter was finally determined upon. Various reminiscences of travel were recalled by the gentlemen to the disadvantage of Miss Laura, who, save a year's schooling in Baltimore and a short visit to Petersburg with a girl friend, had seen very little of the world beyond Dunham; but when the name of the Virginia town was mentioned with favor, she burst out:

"It's the very dearest place in the world. I'm just crazy for you to stop off there with me, Mr. Moran, and meet Ada Cleburne. She is the girl I am going to visit—my old schoolmate at Mrs. Tyler's in Baltimore. She is *perfectly* beautiful, Mr. Moran. Oh, I know you'll go wild over her. I have given you

to her already in one of my letters. I was trying to get her to come and see me this winter, and I would go to see her next summer, but she had her way as she always does and just exactly reversed it. She is to come here next summer; but what do you think she said about you?"

"I really can't imagine," rejoined her patient listener, with affected gravity.

"Well, wait a minute, and I'll show you the sweetest letter from her you ever heard read," were the retiring words of the girl as she bounded out of the room, and her feet were heard beating a very "pat-a-cake" on the stair steps.

"I've got some work to do in the office," said the Colonel, rising and reaching for his hat. "I shall rely on your being ready day after to-morrow."

"Yes, sir; that is if Miss Ann Duvall will stay with mother."

"Oh, there will be no trouble about that. I'll bet Miss Ann has enough gossip stored away to keep your mother listening till you can go to Patagonia and back—much less to Washington.

"Why, she won't be at 'Crucifix,' as we used to say at school, by the time you return," chuckled the old fellow. "It will take her that time to tell who has bought new dresses this winter and who has turned old ones. She'll hardly get an audience at your house on the town scandal, but she will give the girls' correspondence better than they can do at the post-office."

"What is that about girls' correspondents?" cried his daughter, passing him in the doorway.

"Oh, nothing, nothing; you young people enjoy yourselves. I must work." And the lawyer left.

It is scarcely necessary to the purposes of this history to give in full Miss Ada Cleburne's letter to Miss Laura Foley. It was neither better nor worse than its kind—that is to say, it was begun like all letters on the first page of the paper, but after that it jumped to the third page and then hopped (latitudinally this time) to the second and thence decorously enough to the fourth, which, however, along with the already unfortunate second, was

very indecorously written across after having once done full duty.

This procedure, which among other bad features, swindled the United States out of three cents extra postage, necessitated the signature "Affy A. C.," coming in at the foot of the next page to the beginning, up to that time the fairly spaced third. We are by no means cynical in saying this. The letter bubbled over with the full expression of that beautiful womanly love bestowed, for lack as yet of a masculine recipient, upon her "school-fellow" and "chum," as the writer affectionately called her correspondent. It was written in a fair, uniform hand, just as all Mrs. Tyler's girls wrote, Miss Laura said, and portrayed in extravagant adjectives the delights of a Virginia winter.

Far be it therefore from me to fling a sneer at such honest virgin exhilaration as the writer evidenced.

It is to the manner of the writing and not to the matter of it that my ugly criticism (of which I am now half ashamed) applied.

Something like this, covering the pages above described and as described, Miss Foley read with bright eyes and catching breath (for she had run up stairs and back in the very briefest space of time) to Mr. Moran, who proved himself a patient and interested listener.

"Does n't she write a splendid letter?" inquired the recipient of it, with her imagination hard at work calling up the promised pleasures of Petersburg one by one.

"Very good letter, indeed," said Moran, "but where is there any reference to your humble servant in it. I thought it was for something of that kind you chiefly desired me to hear it."

"What a stupid thing I am! I beg your pardon. It is in the postscript that Your Majesty is mentioned. Pray forgive me just this once, won't you?"

"Pardon is signed. Great seal in red morocco. Proceed!"

Miss Laura's little lip took on a very sweet affectation of a curl in answer to this command as it read the following:

"P. S. I forgot to mention that I received a letter from Cor-

nelia Renfrew yesterday—the girl who took your place in the dormitory at Mrs. Tyler's the session after you left. She is coming to pay me a visit and may be here before you are. She lives in the western part of the State and knows *your* Mr. Moran as well, I reckon, as you do. I had written to her about your giving him to me and she congratulates me ever so much, and says he stood very high at College. What sort of hair and eyes has he? The wretch would n't say a word else except what I tell you."

"ADA."

And this the young lady had written (crosswise again) on the wide margin above and including the place the paper-maker left for "Petersburg" and "My dear Laura."

"I have heard," said Moran, "that the meat of a lady's letter is always in the postscript, and I believe it now. Won't we have a jolly time? I'll stop over as I come back from Washington." And then he told her all he knew about Miss Renfrew—some of which she already knew in a vague way from casual mention made of his stay in Virginia by Mrs. Moran.

"Well," said Moran, "I'll bid you good evening, or afternoon rather. It will be on the edge of dark when I get home. You are certain to be ready day after to-morrow. I'm so glad to hear your postscript that I could almost shake hands with your friend Mr. Holt, who took such pains to advertise me as a Radical when we came back from College, and is so anxious now to convert me from the error of my ways by the Ku Klux Catechism."

"I'll have him to call you out," said Miss Laura, "if you abuse him any more. He likes you very much, or rather he would like you, if you would meet him half way. We have so few genteel young men in Dunham that I feel as if your ears ought to be boxed when you don't get along well with each other. Good-bye," as Archie held out his hand and smiled. "Give my love to Mrs. Moran, and tell Miss Ann Duvall that I will never speak to her again in the world if she don't go to Ravenscroft while you are gone."

But this threat was needless. Miss Ann very cheerfully

promised her company as a substitute for Archie's, and Moran rode home very happy in heart—rather a rare feeling with him of late—and wondering whether Cornelia Renfrew would be of Laura Foley's opinion that he was no more a Radical than her esteemed papa was.

The next day's train but one whisked him and his law instructor's daughter towards Virginia and the white dome of the Capitol.

Let another chapter tell of his life in those places. This one the reader doubtless thinks already long enough.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LITTLE OF LOVE AND MORE OF LOYALTY.

The Virginia State fair was going on as our young friends sped through that State, and their train was crowded with young men and maidens, old men and widows, bound for that pleasant exhibition.

Moran thought he had never seen so many pretty women at one time as occupied his car. The train would stop at a depot in an "old field." One or more old rumbling carriages would drive up and out of them would leap four, six or a dozen young women with great brown eyes, long, luxuriant auburn or gold hair and cheeks like the sunny halves of peaches. There was a bewildering uniformity about this car-load of beauty, which overpowered him and smote his Alabama pride into the very dust. He lived to see prouder dames gathered in the proudest of the world's Capitals; but he has mentioned frequently his opinion that no equal area of civilization can compete with Southside Virginia in the production of pretty women.

The Austro-Hungarian about Pesth he thought the nearest

approach to the Virginian model; but inferior, judging by the best of tests, the character of the children borne.

Our party reached Petersburg after dark, and, having telegraphed Miss Cleburne of their coming, were expecting her presence at the depot.

Moran learned from the conductor that half an hour would intervene between his arrival and the departure of the Washington train, in which time, he could, he thought, get a slight mental photograph of Laura Foley's dear friend and devour whatever of supper the residue of the stay would permit.

And now the whistle blew its long, screeching breath on the November night, and he went to feeling for trunk checks, coddling his pocketbook, putting on his overcoat and finally fell to counting for the twelfth time the number of Miss Foley's bundles and books, bouquets and smelling bottles, bunches of keys and hand-bags, the bonnet box and the shawl, the silver drinking-mug and the waterproof—all of which occupied a full seat and a half, not counting her luncheon basket under the seat which he occupied in the rear of that lady. Then followed the queer, inexplicable feeling experienced by every young traveller upon entering a strange town of any size, where he has anything greater to do than a change of cars calls for. It has occurred at least once to every man and may carry with it some problem in animal magnetism, which it would be thought foolish to hint at.

Petersburg at last! Miss Foley's dear old Petersburg, and a young gentleman of very good address (except that his hair was parted too much in the style affected by the late James Fisk and other gentlemen, whose club style of living is not of so wholesome example as to recommend any of their insignia) approaches our party and asks if he is mistaken in supposing the young lady of it to be Miss Foley.

Now the true explanation of this good guessing came from the conductor, who, as ignorant as our new friend of Miss Foley, was yet enabled to say to that seeker of information that the young lady on the arm of the young gentleman with the

long overcoat was on the train when he took charge of it, and thus narrowing the chances of making a *faux pas*, Mr. Robert Cleburne risked and won. It was sure enough Miss Laura Foley, as she begged him to believe, at the very instant he was assuring her of being Miss Ada Cleburne's brother.

"Here she is, Ada," called out that merry gentleman as he was relieving Moran with a bow of some of Miss Laura's many "contraptions," to employ for once the language of their owner.

From a standing posture on her carriage stoop came a dazzling Marie Antoinette of a woman in full evening dress—stepping so gorgeously and shining so highly under the full blaze of the street gas as to put poor little Laura completely in eclipse.

Moran was even doubtful as to the reception this bird of Paradise would give his little Alabama pewit; but the birds met and embraced and made love volubly, both at the same time.

And there was no let up to this till the carriage was reached, where the two stopped for breath and it was remembered that there were present two gentlemen appendages along with much other baggage—the one unknown to any of the party except to Miss Foley, who had barely acquiesced in the statement of the other that he was brother of her dear Ada.

But all hope of the gentlemen knowing each other, or that the one would know the sister of the other, seemed to die away, when it was discovered that the carriage door was filled by the emerging figure of another young female, whose appearance somewhat softened the excited love tones in which Miss Ada and Miss Laura were expressing the pleasure of their again meeting.

"This is dear Cornelia Renfrew, of whom I have written you so much that you ought to know her as well as I do," said Miss Cleburne.

And Miss Laura did everything but kiss Miss Renfrew, so glad was she to see her; but then followed the little pose for inspection, which every woman gives another at a first meeting, and

which by interjecting the before-mentioned hiatus in this so hearty greeting enabled our male friends at last to come in as delegates to this female convention.

"Pray excuse me," said Laura Foley. "My friend, Mr. Moran, Miss Cleburne. Miss Renfrew, Mr. Moran. Mr. Cleburne I suppose you have made yourself known to," were the rattling words, which followed.

Mr. Moran bowed his very deepest to the Bird of Paradise, and passing her took the hand of his old Virginian girl friend with hearty warmth and some embarrassment, from which he relieved himself by expressing pleasure in the acquaintance of Mr. Robert Cleburne.

"I have met Miss Renfrew before," he said in acknowledgment of his introduction to that lady, and continuing: "How did you leave the Colonel and your mother and dear old Brookwood?"

"Quite well, sir, thank you. Why have you never come to see for yourself? I am afraid you have been in mischief since Brookwood had you in charge. Mother speaks of you often and would be glad to see you."

The young woman possessed in perfection that excellent gift, a low, rich voice, so that the most commonplace greeting of hers affected one more than an outburst of positive praise from others.

With this was a rare and unusual accompaniment for that tone—a secret power of raillery, which left her co-talker at a disadvantage at the end of two out of three of her sentences. We do not mean that she sneered or was cynical. She was too good and too much in love with life and the world for such. She did not banter and then wound—falling back on her womanly prerogatives; but she loved to pick up people, to use a homely phrase, to remind them in the keenest yet most incidental manner that she knew which way their thoughts lay. And when you came back with explanations and justifications, or a bristling defence of your assailed lines, she would laugh that low, lovely coo of hers, sounding like a dove at daybreak, and crying out, "I don't

follow at all," would leave you chagrined that a line of battle had been shorn so hastily, when her light skirmishers were being withdrawn in the best of order and firing a parting shot, as if in sport of your great to-do.

This fault, if any style of speech which came from that pretty opening of coral and pearl—her mouth—can be so named, was not without its compensations. It protected her from snobs and bores and "old boys about town," who were afraid to talk with her.

With them she had the reputation of being satirical; yet they all agreed she was good-looking, and her vanity was more than satisfied when such men entering a room filled with company would, steering shy of her side of the apartment, at the same time select a seat from which they might see her and overhear so much of her conversation as was meant for the general.

The reader must take my version till he knows her better, and the train will not now allow an acquaintance. When you do know her your first notion will be that she was born to marry some slashing military man, who stood six feet two in his stockings, and could read a French novel under fire. Yet this girl was the most prudent of women, a sincere Christian, who, if possessed of wealth would have never desired marriage, but would have spent her life in Church work and charity.

She was, even at the tender age when we first met her, more solicitous for the salvation of the souls of her father's slaves than any of their own or of the pale-faced preachers, who assumed to have that work well in hand.

But the reader must learn a novelist's characters by tid-bits, as children learn the taste of sweetmeats.

We cannot run into metaphysical biography even with so delightful a subject as old Colonel Renfrew's daughter to call for it. Our party at the carriage are waiting to go home and the gas in Jarrett's hotel and bar-room adjoining is burning very brazenly and the bell is ringing for passengers to come to supper and the engine is shifting cars to make up the northern train.

Moran must notice these things and so must I, else both of us will lose connection.

By this time the coachman was getting cold and the two blooded bays to the Cleburne carriage were dancing and springing forward with their burden a foot or two, and then moving the wheels back against the iron bar of the railroad track in a way that excited a faint little scream from Laura Foley and an exclamation to the driver from Ada Cleburne and a hearty, unterrified laugh from Miss Renfrew.

Miss Foley's bundles exactly filled the space Mr. Robert Cleburne would otherwise have occupied, and despite the protests of that little lady and his sister that there was plenty of room inside the carriage, that gentleman with great good sense mounted alongside the coachman.

Moran said good-bye all around, promising faithfully to accept the Cleburne invitation to stop off on his return, given by both brother and sister, in the noble tone of hearty hospitality, which is a virtue left the South, uninjured by war and poverty and political disappointment.

Miss Cornelia made one trifling remark during the little while they talked which Moran laid away and hugged up afterward in a fashion that is very well known to young men, who are struggling at four o'clock in the morning to throw themselves under the juggernaut of Queen Mab's tiny procession. She said she would write her mother how much better-looking he had grown since graduation; but that she doubted much whether he was as good a man now as then.

And I know that she felt very sure of the latter part of this, when the carriage, rolling off from Archie, turned to cross the railroad some distance down the track and coming up opposite the hotel, she was enabled from the front seat (Miss Cleburne and Laura Foley buzzing very busily in the rear) to see our hero at the blazing bar-room counter, facing the glittering rows of decanters and lewd pictures. She was shamed through all her being at this exhibition of his weakness.

It would be well that young men who fancy they are not seen

in trifling indulgencies of pleasure, should take a careful topographical survey before entering upon their adventures.

Moran was too young a man and too much a gentleman to have been a patron of bar-rooms; but the young woman, who, from the carriage window, saw his figure facing the phials of poison and his hand in the act of taking one by the neck, not to smash it, but to pour from it a portion of its heart-burn and brain-burn and cancerous sloughing of soul,—she was not to know how much a set-off his gentility could be to him. She regretted more than she would acknowledge to herself having seen him in the very act of imbibing the cursed stuff, which was associated in her pure thoughts, not with wit and talent and generosity as in some disordered girl-minds, but with absolute, unqualified brutishness.

As that wondrous wealth of hair fell forward, when its head bowed that night in prayer to the one perfect Being, who had carried on earth the likeness of a young man, there was a beseeching whisper through its folds and meshes that Archie might be made to see clearly the Great Model of men and pattern thereby.

Washington was reached in the early morning and Mr. Moran sought an hour's sleep in a bed at the Ebbitt before taking breakfast.

The hotel register showed on the same page with his own the names of our quondam acquaintances General Lollamead and Mr. Pepper. The three were the representatives under that roof, calling itself the headquarters of the Army and the Navy, of the proud State of Alabama. He knew his own business there was to explain Colonel Foley's plan for examining certain loyal witnesses as to the character for loyalty of certain renegade Southern men, who were trying to get money out of the government.

He suspected General Lollamead and Mr. Pepper to have similar designs, differing only in details. In the army of placemen and jobbers, who were taking breakfast around him in the long saloon, pleasantly combining elegance with comfort, were

the guardians of that government's treasury, the pursè-proud keepers of the avenues which led to the gatherings of the tax-payers.

The best of Java was going down the throats of men who, from the plunder of the Ponca Indians back to the time when the elder Cameron jobbed the War Office—a second Henry Fox, without his eloquence or domestic virtues—had been foremost in the pursuit of every scheme looking to the diversion of the tax money through legal forms into their own and the pockets of the powerful friends, who had the making of those forms. With them were a navy of pirates, who had, under the protection of our flag, rifled every honest merchantman they met up with—Sanborns and Jaynes, moiety men and monopolists, the givers and receivers of bounties on every article of use from ashes to zinc.

This was the sort of army and navy that was quartered in the breakfast room, when the young Republican from the South, guileless of wrong towards Daniel Webster's Union, which he loved as a Jesuit loves Mother Church, was placed by the coloured usher at a table where General Lollamead's pure pinafore of damask tightly tucked in his collar was *vis-à-vis* to the dapper little banker, Mr. Pepper.

He was not at first recognized, and possessing to a sensitive degree a disposition not to know great men till they signified a wish to be known, he was saying to the waiter to bring him a good breakfast (without going through the silly form of reading the bill-of-fare), when Mr. Pepper's blue orb encountered his wandering gaze, and "Young Moran, by Jove! isn't it?" burst from that gentleman.

The bars thus let down, there was a nodding of heads in triplicate and much kindly smiling. Our party was at the farther end of the room from the door, and General Lollamead, who sat facing the entrance, seemed to know the personal history of every man of note who came in. This knowledge he was giving in a disjointed way to Mr. Pepper, when Moran took his seat, and after the exchange of salutations with that young person

continued his running biography: "That is Paraphine of Iowa, just back from Germany on furlough, where he has a consulate on the Rhine. He wrote a book—the history of General Schutzenfest's Brigade. They were with my command in the Red River Expedition. I knew Paraphine well. Good fellow and well off. You should hear him recite Barbara Frietchie. Does it admirably!—Great poet, Whittier; met him in Boston. Hale old fellow? Quaker, you know! That is Merriwether just now coming in—used to live in New Hampshire. Lives across the river now in Virginia. Has a good place in the Senate. Met him in New Orleans in charge of an Investigating Committee last year. He set up the champagne at the St. Charles like a man. You should know him, Pepper. Let me introduce you after breakfast. I think he can be of some service in our matters.

"That is Raffins now going out, one of the shrewdest claim agents here. Used to be an auditor in the Treasury. Hails from the South now, I believe. Raffins is worth two hundred thousand in good money. I have had a good deal to do with him and he works on the square. Knows the Treasury like a book."

General Lollamead enjoyed his breakfast, he enjoyed this spouting of knowledge about the big, corrupt world around him, and took much pride in nodding to his friends (some of whom we have called out) as he passed down the aisle between the tables picking his teeth and leaning affectionately over the Rhine consul, who sat next the aisle for a moment's laugh and exchange of a cheery how d' do.

When he was gone Mr. Pepper said: "I am glad you have come up. You will like Washington. It is my preference among American cities. There is really nothing like it in the world. How long will you remain?"

"Several weeks at lest. I can't now say how much longer. I am here on business for Colonel Foley."

"How is Foley? I forgot to ask you. Smart fellow he is, and one of the best lawyers in our State. I mean to employ him in an important case as soon as I go back. He has fought

shy of me for the past few years. I used to know him well and liked him. Very extreme man in his political views, you know, and that may explain what I have just said; but for the matter of that I never vote any other than the Democratic ticket. I take no part in elections, for that is not my business. I leave all such matters to the politicians, one of whom I believe you are," concluded our bland money-changer.

"No, sir, I am no politician. I have never voted in my life. My sympathies incline me to the Republicans. My interests are of course the other way, as you know. I don't know what I shall do in State matters—be compelled, I suppose, to vote with the white people, as all hope of putting the Republican party in our State on any other track than that of plunder seems to be hopeless," said Archie. Seeing Mr. Pepper attentive he continued, "I dread the disease and I oppose any such remedies as the Ku Klux offer us.

"When a people learn to wink at murder to get rid of unsavoury politicians, I think all other considerations should yield to the supreme necessity imposed on Congress to change, as far as congressional enactments can change it, their way of thinking, in such matters.

"The war between the States I have always looked on as a mere incident of four years' duration in the life of a nation that has its future thousands of years, before it reaches even middle age.

"The Ku Klux conspiracy, if permitted to live longer, will throttle the government and make a precedent that will sooner or later, in our own time, bring death to the law and make Mexicans of us."

"I guess that Congress will do something with the subject this session," said Mr. Pepper.

"The reports of Generals Howard and Terry to the War Department are rather severe against our State. They admit that southern Alabama is comparatively quiet, but deal strongly with the situation in the middle and northern parts of the State.

"The killing of Luke and the negroes in Calhoun county is much dwelt on here, though I never believed that affair was the work of Ku Klux as such. The great mistake the people of our State, Mr. Moran, made in the very outset, was in permitting the Constitution to be ratified by default of their votes. They should have nominated for every office from Supreme Court Judge to township constable. Congress violated its own Reconstruction law when Alabama was admitted into the Union, under a Constitution not adopted by a majority of the registered vote."

"That is all true," rejoined Moran, "but the Democrats are to blame for it; I don't mean for Congress acting as it did, when our State was put in the Omnibus bill and brought in *volens volens*, but they were to blame for giving the advice to the whites not to vote when the Constitution came up for ratification."

"Why, my dear sir, the very men by whose influence the Democrats were led to take that course are the most prominent Radicals in the State to-day," replied Pepper with philosophic calmness, and then went on: "Our State is bed-ridden and has old women for doctors. If I were a young man, like yourself, I should leave it and come North, or go West to the new States. Lollamead was speaking yesterday of our delegation in Congress being offered the chance to nominate for a vacant Consulate in the Mediterranean. You could get that for the asking and see something of the world. I make it a rule to go to New York at least once a quarter to keep from growing seedy. A man who keeps in the ruts of our old red clay civilization is a mere barnacle. He sees nothing, knows nothing, and the world is better rid of him."

"You see all the smart fellows in the Nation in a place like this. They all come here and get the provincialism rubbed off by friction, sir, friction from the contact with wiser men."

"There was a little runt of a boy who used to wait in our bank. Lollamead got him a place here as page in Congress, and now he is on one of the city papers and doing well, by Jove,

too! Of course I am not mentioning him as a model for your imitation, but merely to show you how easily these things are done.

"I want you to cultivate Lollamead. It will pay you to do so. He is appreciative of any sort of talent and is not so bad a fellow as our Southern newspapers make him out to be. Gar-dees, now, is a sure-enough scoundrel and would see a poor devil starve and not toss him a nickel—your friend, I mean of the bank interview, who, by the way, is here now, but not at this house. I don't know where he is stopping."

Mr. Pepper's conversation closed only when he and Moran reached the office, where General Lollamead was awaiting them. Mr. Pepper he took upstairs—Mr. Moran declined a similar invitation, having to look up Colonel Foley's ex-Congressman and claims attorney.

CHAPTER XIV.

A VERY YOUNG MAN'S LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 13, 1870.

COLONEL PAUL FOLEY,
Dunham, Alabama.

MY DEAR SIR :—I have seen your attorney and laid before him fully your views regarding the claims cases.

He is of opinion that Smalls and Weaver will get their money in full, that Dobson will be scaled and the others rejected *in toto*.

I have had another interview this morning of several hours duration, coaching the witnesses. Our best reliance is in the Lieutenant Snarvels, who is a watchman at the Interior Department, and swears right along as to the loyalty of all the claimants. He was raised in their near neighborhood.

His brother, who you know was the Captain of the company in which Smalls and Weaver were privates, is now a member of the Cap-

itol police and regards the government as fair prey for any assault having money in view.

His appearance would greatly amuse one of your keen sense of the grotesque—his head being very red and fairly leaking pomatum, while his now good living has worn off some part of his freckles, and the intervening white splotches of skin make his face look like a badly-dyed Easter egg. I am thoroughly disgusted with those of the public men I have seen or heard here. All agree that Congress will take some action in the K. K. matter. I will not express any opinion to you on that subject; but may say that I greatly fear some of the best men in our State will see trouble from it. Lollamead and Pepper are here, negotiating, I believe, with parties as to placing some Florida R. R. bonds on the New York market. They are deeply engaged with certain lawyers of doubtful character—at least of doubtful looks and the most unscrupulous vagabondage of speech (for I have been with them on one occasion in Pepper's room), who are up to certain corporation quirks and dodges unknown in our plainer country. You would have enjoyed a lecture Pepper read me the first morning I met him, on the ruts of provincialism compared with the boulevards of cosmopolitanism, I suppose, though he only got so far as to elucidate the disadvantages of the first without letting me into the blessings of the second—a prudent course, I take it, if he had been called on to illustrate it from his own experience.

Miss Laura I lodged safely in her friend's carriage at the Petersburg depot, where I had the pleasure of renewing for a moment a lady acquaintance made at the close of the war, as I was coming home from school—Miss Cornelia Renfrew, who is at present with Miss Cleburne.

It was to tell me of the probability of this encounter that Miss Laura wanted to read the letter of which she spoke to you. While I appreciate, of course, the compliment done me in entrusting Miss Laura to my care, I feel that apart from that little service I have been of no use to you up here. The witnesses you have will swear to almost any state of facts necessary if your lawyer here divides with them, as I feel sure from what I have seen he means to do.

The final trouble will be in your getting anything after the clients are paid.

I apprehend you will be compelled to make another trip here to get even with your fellow solicitor who, in my opinion, is a great scoundrel.

I took lunch with him in the Senate Restaurant yesterday and he seemed utterly amazed at my denunciations of the personal extravagances of Congressmen that were billeted upon the Treasury.

These ex-Congressmen are a bad lot. Dozens of them have been pointed out to me hanging around the lobbies with the sadness of ex-

pelled school boys, who are afraid to go home and are living off the pocket change of their fellows till the end of the session comes, when they go home and lie as to their whereabouts and standing.

I cannot help liking Pepper, though I know he is not altogether the right sort of a man ; yet he is kind-hearted and I believe likes me.

He sincerely respected my father, and insists on loaning me money, of which he has an abundance.

He and Lollamead have been urging me to take a Mediterranean Consulate, which is at the disposal of our delegation, and their repeated discussion of the subject puts me half in the humor to apply for it.

If mother's health were fully restored I should not hesitate, but cannot just now see my duty clear to leave her. Could you not help me in this matter later on with some Democratic endorsements ?

I shall write mother regarding her health to-day.

Please let her know you have heard from me and that I am in no mischief—though what authority you can give for this last except my own I cannot now suggest.

Booth and Aimee are here. The former I have heard twice and find myself constantly comparing him with the Congressional speakers I have heard, much of course to the disadvantage of the last named.

I think there is a real live spark of the genuine old Cæsar in him—the greatest man unquestionably that ever lived, making all allowances for the light through which we look at him—don't you think so yourself ? But behold what a mass of foolishness I have put together in this piece of patch-work.

I am all in a flutter, not accustomed to the men and things I am thrown with. Write me, my dear sir, what to do about the foreign appointment, or rather about the application for it. I do not wish to be under obligations to improper people for favors, and I may be deceived in the motives which cause Lollamead and Pepper to wish me in the place.

I shall spend Christmas in Petersburg, and may or may not return here afterwards.

While it is the most charming of cities, Washington is unquestionably the most corrupt. And yet the sight of the great white Capitol affects me strangely, and with an intense feeling of patriotic fervor. Surely the Romans, in their best days, were never surrounded by finer influences on their hills and in the forum than one can get here—regard being had to the creation of an intense love for country.

I only wish our Southern States were bona-fide integers in the great make-up I witness here ; but there is unquestionably everywhere to be seen and felt a disposition of deep-seated distrust when our names are

called, a foolish, cowardly fear of us, which I frankly own to you I think wholly unworthy of so great a people as those of the North.

The war is, of course, a mere incident in the life of a nation, that has its thousand years of youth ahead of it ; but none of our statesmen look at it in this light.

However, you know more of these things than I do, and begging pardon for my crude views, I remain truly your friend,

ARCHIE MORAN.

P. S. Don't for the world mention the European trip to mother, though you are at liberty to excite in her what fears you please that there may come back with me a younger Mistress for Ravenscroft. However, assure her that there is no danger of her throne being undermined, as my dream points to one differing from herself only in that she is

—"A later and a loftier Annie Lee."

Yours, A. M.

CHAPTER XV.

ABOUT MANY THINGS, NONE OF WHICH VERY MUCH AFFECT THE STORY.

The reader, in judging Archie's character, which must appear to him as sadly lacking in stability and a healthy tone, will please bear in mind and place to the credit of the young gentleman that he is now in a chrysalis condition—with a character not made, but forming. The error would be to represent him with the motives of a man of thirty-five. If, in the making of that character it will appear that a want of conformity unto the household traditions and race peculiarities of his people sadly shattered the delicate porphyry creation and that he was forced to rebuild, casting behind him the materials he had gathered in his chase for the equality-of-men theory and other subtle but alluring nonsense, my purpose will have been effected.

It is to be hoped that the deduction will not be made from this that Southern character cannot be called complete wherein

love for the Union is made perfect. It is believed that the Scotch and the Scotch-Irish are as loyal Britons as the English; but they do not thereby cease to be Scotchmen and Irishmen.

Moran was daily growing more wearied of Washington. A city is not the place in which a young countryman may read with profit or even with pleasure. There is too much life outdoors—life which he does not understand, which he may not care to understand, but which he cannot take for granted, and unless this last-named frame of mind be enjoyed, men, like Moran at least, cannot read with ease.

Now, to a sensible person with spare time, reading is the one great resource for contentment, and the utter loneliness of a great city is as disastrous to that enjoyment as the repeated duns of petty creditors in a slow, soggy town.

So that when the Foley claims had received the little help he could at second hand furnish them, and to gaze upon General Butler's strut in the aisle from the House gallery and Sumner's elegant arrangement of hair from the Senate gallery had grown monotonous, he bethought himself of the graceful girls, who were then gathered in one house in a Virginia town a few hundred miles distant, and who could lend a charm to the now near-at-hand Christmas, which would be sought for in vain among the politicians and painted women of the Capital.

General Lollamead and Mr. Pepper he saw every day. They were kind and apparently interested in his success with the claims. It was a mark of worth in their eyes to see any one in possession of or on the chase of negotiable government paper. They lived in that way and really believed that the chief excellence of the American system of government consisted in the unlimited opportunities it gave for political privateering.

It never seemed so cross the minds of these men that there existed any metes or bounds in this career save such as came from shrewd competition.

They argued that the great West and the new South, if the foreign and home flood of migration was kept up, would grow in tax-paying capacity as fast as their own, and the wits of

other "smart fellows," could devise new schemes of jobbery, whether it was working up an Indian war, getting lands for a railroad (a part of these gentlemen's mission at this time), converting into Washington real estate the "Five Twenties" of the Freedmen's bank, or making difficult the channels of communication (and so necessitating agencies) between the government and all classes of its creditors except the bond-holding class.

But they were personally kind to the young Southerner, as I have before said and he *knew* as yet nothing to their discredit. The kindness of General Lollamead went so far that when he received a telegram one evening calling him to his father's death-bed in New England, where he observed with great business-like promptness he would remain till after the funeral—perhaps so much as a week—he insisted that Moran should occupy his own more elegantly furnished apartments in the same hotel, at the same time putting under his orders his valet, our quondam acquaintance, the colored boy Johnston, whom we met once in the bank at Montgomery.

Mr. Pepper, who was the next door tenant, urged the acceptance of this kindness so strongly that Moran accepted and proved of some use to that gentleman during the General's absence by impressing various Republican Congressmen, whom Mr. Pepper brought to his room from time to time, with the notion that many young men of the best families in his State were daily coming over in shoals to the Radical party.

He talked this foolishness to be polite, but he kept up the deceit with himself so long that he found himself actually growing into a belief of its truth.

Meanwhile Congressmen from his own State, impressed with his sprightly speech, and seeing for the first time that rare novelty, a Southern Republican who could read and did not want an office, urged that he take the consulate suggested to him before by General Lollamead, and prophesied a great political future for him.

The theatre allowed him pleasure and the company of Mr.

Pepper's friends made more endurable his day-time life : but he said one evening hastily to Johnston, whose thorough acquaintance with the habits of the new aristocracy of wealth made him quite unfit to be Moran's valet, that he should pack his trunk and see it checked on that night's train for Petersburg.

And without other adieu than a card of thanks left on General Lollamead's table and a protestation to Mr. Pepper that he did *not* want any money, Mr. Archie Moran left Governor Shepherd's borough and registered for breakfast at a hotel in the Cockade City.

An hour after this meal, when he was thumbing the dog's ears of the newspapers in the deserted reading-room of the hotel, Mr. Robert Cleburne entered that apartment and very cordially wished him good morning, remarking that he had been on the lookout for such an arrival for several days past. Mr. Cleburne's buggy was in front of the hotel, and if Mr. Moran would like to see the city before calling on the young ladies he would be pleased to point out its beauties, &c., &c. He must first call *en route* at his office, where some business directions were to be given, after which he would be at Mr. Moran's service to command.

Mr. Moran then learned that Mr. Cleburne was an inspector of tobacco in the U. S. service, and that the pay thereof was remunerative, that he was a very free thinker in public matters and kept his social position, though he had given a quiet vote for Grant.

Mr. Cleburne unfortunately parted his hair in the middle and was more fond of illustrated papers than a sincere well-wisher for his happiness would have liked, as his office desk plainly indicated when Moran and he alighted and entered that cheerful headquarters of dies, stencils, heads of captured tobacco boxes, and other marks of unsuccessful smuggling, but he was, withal, clever, chirruppy, given to hospitality and had his worldliness tintured somewhat with a fair stock of the right sort of pride.

This is of course not the highest sort of obtainable leaven ;

but it is a leaven nevertheless, and I have seen a very fair mental and moral elevation the result of its power.

He was a man who would have made a capital brother-in-law, as an older experience than Archie's would have agreed, judging from the hearty salute he gave Miss Ada Cleburne, when that young lady welcomed Mr. Moran in her own drawing-room, and the ease with which she took part in the conversation of those young people—the general disposition, as all the world knows, being in such cases to let "Sis" make whatever impression she can, unaided by brother, who shies out of the room on very pressing household business. Miss Renfrew and dear Laura were out returning calls, Miss Ada feeling indisposed that morning to face the cold wind from the river, but she was looking for their return every moment, and how had he and "buddy" met up together and what did he think of their little city, and many other of the usual questions of new acquaintance were put and answered till the sound of the carriage wheels and peals of rich laughter in the hall announced the return of the callers.

The course of this story has not permitted Mr. Moran thus far to have expressed to one of the laughing girls in the hall of the Cleburne home how very sincerely he regarded the numerous gifts Nature had given her, how much selfishness wished to call him the owner and director of those bounties, nor even allowed him to hint rather than to say the price he was willing to pay for this mastery.

Not that I would be understood in these memoirs as meaning that in any such way he at present thought of presenting the subject to his own mind, nor did any honest devil place it in this light to him; but yet this was the true course of his mental associations when analyzed. He was in love unquestionably—with Cornelia Renfrew he thought—with himself I, his voracious Boswell, know him to have been. The most selfish persons this Boswell has ever known were young men, and why the world agrees to the conceit of such people and yet credits them with a disposition for generous heart sacrifice, simply because they spend money very freely, which they have never earned,

he cannot understand. In fact, this theme of the nobility of youth, like the newspaper verses to Spring, has been bellowed about the world long enough.

It is true in the same sense that a prodigal's contribution to the church box is charity. In neither case is there any appreciation of values. A young fellow promises his heart in all the earnestness of his gosling voice, when he is not the owner of any such piece of property.

Many young girls listen, take the offer, and find they have contracted not to receipt for a legacy, but to take the place never properly filled by the mother in the outset, and finish the making of a man.

If there is an unseen strength of character in the woman and her selection is a good one, she succeeds, and the result is a companion grateful for the agency which has taken him from himself and made him of worth to the world, and those who carry his blood in their veins. A few select spirits among the bachelors accomplish this for themselves, but they can never get the female world to give them an ounce of praise for it. To encourage such endeavors would be an interference with woman's great business, her best loved occupation, the choosing of an idol and the sacrifice of herself to it, in the wish to make it worth being sacrificed to. The women are all Hindoos in heart matters.

The genuine hysterics of the throat which Moran was experiencing while Cornelia Renfrew was leaving her cloak on the hall rack before going in search of Ada, shall not make me unsay any of this.

Cornelia had fine eyes, and Self said, how fine they would look outsparkling my new silver service, at the head of my table. Cornelia had a queen's way of carrying herself, and Self said, how I would like to have my friends see her led out from my drawing-room by Judge Oyer, before whom I have large practice.

Cornelia had, as I have before told the reader, the very cutest knack of paying a penny for people's thoughts, and getting

them at that in most cases low price; Self said, what sweet morsels of delicate high-bred revenge I can enjoy from the ownership of that subtle, yet not cruel tongue. But Self was too mindful of the proprieties of preservation to state its case openly. Self is a busy, noisy bee that hums to every flower praises of its rich colors, thinking all the while only of the honey hid within, which will be possessed in quiet once entrance is permitted.

But, says my carping reader, would not your young man have died for this girl, and that is surely the highest test of human love? Place the two in a boat just capsizing, will he not give her the one oar he has just seized, and besides offer his own life in the effort to bring her to bank. Undoubtedly; but what would men say if he did less than this? Could he show himself among his species if there were failure here? Would not death be preferable to the life in reserve for a deserter in the case you put?

The shame of all the ages back of him, the pariahship universally voted for all time to come,—these are the controlling motives in your so-called test, whether boat or battle.

Pleader ten years at the bar died last week. The foul air of the close court houses reeking with the sweaty breaths of the smock coats had injured his lungs. The spring circuit, ridden horseback, though it yielded rich fees, (he had four capital cases and won all,) turned a cold into pneumonia.

When the eloquent tongue was about to wag no more, he wished all to leave the room except his young wife, to whom he said, at a time when all lies were out of the question, that he was inexpressibly grateful for the great goodness she had shown in sharing his life; that if one of the two must be taken, he thanked God the lot had fallen upon him, though he felt himself the least prepared to meet the Judge, and that it was inexpressibly consoling to him to think that when his will was opened (in which he had given her everything), she would find that enough was left unencumbered to keep her and the children in more comfort than he had ever enjoyed himself.

Physic, who married late in life and left a large family of quite young children, had from long practice a most tender way with women.

When quinine would not break up the acetic curdle of his blood, and he could not bear to take the necessary alcohol to sweeten it, so strong was now the horror and distaste for drink upon him,—he derived his chiefest comfort at the last from the same unselfish love which Pleader bore.

He enjoined upon the weeping woman who loved him next her Maker, as a duty to herself and children to marry, when she could mate her heart, and never to imagine that his quiet dust would vex her. The excesses of youth, he said, were then doing their work upon him, and he owed to her what few pleasant years of life he had passed. She would greatly grieve him if she sacrificed her still fresh life to any sentimental attachment for him, when rational joy beckoned the other way.

Pleader and Physic, my carping friend, loved because they had suffered. They knew the pleasures of home because they had been tired in the world; the faith of women, because they had tested the falsity of men; the help that faith was to them when the long night came, because they had worked while it was yet day.

All this is about human love alone and unaided. I dare not inquire into or analyze the feeling of that couple across the street, my best friends too, the preacher in my church and his wife. They have subordinated not only themselves, but all considerations connected with this mad Babel, so long and so earnestly to another and upper heart service, that I cannot even imagine the measure of their unselfishness. But they have often told me, and that is enough for your refutation, that it was not in this way they set out, that each had offered their hearts very foolishly to one or more foolish people before they met each other, and found what a farce all previous affectation of confidence at eighteen had been,—eighteen, that can't tell a sponge from a gentleman, a politician from a patriot, a humorist from a gossip, the salad of satire from the broth of slander.

But you and I, reader, left Archie with something in his throat that he took to be his heart, and that indeed it would have been had he known as we know that Miss Renfrew had seen him in a bar-room when she last laid eyes on him, but no such information being in his keeping to take down from its pedestal, that Self which I have perhaps abused unduly, the sticking sensation was only that form of hysterics which readers of sensational novels, and young men suddenly meeting their Dulcineas, are supposed beyond all other people to be acquainted with most intimately.

It was a great but kindly surprise to the young callers when, entering the drawing-room very suddenly, and with buoyant exclamations of praise for the fine ride they had taken, Mr. Moran presented his abashed Self.

"Why did n't you write us you were coming?" cried Miss Foley. "I got a letter from father this morning; he sent his love to you to be given, when I saw you."

"What was that you wrote Laura's father about me?" exclaimed Cornelia. "Oh yes, sir. Own up like a man for you are fairly caught. Mr. Cleburne, what ought to be done with a young gentleman who gives an old gentleman to whom he is supposed to be tenderly attached and" (laughing towards Laura) "anxious to be even closer bound, what ought to be done with such a one when he gravely states my age to the other person as twenty-five—at least twenty-five, were the exact words I believe, were they not, Miss Laura?"

This from Miss Renfrew after speaking to Moran and interjected, lady-fashion, in the middle of Laura's remarks, without at all marring the latter, however. So wonderfully can women talk at the same time, understand each other and be understood.

"Duck him in the Appomattox, I guess," said Mr. Cleburne. "Who is the guilty party, Miss Renfrew? Name him, sentence him, and I'll be your executioner."

"I beg everybody's pardon," said Moran, "I crave oyer of the indictment. This is not Russia we live in."

"Colonel Foley's letter is the evidence," said Cornelia, "Miss Laura will go upstairs and get that, wont you?"

Agreed on all sides, and upon Laura's return, Cornelia read very slowly:

"I have not told you that I received a letter from Archie the other day." Archie, mind you," said Miss Renfrew. "He wrote of seeing your Virginia friends a moment at the depot, and was much pleased with them. One of them he perhaps knew before when at college. Moran described her as having the carriage of a woman of twenty-five, but I'll hazard she is no finer than my little Beauty."

"Met her at the depot for a few moments in the carriage of a woman of twenty-five," said Mr. Cleburne slowly, "that's a mistake, Ada. You are only nineteen."

"Go foot," said that lady, "you are judge, not interpreter. The words are meant to be complimentary, not slanderous. I move Mr. Moran be acquitted and taken to the Appomattox, not for a ducking, but for to-morrow's excursion to City Point, and that we all go. What does little brother say," cried his sister, laying an affectionate hand on him—"in his nest at peep of day, for it will be that time when you'll be called, if we are to go."

"Marchioness, we'll go," said Mr. Robert, "I'll take tickets this afternoon for the party, and we'll have a dance on the deck of the revenue cutter, which is now at the Point."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WEIGHTIEST OF REMINDERS.

Moving down the little nine miles of iron track which connects the fine old city of Petersburg with the noble expanse of waters at City Point, Grant's great base of supplies for the war movements made against it, the two young Virginia girls, along

with their friends from distant Alabama, looked back as the early morning sun showed the roofs of a town very much larger than these at least of the party had expected to see, and recalled various instances of its historical defence.

Mr. Robert Cleburne's hair, though it parted nearer the centre of the crown than philosophers are apt to do, covered, nevertheless, a head expert in topography and the other exact sciences which conduce to success in business. He had the overflowing hospitality of the Petersburger—a virtue peculiarly virulent and contagious when noted in that almost its Southern home seat,—for where else would any town do what it did, make a family out of an army?

Mr. Cleburne, I started to say, aided and abetted his sister in all her rushing, wonderful, bubbling exhaustion of local knowledge, as connected with war memories, poured in the listening ears of their guests, amending her here, disproving in part, and smiling greatly at the parts where the denunciation of the invaders (at this time Mr. Cleburne's friends politically) came into the thread of her talk. But Miss Renfrew stopped Mr. Robert's smiling once when she observed as if in soliloquy, but with intense depth of tone—looking around the party as if for sympathy if in the wrong—that she could not *bear* the thought of any friend of hers being a Radical.

“To look at Petersburg and the still visible crater, where our very slaves were hurled against our gentlemen, what could be thought of enemies who fought in that way?” cried the young woman, the dew-drops mingling with the fire in her fine eyes.

In spite of Mr. Robert Cleburne's business tact and the good he had experienced from his commission as a United States tobacco inspector, in spite of the general laudation which he knew was bestowed upon him in his native city, as one of the young men who had gone to work with a will after the war, Miss Renfrew's tone more than her words made him feel little in his own view, and took him at a disadvantage.

He cared nothing for the girl, vastly preferring Miss Foley's society, whose sweet gentle ways had quite won upon him, and

whose escort he was upon this occasion; but the proud black eyes of his sister's friend were literally pinning him to the wall of the railroad car. He regretted now the introduction of any reference to the war, so sore in the mind of all Southern women, though he was sorry for even the most casual reference to that period.

If this was so with Robert Cleburne, how did Moran feel, who read in Cornelia's eyes a kind, nay, an affectionate interest in him, coupled with a half disguised scorn for his weaknesses and want of moral strength. Moran was wholly disconcerted by the remark. All the way back to the city the words were ringing in his ears. The woman he loved could not *bear* to think of any friend of hers being a Radical.

He would not be a Radical—he would, even on false grounds, with all practical hopes for Southern domination ended, he would pursue even the chimera, if she said onward.

And then Pride whispered, "What a fool art thou to be led by a woman whom you do not know even cares for you, on a chase after poor withered sentiments of patriotism that are long since dead and buried out of sight."

Some Polish tramp, denouncing his country's wrongs in the ears of every bar-room listener, may act this *rôle*. Saxon sense forbids it. Get thee into the rushing channel of American business and money-making, and say to women that they are not to think of their country's affairs, not even of its dead defenders, but that the nursery and the kitchen afford scope enough for their faculties, and that this is nature's law. Thus Pride argued and won a victory, though a partial one. Do what he would Moran could but think of the words of Cornelia, and he determined that on the first opportunity he would make known to her his political convictions and frankly ask if they constituted an insurmountable objection to her receiving his addresses.

This was a sore trial to the young fellow, and having no other friend he poured out his whole heart to Laura Foley as he would have done to a sister, on the evening of his return from City Point.

Laura thought that girls knew nothing about public matters and it was ridiculous for them to discuss such things. Her politics, the dear child said, were whatever papa's were, and if she married they would be whatever her husband's were.

Moran thought this exceedingly sensible. Mr. Cleburne, to whom it was afterwards told, was overjoyed with it, and voted Miss Laura the most level-headed girl of his acquaintance. No more war references were indulged in during the residue of the excursion, so satisfied were the party of the unpleasant effects likely to result therefrom.

Miss Ada Cleburne, with the charming tact of a well-bred city woman, adroitly changed the drift of the conversation to more pleasant channels, greatly to the relief of the two gentlemen of the company—an endeavor in which Laura Foley, with sincere but awkward earnestness, eagerly joined.

But Cornelia, in no wise sullen, looked and hinted such awful protests against this system of fillibustering and mental shirking, that it was a relief when the ladies were put down in Mrs. Cleburne's yard and the gentlemen returned to Mr. Moran's hotel.

There refreshments were ordered after the fashion well known to young America, and the merits of two at least of the young ladies were very freely and sympathetically discussed by these young men.

Now the refreshments aforesaid being of a liquid nature, and there being no bar in the hotel, were brought by a servant in a wicker basket and carried into one of the parlors which adjoined the hallway of the hotel, and which, owing to the large number of Christmas arrivals from the country, had been fitted up with several beds, one of which had been assigned Moran.

On one visit to his room, heated with the wine, the two young men discussed in rather loud tones the names and merits of the young ladies who had been their companions on the excursion. In the farther part of the room a gentleman, just arrived from the last train, was performing his ablutions.

When he passed to the mirror for brush and comb, Moran glanced at his features and at once, with some shamefacedness, pronounced the name of Mr. Frank Hubbard.

It was evident from Mr. Hubbard's manner of returning the greeting that he had heard Cornelia Renfrew's name pronounced over the liquor, and remembering, as Moran did, what Hubbard had told in Alabama of his connection with the Brookwood people, the impression became fixed that the Hubbard breast cherished, along with a more than ordinary regard for Cornelia, seeds of resentment towards her would-be wooer.

In fact the new arrival passed into the hall before our hero could find time to introduce Mr. Cleburne, and his face was contemptuously stern in expression as he bowed himself out.

It is always a disadvantage to be caught taking a drink by a man who does not himself drink, and whose chase for an honor runs in conflict with your own.

Besides this, here was Moran glibly calling in a public room of a hotel the name of a young woman with whom Mr. Hubbard could not suspect him to have more than a passing acquaintance, but whom Mr. Hubbard, from his connection with her father and her dead boy brother, regarded as under his peculiar protection.

To add sting to the impression made upon Archie by Hubbard's cool manner, he had learned since coming to Virginia that the back interest on the bonds sold to that gentleman by Mrs. Moran had been recently paid, and amounted to about the sum expended by Mr. Hubbard in their purchase.

So that he had been badly overreached in his one encounter with the man of the bath.

Mr. Robert Cleburne voted Mr. Hubbard an ill-bred brute; but hearing who he was, opined that he had money in abundance, and communicated to Moran the intelligent guess that Mr. Hubbard had come to Petersburg to see him (Mr. Cleburne) on a very important matter of business—it being no less an affair than the seizure of the tobacco factory in which Hubbard was interested on information furnished by Mr. Robert.

It is perhaps discreditable to that fervent goodness which ought to characterize the hero of a novel to say, what is the truth, that Moran rather liked to hear this piece of news, and he felt closer towards the gentlemanly tobacco inspector from that time forward and proportionately cool towards Mr. Hubbard.

CHAPTER XVII.

A PRELUDE OF NONSENSE FOLLOWED BY THE SWAMP OF A LIFE-BOAT.

Mr. Cleburne took tea up-town as the guest of our young friend, sending word home that the two would call in the evening, when it was hoped the girls would be recovered from the day's fatigue.

On entering the Cleburne parlor a bright sea-coal fire and a fine glow of gas-light set off to great advantage the pleasant forms and faces of the three young females, who were grouped around a stereoscope at the centre table, criticising some pictures from Italy.

Miss Ada said she and brother Robert were to put into execution during the coming summer a long-meditated scheme of "doing" the Continent, and that they would spend the winter following among the scenes they were then looking upon.

Mr. Moran said he had been endorsed by the Alabama delegation for one of the choice Italian Consulates, and that if Miss Ada was really going he would accept the appointment (which had been placed at the disposal of the delegation aforesaid) and arrange to go with her.

Miss Renfrew thought the young men of the South ought to stay in the South. The dream of her life was to see the old world, and she envied dear Ada the great pleasure in store for

her; but did not Mr. Robert agree with her that there was a pressing call of duty to every young Southerner to give at present every whit of his energy to home matters?

Mr. Robert said it was all in a life-time, that what was everybody's business was nobody's business, and that he thought the country could take care of itself, with other worldly-minded remarks of like kind.

"Oh, you selfish wretch!" cried the young girl; "don't you know that General Lee said Duty was the most sublime word in the English language? Why don't you young men take him for an exemplar?" And passing her eyes to Moran's she added: "Are you really going to take that appointment?"

"If Miss Ada goes I must go," said Archie with provoking coolness.

"It's another Ruth and Naomi affair then, is it?" said Cornelia.

"Yes, with the Naomi rôle recast, and for the better. Eh, Miss Ada?"

"Assuredly," said the blonde, enjoying slightly Cornelia's slight blushing.

"Miss Foley, we shall summer at Brookwood together, the most delighted pair of old maids to be found in Virginia, and spend our time in denouncing these deserters, won't we?" cried Cornelia.

"Brookwood has not yet lost its old name for hospitality, and I promise you for society the attentions of one of the finest gentlemen you ever met."

"Who?" interjected Archie—"Mr. Hubbard? for he is in town now; met him this afternoon."

"No, sir—my father," replied the young woman, as she blushed to the temples for what she evidently regarded an impudent intrusion.

Laura noticed this very distinctly, and, given to the healing of breaches, even of the most trivial nature, half playfully assented to the visit.

It was now Moran's time to rally and recover from the un-

lucky introduction of the tobacco factor's name. "May I not come, too?" he asked, affecting the stage manner of pathos.

"You are booked for the dark blue with Ada, are you not? My ears have surely heard aright a programme made so recently; and now he wants to come over to our side, Miss Laura—there must be some magic in the Alabama breast that calls louder than either Virginia or Europe on Mr. Moran—how is it, Miss Foley?"

Laura said she hoped that all Alabamians liked each other, but it surely could not be said that they were unfaithful to Virginia. When the war broke out her old State put her hand in Virginia's and kept it there till the close.

"And a very small war, it would have been if she had n't," added Moran, as he towered over the Renfrew pride and smote this withering, but borrowed blow.

"I vote down anything about the war," interjected young Cleburne. "It's a fraud and it's flat."

"No more, Hal, an' thou lovest me, eh?" said Archie, "to give your very just observation a neater dressing."

"Brother is given to slang," observed Ada. "It is barely tolerable in gentlemen—when used by ladies it puts me out of all patience."

"It is a part of the higher civilization of the North that is creeping in among us," said Cornelia.

"You are very clever," said Miss Foley.

"In the English or the American sense?" queried Cornelia. "There is a vast difference in the two uses of the word."

"In both," said Laura with a kind smile.

"And in what sense am I clever?" ejaculated Cleburne.

"In neither," said his sister.

"How do you put me up, Miss Renfrew? Be frank," urged Cleburne.

"I have seen cleverer men," said Cornelia.

"Talking English now, are you, eh?"

"Yes; but really I don't know you well enough to offer an analysis. Let me see you when you come back from Europe

and I can judge better. Men change very much intellectually, you know, by such experiences as extensive travel affords. Mr. Moran, for instance, has, I think, changed very much by a short trip to Washington," and the dark eyes had a world of keen fun hid under their lids as she said this.

"How do you mean?" asked Archie, while the laugh was fully turned on him, and he felt that the hook was well lodged and the line in a firm hand.

"Oh, don't you know that explanation is death to conversation. Society would never get along with explanations. We must take for granted that there is no such thing as innuendo. I mean that you are stouter and better looking. Will that serve for an answer?"

"It is complimentary, to be sure," said Moran, "and of course I must allow that it is true. Thanks! Double thanks for your evident sincerity. Stouter! I like that word, don't you, Cleburne?"

"Good enough word," said that gentleman; "but I beg pardon; is it used in the English or the American sense?" And the laugh now went against Cornelia.

But the young woman was quick to rally, and the ceaseless fire of her badinage, brisk always, and sometimes of a bitter vigor, was kept up till with one excuse and another the parlor was left at rather a late hour to herself and Moran.

Mr. Cleburne and Laura Foley had sought the library to sift the derivation of a disputed word, they said. Miss Ada had left her mother alone and must needs tell her of the day's adventures at length.

Mr. Moran did not care to encounter Frank Hubbard at the hotel till he could feel more sure of the exact relations between Miss Renfrew and that gentleman, and this he determined if possible to ascertain on the particular evening about which I am now writing.

Therefore it was that when these two had the parlor to themselves and to the flow of talk succeeded that silence, which is so uncomfortable to young people conscious that the conver-

sation is to take a serious change and that matters of the heart may come to the surface, when, I say, this change ensued, Archie, for the want of something better to say, and noticing Cornelia's hand shading her eyes, observed :

"What a beautiful ring you wear. May I ask the donor's name? Of course it is a gift. Perhaps a significant one. But that is none of my business, either, is it?"

He thought to get on the Hubbard trail with great skill in this way and was inwardly congratulating himself, when the girl said :

"I have no objection whatever to answering your question. I thought perhaps you knew the ring. Your mother gave me this when she visited us at the time of your graduation."

And the hero of this tale looked and felt anything but heroic when this announcement was made, as it was made in a calm, quiet voice.

"I beg pardon; I did not know it. I never heard her mention the occurrence, though I knew she greatly valued your character."

"I feel obliged to her," said Cornelia, "but she can know very little of me—not so much even as yourself. But as you have complimented my jewelry I will compliment yours, though you must understand that I am opposed out-and-out to your sex showing external ornament. I greatly admire your cravat-pin. Was the setting done in the South?"

"In Montgomery. Do you not recognize the jewel?" said he, drawing the pin and passing it to her. "It is the ball the Yankees shot and wounded you with on that April day when I was your guest. Do you not remember sending it to me at College?"

"Yes. But how foolish to bestow such care and expense on trifles. I should have thought you would have lost such a nothing as this is instead of casing it so expensively. I cannot think the play is worth the candle."

But the Renfrew eyes showed a glad light, despite the words, and Archie felt hope rise triumphant in his breast—even filling the grand figure of

"A trumpet in the distance pealing news
Of better, and Hope, a poising eagle, burns
Above the unrisen morrow."

"I have carried it always," he answered, "and never without constant and pure thoughts of you."

"But can you truly say it has been a talisman for good?" she archly asked, and the bar-room scene came vividly before her eyes, shutting out even the pictures of his Alabama radicalism, which Laura Foley had given her, and with every scene of which she was familiar, including his presence at the Kroom distillery, from which she drew various false inferences as in reason might have been expected.

"Not always," he said, "but in every case where the Devil did not have the upper hand. Oh, you do not know how much I have gone through since I was at Brookwood and how often I have longed for a sight of it and of you."

"The way was open and the welcome secure; why did you not come? Father thinks a great deal of you and has frequently regretted that he never had the opportunity to discuss fully with you, what he regarded and still regards your unfortunate step in politics, before you took the final plunge. We would all have been glad to entertain you and still would be glad to do so."

"Thank you very kindly," he answered. "I could not well leave mother. She is sadly broken; you would scarcely recognize her."

"Miss Foley told me something of her condition, and it affected me very deeply. Do you not at times reproach yourself as being in some measure the cause of her troubles? But forgive me, Mr. Moran; I sincerely beg your pardon. I ought not to ask that. Forget if you can what I said," urged the tender woman, who, under cover of all her inherited bluntness of speech, was gifted with as sensitive and trouble-responding a heart as ever fell to the lot of her sex.

Moran made no answer, but sat silent for many minutes, re-fastening the cravat-pin which Cornelia had returned to him.

And now her woman's heart went out to him. She was reclining in a large-sized arm-chair, upholstered with crimson plush—he sitting with his head in his hands and his elbows on his knees at right angles to her. “The golden chord of sympathy” had been established the moment reference was made to that pure being, his mother.

There was a talismanic influence there which he vainly sought in the dull, leaden bullet, albeit embossed in gold.

The silence increased the effect. A strong man might now have won her. The shapely Greek head which bowed at her side was pleading his cause eloquently. It was a head which a woman would have loved to fondle. The hair rolled from the large ear in an exquisite wave. The lines around the temple reaching up to the eye were sealed with the signet of the Most High. Though he had dissipated more than was good for him, he was as yet free from debauchery, and no crows'-feet had been sown, nor had any blood vessel been puffed in the yet clear skin, which looked up to her as if for light.

Her own face would have proven the fortune of an artist could he have then fixed its expression.

The electric current was running full and free towards her beautiful boy-lover.

Pity had place there, and maidenly passion was struggling for place. The liquid light of her rich orbs was full to overflowing, and yet no “erring pearl” fell to her beating bosom. A warm color mantled cheek and temple. The lips quivered voluptuously.

A strong man might then have won her. She felt towards Moran as she had felt on the night of his passing Petersburg, when she had prayed till a late hour that he might be delivered from the temptation of drink.

A yearning cry for the help of her love, the cry of the “strong swimmer in his agony,” might then have woke her pity to passion.

An Ave Maria offered at that shrine, which for the moment seemed clothed with a complete halo, followed by a manly un-

folding of well-matured plans for future happiness, carefully considered beforehand, would have won the kiss which seals a pure woman's faith as firm as protocol by cannon.

But he "dallied like a dastard, he doubted and was damned."

His reason conquered his imagination without controlling it. That training by which, like the relations existing between Jove and Æolus, passion comes to be permissive, allowed to rage only so far—a perfect check environing it all the while, and all the while unseen—this he was not to acquire for years to come.

Now while the tide that would have led to fortunate love was at its height, his reason and conscience interfered to make enquiries as to what reception a wife of his would be accorded by the Democratic ostracizers of Alabama; as to whether it would not be best to accept the foreign appointment and take her abroad; as to whether there could be found ample means for their handsome support without mortgaging Ravenscroft, and herein came the unpleasant task of consulting mother,—all this Reason was busy with—choking to its inner cave the long-cherished dream of his young life, till the Devil himself (for neither Reason nor Feeling had anything to do with the suggestion,) called up the memory of Mr. Hubbard, and he broke the long silence by saying :

"May I ask whether or not you are engaged to Mr. Hubbard? I have heard him speak of you in a way that I do not like."

Reversed at once was the current. Pride rose chill as an arctic wind. The alabaster skin was itself again. The form lost its languor and rose more erect. The eyes lost their fawn look, and shone clear and steady. There was likewise just a shade of disappointment visible in every feature. The reply was spiced with a touch of indignation.

"What right have you, sir, to ask such a question?"

"None whatever," was the shambling answer. "I thought you might care enough for me to tell me. I beg your pardon if I have offended. It is only because I love you as deeply as I do that I made the enquiry. I shall love you always, and never another, no matter what may become of either of us. I know

I ought to say this at your own home and with your father's permission ; but I can smother it no longer," and here he burst into a passionate avowal of his regard, dating back to his boyhood's visit to Brookwood, and kept loyally through all the good and evil that had since befallen him.

But it came too late, it was expressed in a way that kept her thinking powers agoing, and appealed naught to her feelings.

She could not love this boy. She felt surer of that every moment he spent in appeal. And yet the memory of what she had before imagined him to be, caused her to relent in part from her now rapidly forming purpose.

She said to him in one of his many pauses,

"In some respects I think more highly of you than of any young man I ever met. I think you have a noble soul and a fine mind ; but in other things I am afraid to trust you. I wish always to be your friend. I shall pray for you. We will not discuss other gentlemen, though for your satisfaction I will say I am engaged to no one. I do not care for marriage ; certainly not for a long while yet."

But her actions were belying her words. Her boy-lover was hanging on her every word as a prisoner would reach to catch the accents of the judge who was sentencing him. She saw this and she was pleased by it. The old memory was at work again. The pure strain of his family blood and its past history was likewise at work for him.

He was, besides, bolder now, more eager to win the one prize life held out as of more than earthly value.

As she sank back in the plush lining he passed an arm over both sides of her chair, quite shutting off from her face the glow of the grate with his forwardly inclined body.

A strong soul might now have won her. He pleaded in lower note and with a touch of real eloquence the old, old cause. Her evident relenting might have been turned into a positive burst of affection had he dared to kiss the red wardens of that fragrant mouth. But the cursed drug that he had swallowed in company with Cleburne five hours before warned him that repul-

sion and disgust would follow so quickly as to blight even the last ray of his hopes.

She divined his purpose. She essayed to put back her pity and her love. "Don't, please den't," she begged, and rising from the chair almost abruptly bade him good-night. But now that he was stricken so completely to the earth he became a man again, and a wild, desperate one. He tried to seize her, but she eluded his grasp and fled upstairs.

The hall clock chimed the many strokes of midnight as he passed out the street door, and slammed it so as to be heard over the house.

He sought his hotel, and after restless wanderings, stretching through hours, reached it a little before the dawn. There, wearied and self-reproachful, he fell into a fitful sleep.

Here was a clear case of what the forceful Greek would call "Monon ou." He was to repeat in politics this same lesson now learned in love. Like the eloquent pastor of Plymouth he was to know how ragged is the edge of despair. What pitiable affairs the "All-But" and the "Well-Nigh" of life are, the more so when, as in his case, Youth is at the helm.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RAVENSCROFT UNDER A CLOUD.

The bright life of early spring gladdened the Ravenscroft woods and meadows. The young wheat, shoe-mouth deep, spread over the great level fronting the house a very ocean of green.

A mile away, next the river, many teams were preparing the corn and cotton land. The loud voiced "whoa-haw" and "gee" of the negro ploughmen came pleasantly over the plain—their natural harshness mellowed by the intervening air waves.

The patriotism of old Jim, catching fresh fire ever since the night of the Ku Klux raid, had never permitted a fine day to pass without hoisting between the rifled-barrelled stack of chimneys, which gave the mansion the look of a fort, the old flag, which Archie had at first unfurled in a sort of defiance to his former friends.

The evening breeze was now catching its folds, and from the topmost height of the old home the beautiful bunting blew as bravely as Tennyson's banner on famine-girt Lucknow.

Archie was at home, having left Petersburg hurriedly on the day succeeding his unfortunate interview with Cornelia, and posted back to Washington. There he had again encountered Messrs. Pepper and Lollamead, and with them Judge Gardees, with whom he patched a hasty peace, and with whom he united in urging the Congressional legislation, which was passed during his stay in the Capital, and which quickly and with merciless rigor suppressed forever the Ku Klux Klan. He called on Mr. Fish, the Secretary of State, with the major part of his Congressional delegation, and the promise was distinctly given that his name would soon be sent in for one of the most pleasant of the Mediterranean Consulates. It is but fair to the young gentleman whose experiences I am narrating, to say that he was in no sense a mover in this business, and that Lollamead pertinaciously worked the affair from the beginning.

His motive was the wish to demonstrate to the native element of his party in Alabama, and to any ambitious young Democrat who might be tempted to join the Radicals, that the administration delighted to honor such persons. He argued justly that Moran was a good subject to set forth as an example of this disposition to kindness.

Cornelia's rebuff fastened the wavering mind of Archie, and he gladly lent himself to the pet scheme of the carpet-bagger. On the day of which I am writing he had received notice of his appointment to Naples, and was now laying plans as to the proper disposition of the time between this last week of April and the first of July when he was to leave for his post.

Returning from Washington he had telegraphed Miss Foley to meet him at the Petersburg depot, her visit to Virginia having expired by limitation as he had been informed in Colonel Paul's last letter, which letter he had given a summary of to the young lady prior to his telegram. So that without rude haste, or any marked impropriety of conduct, he had avoided another encounter with the woman whom he still loved but towards whom he felt the angry bitterness that came of his own inferiority contrasted with her brilliant and born purity.

Cornelia, however, had left Petersburg before he reached there, having accepted Mr. Hubbard's escort as far as Lynchburg on her way home. She was confined to her room with nervous headache, so Ada Cleburne said, on the morning after the events recorded in the last chapter, when Moran called to say good-bye before returning to Washington.

At the conclusion of that call, as he passed out the front gate of the Cleburne home at the head of Sycamore street, Mr. Frank Hubbard with Mr. Robert Cleburne stepped out of a phaeton and passed in—the latter gentleman only returning his salute.

The information given him on the afternoon of the same day over a bottle of Roederer in Jarratt's by Mr. Robert, who accompanied him to the Northern train, that Cornelia had been at home to Mr. Hubbard ten minutes after she had pleaded headache to his own card, fastened in the mind of the young fellow the impression that the sky was a drab color, and "this goodly frame, the earth, a sterile promontory."

Perhaps the reader knowing this will pardon him the wicked satisfaction which arose from Mr. Cleburne's last words to him. That official told him that the Commissioner of Internal Revenue had written the District Attorney that the least cent for which Mr. Hubbard could compromise the libel suits against him in the United States courts and re-open his tobacco factory, now under seizure, would be \$10,000, and that the manufacturer had agreed to pay that sum.

He was now at home, and at the particular moment of which

I am writing was in the front portico with a field-glass (left at Ravenscroft by one of the general officers of the Confederacy in the confusion of the surrender), watching the motions and studying the faces of the colored laborers in the bottom lands a mile away.

At that instant Laura Foley's petite form came from the hall doorway and approached him.

"How is she now?" he asked.

"She is under the influence of morphine at present and is sleeping, but not quietly," was the answer. "You ought to be asleep yourself," she added. "You are not aware of the tax you are placing on your own constitution. I do not believe you have been undressed since I came here, have you?"

"That is a matter of nothing, don't mention it," said the young man. "What does Dr. Givens say now?" he added, "that there is no hope, eh?"

"He says just what he told you this morning, that she may live an hour, a day, it may be a week, but that she will never be well again," and the gentle girl turned her face to a pillar of the porch as her lithe frame quivered under the gale of grief that smote upon her as the last words were uttered.

Archie could not cry except for anger's sake. Grief and disappointment and sudden tragedy simply choked him till he became weak and nervous, at which times he prayed inwardly that God would send him the relief of tears; but they never came, while the foul fiends tortured him as they did poor Tom in Lear.

But he could not bear to see the girl give way at this time, and he rallied her with soothing assurances which he could but know to be false, having her to sit beside him and look through the great field-glass upon the busy life at the lower end of the plantation.

But her eyes made a mist over the glass and she gave it back to him, her effort to obey him having been merely mechanical. Yet, she was quiet now, and glancing towards a small gate at the side of the yard, which led into the public highway, took his attention from the glass by saying: "Go and see what that

old gentleman wants," pointing at the instant to the venerable figure of Father Kroom, who sat erect and motionless on his horse under the shadow of a giant oak standing just outside the little gate.

Moran at once arose and advanced to the fence, urging the aged figure to alight and come in. "No, thank ye, I have just been to town and rode this fur outen my way to ax how the old lady—that's your mother—is to-day."

Archie thanked him from his heart for his kind interest; but informed him of Dr. Givens' opinion before given the reader.

"Pity, pity," said Gilbert Kroom; "thar's not another sich a woman in the county. Allus good to poor folks and not above speaking to the wust of 'em. I've knowed her ever since she was a gal—in my way, you understand—and I tell ye, Mr. Archie, thar's more than you will miss her. But maybe it's not as bad as the Doctor thinks. The Speerses had powerful constitutions—long-lived set, all of 'em. Old Dave, that's your granddaddy, must 'a bin nigh onto ninety when he died. And doctors don't know much more than other folks to my opinion. I never had one about me in my life, and I'm eighty odd and can do a pooty fair day's work yit."

"I suppose so, sir," said Moran. "You are a remarkable man for one of your years. Can travel alone, I see, a long distance, and in the night it will be this time, unless you will change your mind and alight. I will have your horse put up and would be glad to entertain you. The house is large and mother's illness will in no way prevent your being properly cared for."

"No, thank you, my friend. The old man could n't think of it—not now, any way. I've staid here afore now in your daddy's time. I know I'd be welcome; but I don't mind riding at night, and every foot of the road from here home is jist like the path to the spring to me.

"I kin go anywhere; why, I got a summins to-day from that fellow Maloney that the Ku Klux whipped last fall (you mind the night as we was at the tavern together), to go to Mun-

gumry Court next month, and I'm gwine too, but not to tell what he'specks me to say.

"I heerd 'em say in town he had a summins for you, too; but Lawyer Foley would n't let him come out here to sarve it, being as the old lady was so low."

"I can't imagine for what purpose he wishes to summon me," answered Moran, greatly provoked by the intelligence and feeling his ire rise against the low-born Irishman. "I know absolutely nothing about the details of the affair except from hearsay."

"Oh, they'll have proof enough without you, or me either," said old Kroom. "Bart Swazey has puked the whole bizness and gone back on 'em,—Colwood bound over Jeff and young Holt in town to-day on his evy^dence. That's what I kum to town fur—to go Jeff's security."

"You don't tell me so," cried Moran; "and young Holt, too, you say?"

"Yes, sir-ree, they got him shore. You see Bart wuz drunk that night, and the evy^dence wuz that he took one squad and went 'round and whooped Maloney, and Holt took the other fellows and beat up the nigger preacher Mike Hanes, what's a County Commissioner over white folks.

"Well, as I waz saying, Bart he wuz drunk, and arter the raid was over he left the crowd and went towards Jim Murph's house (he know'd Jim wa'n't at home) and he wuz so drunk that he fell off his horse and lay side the big road not a hundred yards from the house till broad daylight. Well, in the mornin' Murph's wife comes along with another woman and wakes Bart up, and hides his old Ku Klux trappins in the woods and kivers 'em up with leaves, and takes Bart about half dead to the house.

"Well, when the excitement got up last week about puttin' down the night-riders, this other woman comes to town and tells Colwood all about Murph's wife and Bart, and Colwood sot down and drawed a warrant for Bart, and Bart kum in and betrayed the whole bizness, jist like the d—d Judas Iscariot what he is, to save his own neck."

"Well," said Moran, "if that is so, I know they can have no use for me, for though I witnessed the procession of riders, as you will remember, from the porch of the hotel, yet Swazey was the only man whom I could in any wise identify, and you say he has confessed. That, I think, will let me out. I do not want to go to Montgomery."

"Yes; but I want you to go," said old Kroom; "you got Jeff outen that other scrape and I want you to git him outen this one. I've got money and I expeck to spend it. I hired Foley to-day to 'pear for Jeff, and Foley said you'd git your license for lawin' 'tween this and Court and that you could 'pear with him. He 'lowed as you was radikil in your notions it would help Jeff more than he could help him. That's jist what he said."

"Jeff is a Republican, too, Mr. Kroom. I don't think it would be fortunate for him to be defended in such a scrape by me," replied Moran. "You must understand that this comes from no wish of mine to shirk responsibility or to get out of doing an old friend like you a favor. I really believe it to be best for your son that I should not appear for him. Colonel Foley told you truly about my application for license. I shall be examined in Montgomery between this and the session of the U. S. Court you speak of. Of course I hope to be licensed, and it is flattering to know that I would have a client so soon after coming to the bar; but believe me, it would look very odd to see a Republican lawyer appearing for a Republican Ku Klux in the very first case of the kind that will come up under the late Enforcement Act."

"Well," said Gilbert Kroom, "Jeff's no Republican to hurt, jist at this time. He'll never git over Man'l's deth in the world, and though I never giv a Democrat vote in my life, I'm agoin' for Foley for Judge this next eleekshun, and if he don't put that d—d Maloney in the penitentiary for stealing the school-children's money, you may have my old hat. Oh, it's jist as shure as shootin'," and there was wrath and indignation and the joyful hope of final reform in the Kroom countenance as these words were pronounced.

At this juncture Laura Foley came to the edge of the piazza and called out to Moran that Dr. Givens wished to see him.

Bidding Gilbert Kroom good-bye and promising to consult with Colonel Foley about Jeff's case, he returned to his seat on the porch, where he found Dr. Givens trying to get the proper focal centre of the field-glass for his aged eye, and expressing himself as unable to accomplish the task.

The kind old physician then told him very gently and gravely that he had ordered his horse in order to go back to Dunham, that Mrs. Moran was completely paralyzed, that all hope was at an end, and that his dear mother could not possibly survive the night that was then coming on.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CLOUD BLACKENS AND BURSTS.

She was past all help of medicines now.

The frame-work of clay which held in that finely-strung soul was fast breaking up. The struggle was a fearful one to look upon, especially when the gazer was the only being on earth who carried in full current her bluest of blue blood and wore on his brow a kindred stamp of that matronly sweetness which illumined her own.

The dear old silver-gray tresses were struggling disorderly from the edges of the bed-cap which covered the pretty head.

Though the tongue was paralyzed there were fierce moans at intervals as the horrid softening of the brain went on, and the good Doctor, wishing his patient to pass away in perfect consciousness, had forbidden the further use of opiates to relieve the few hours of suffering that were left her to bear.

The steel-blue eyes read every countenance aright.

They dwelt on her old friend, the Rector's wife, with loving

tenderness; they passed to the man of God who stood at the foot of her bed, with respect in their every glance and with a quiet confidence in the genuineness of his profession and its teachings.

Miss Ann Duval and young Laura Foley; old black Jim, for many years her coachman; and a mulatto girl Alice, who had been her constant nurse since the nervous shock on that ill-starred night had unstrung forever the fibre of her life,—all caught with eagerness the several lessons of love her dying eyes were uttering.

But they were oftenest fixed on Archie, who hung just over her pillow, and there was an unutterable look of anxiety in the dilated pupils. The poor arms, now robbed of all their sweet and perfectly bedded flesh, would reach every few minutes for his neck and the longed-for and oft-bestowed touch of his fresh lips.

And then the fierce moaning of her ceaseless pain would begin again, from which there was no respite save when her son, taking the Bible that lay on her bed, would read in quivering tone, but with all the earnestness of his soul, passages which he knew to be favorites with her, and which she had in years gone made him memorize on blessed Sabbaths that would never come again. Among these passages the fifty-first of David's Psalms, and the "Let not your hearts be troubled" chapter in John, were gone over and over during the still watches of the night, and it was a pleasure inexpressible to all of the little band to know from her expression that she understood every line, precept, and promise, and that there was no fear with her from any of the holy warnings which they contained.

After midnight the Rector read appropriate prayers from that noble liturgy which, for three centuries and in every clime, has solaced the last hours of the English-speaking races.

Then came a few hours' sleep, the result of perfect exhaustion, during which the little party, with freely mingled tears, went over in a low hush of words the most lovable episodes of her life, and told of the mass of letters which every mail

brought from old friends in all parts of the State, comforting, consoling, encouraging her to hope here and hereafter.

As the first streaks of daylight made their way into the chamber, and the early chirp of half-awakened birds was heard in the great garden behind the house, the relaxed frame roused itself, and she was able to cry several times, "God! God! God!"

There was something terrible and unnatural in the tone, as if the sufferer was uttering a protest against the infliction of illy-merited pain; but it was soothing still to know her thoughts lay that way.

The last strands of the old thread were now being shorn in twain, the eyes were weakening, but yet carried intelligence, and to Archie the same expression of anxiety for him.

As the sun shed its first light the great deliverance took place in manner as gentle as the removal of an infant from the maternal nourishment and when sleep has overcome the suckling.

Then for the first time the realization of his loss brought to the young man that breaking up of the breast, which follows the free flow of blessed tears.

He went to the garden and walked its long pathways for hours. The breath of the spring morning at last steadied him, and brought to mind a consciousness of his responsibilities.

When he returned to the house the crape was on the hall door, and the dear figure lay in the centre of the old drawing-room, clad in the sober elegance of dress which in life had lent her that lofty grace, that perfect poetry of motion, which even in this solemn time he could not call up except with a sense of earthly pride for which he reproached himself in the very act of harboring it.

On the high hill back of the mansion house, overlooking all that great expanse of fertile valley, by the side of the stout-hearted old Whig politician, her husband, at the feet of her pioneer parents, and close to the clay which covered two of her warrior sons, they laid the mistress of Ravenscroft—the Metella of this tale.

When the will was opened, it was found that, while no incumbrance lay on the property, there was a large overdraw in the bank account, which of late, under Colonel Foley's advice, had been kept with Mr. Pepper in Montgomery.

Archie could now divine why Mr. Pepper was always wanting to lend him money, and perhaps why he wanted him in Europe.

Mr. Pepper was not the first man who had laid long pipe to own Ravenscroft.

As soon as propriety would permit he went to Montgomery and found the banker all smiles and sympathy; but before his departure he gave his note for several thousands at twelve per cent a year, and the pleasant Pepper was kind enough to say that he wanted no security. He would only expect this note to be renewed every three months with the interest either paid or compounded.

Moran was now taking his very first lesson in the wisdom of the every-day world. Heretofore he had been only a poor book-worm or the fine fellow of the social board.

He was cutting his eye-teeth after a fashion found to be of great use to him years afterwards.

But he came home with his law license, and not the least value in his eyes of the pretty parchment lay in the knowledge that a lawyer in the South is better hedged against the attacks of a rascal than a man of any other craft would be.

The brethren beat back a usurer, when he comes to fleece their young, in a most noble way and with cunningly contrived learning.

Colonel Paul Foley at once offered him a co-partnership and gently hinted that a judgeship would soon be forced upon himself, after which Archie could step into a large practice.

But the youth, full of that folly, which, it will be remembered, I have ever insisted upon as part and parcel of his life, wanted the sea between him and the recollections of Cornelia.

He accepted the Consulate, and strode yet deeper in the mire of Radicalism.

CHAPTER XX.

A COURT ORGANIZED TO CONVICT.

The tale of old Kroom was found to be true in every detail. Those unclean birds of prey, Maloney and Colwood, were scenting all the air for plunder currents.

Colwood held a travelling Commissioners' Court. Maloney was his marshal, lame Cicero Crites his clerk, and Bartlett Swazey his standing witness and Maloney's standing guard. Hundreds of the Ku Klux were bound over to the U. S. Court.

Scores were blackmailed out of ruinous hush-money—Maloney negotiating the terms brazenly and with a directness that was absolutely staggering.

The bills of costs made "Ossa a wart," and this was only the index of the demands that were to be added when true bills were found.

Moran's admission to the bar saved him from Maloney's service of the summons, especially after the Marshal learned, as he did learn from old Kroom, that Archie knew nothing of the matter, except so much as related to Mr. Swazey's presence in the raid.

The death of Mrs. Moran was excuse sufficient to Gilbert Kroom for his non-attendance in behalf of Jeff; so that what he knew of the transactions in the Ku Klux Court were related to him afterwards by Colonel Paul Foley in about these words: Said the Colonel, as he sat on the portico at Ravenscroft, sipping a claret-punch, the week after the adjournment of the Spring term of the U. S. Circuit and District Court at Montgomery: "Why, my dear fellow, there was no more chance for a man to come clear than there was for a turtle-dove to sit beside the moon.

"The court was *organized* to convict. Brown was sent out as

Circuit Judge expressly for that purpose, and a more infernal scamp is n't to be found between this and the Rio Grande. Why, sir, he threatened to commit me for contempt of his corrupt court."

"Indeed," said Moran, "You don't tell me so. I am sorry to hear it. And for what?"

"Why, for advising young Holt to forfeit his bond and make tracks for Texas."

"Tell me all about it."

"Well, after Jeff Kroom and wagoner Charwell and the rest of them had been convicted and sentenced to the Albany penitentiary (I appeared for the whole party) for terms ranging from six months to five years, Holt's case was called and he failed to answer.

"Maloney rose and told the judge that Mr. Holt had been in court the day before, and that he was under bond for \$5,000.

"Brown then asked the clerk who appeared for Holt. That brought me to my feet, and the Devil himself along with me. I can't tell now what I did say," and the old lawyer's pulse was beating 120 a minute, and his black eyes were a couple of fire coals dancing deliriously.

Moran observed parenthetically, that he had not looked in a newspaper since his mother's death, and was ignorant of all that was going on in the world.

Foley continued, "I arose and said as quietly as I could, that it was apparent to every one, who had observed the proceedings of that tribunal, that my client stood no chance to secure a fair trial. The juries were offered the iron-clad oath, and it was a matter of common knowledge, that no self-respecting Southern man could take that oath. The result had been, that nine of each jury had been ignorant negroes taken from the cotton fields, and the remaining whites were even worse than the negroes in a moral point of view. The District Attorney was persecuting instead of prosecuting, and conviction was had on the unsupported testimony of an accomplice—that white-livered Swazey."

"I wonder the judge stood such talk," said Moran.

"Stood it!" cried old Paul, "he was *bound* to stand it. It was the truth, and the crowd in the court-house were just aching to hear it told. But the worst is to come," he went on to say.

"I saw Brown setting his teeth, and he tried more than once to stop me, but I would n't be stopped. Finally, he said, 'do you know where your client is, Mr. Attorney?' 'In Texas, I hope, sir, by this time,' was my answer; and then I told him that, strange as it might seem to the court, young Holt was a gentleman, and that I was neither ashamed nor afraid to say, that I had deliberately advised him to forfeit his bail, (for his friends could and would make his bondsmen whole,) and not to risk a trial before a packed jury and a partisan judge."

"What did he do then?" cried Moran, much excited over the story.

"Oh, he raved. You ought to have seen him. He almost snapped his hooked nose down his throat. Did you ever see him?" ("No, sir," from Moran.)

"He said he would take pleasure in putting me in custody for contempt, and I could show cause at some later time why I should not be disbarred from practice in the Federal courts."

"You don't say so, Colonel!" exclaimed his listener.

"I *do* say so, and I say more than that. I say that I was then as cool as a cucumber, and had a loaded Derringer in each of my pants pockets. I simply walked from the bar-table where I was standing to within five feet of the bench, and told Brown very firmly that I should not resist the deputy-marshals, and would go to jail; but that the moment he uttered the words ordering me into custody I would certainly kill him in his seat. And he knew that I meant exactly what I said," added the lawyer.

"Well," said Moran, "what was the conclusion of the matter?"

"Oh, it blew over, as all such matters do, when you know your man before you raise the breeze. Old Judge Drummond, who before the war held the place Brown now fills, interfered, and asked that the rule to show cause why I should not be 'unfrocked' issue, and that I be given till the next morning to answer.

"That night the Bar went to Brown, and after regretting what had happened, told him that it would be cruelly unjust to the large number of clients I had in his court, who were still to be tried, and with whose cases I was familiar, to disbar me at that term; that the press and the people would never hear of the quarrel but *would* hear that he had denied the Ku Klux the counsel of their choice, and they persuaded him to give me till next term to file my answer to the rule."

"That was very well managed," Archie thought and so said.

"Yes," said Foley. "But I never expect to appear in his dirty court again, nor do I expect to hear any more of the rule. I turned over the residue of my cases to Drummond, and Brown taking a fancy to him, actually charged in his favor in two or three cases, and he won several verdicts as a consequence.

"And they ought really to have been sent to Albany," continued Foley, "because they were guilty of cool murder, whereas my men had only whipped a few notorious thieves and hung one fellow for inciting the negroes to burn Dellinger's cotton gin and barn. You remember reading of that case in the papers. The testimony was clear and convincing against the fellow. He was tried before Gardees in Grow County, and the carpet-baggers protracted the case till the end of the term, and then after the jury had been out an hour he withdrew a juror and made a mistrial. The case went up to the supreme court and they decided properly, I suppose, that the man had been put in jeopardy once and should go free. After the Grow County people had watched all this 'shenanigan,' they disguised a party and sent them to cut the vital cord of the defendant with a hempen thread.

"But in Drummond's cases there was proof that in the County of Konistoga there was a cross-roads doctor, named Melton, who had organized a raid of seventy-five men on foot; that he had given a pint-and-a-half bottle of liquor to every third man—making, you see, a half pint apiece—that he had supper prepared at his house for the whole party, and that they hung, on the same night, eight negroes and one white man named Tom Williamson, who had been drilling the negroes.

"Why, sir, the fellow who 'puked' in that case, swore that the doctor, after Williamson was hung, went back to the body and felt the pulse, saying aloud, 'Dead as hell, by G—d,' and that he recognized the voice as that of Melton's. But, sir, Drummond got off every man of the crowd that had been arrested except Melton. Brown put him in Albany for five years, but the jury under the charge gave old Drummond's other clients the benefit of the bad character of the witness, the darkness of the night, the disguises and the absence of any other conversation except the words used by the doctor. And yet it was plain that the witnesses ate supper with the party, and no man can eat in a Ku Klux disguise, you may swear to that safely if you ever saw one."

"The country is surely going to the bad, Colonel Foley. I have no heart to think of the subject," said the host of the evening, "and am more than ever desirous of going abroad. Of course, I regret that you allowed yourself to be involved in a quarrel with the authorities; but I am squarely in favor of rigorous punishment being meted out to midnight murder. I regard my mother's death as directly attributable to the infamous attempt made by the Klan upon this place during my absence."

But, seeing that a political discussion under his own roof with an antagonist of Colonel Foley's temper would end in disaster to a friendship which he sincerely desired to cherish, the heir of Ravenscroft turned the talk into its old course by asking, "What became of old Kroom and Swazey?"

"Why, old Kroom cussed right out in court," replied his guest, "when that nigger jury convicted Jeff, and it was with great difficulty that I kept Brown from putting *him* in jail. If he had not been a Radical, Brown would have jailed him. As to Swazey, Uncle Sam took him to the paternal bosom and made a deputy-marshal out of his Ku Klux carcass. Sweet to think of, is n't it? He is a brother official of yours now, Archie, and you can't 'go back' on him," and for the first time in his talk old Foley laughed gayly.

"I think his appointment simply a disgrace to the government," was the reply.

"Oh, he wears his blushing honors with an assumption of dignity which puts me in a roar of laughter whenever I see him. He came back on the same train with me, about two-thirds drunk, and with more money in his pocket than was ever there before at one time—the most jovial pirate you can imagine."

"I wonder that he had the impudence to show himself in Dunham after his conduct," said Moran.

"All things are to be forgiven a truly loyal man," replied the lawyer with bitterness. "But Bart knew that rule would n't work in Dunham just yet. He was smart enough to have the conductor put him off the train at Beal's old field, four miles below town. Where he went from there the Lord only knows, though old Kroom swears that he is going to camp on his track till he can get him in the clutches of the State court."

"On what charge?" asked Archie.

"Oh," said Foley, "he's guilty of every crime in the calendar, but Kroom wants to begin with a warrant for fornication and adultery with Jim Murph's wife." And here the Colonel called for another punch.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONVICTION WITHOUT A COURT.

It has been mentioned in the preceding chapters that, when it became apparent to all well-informed persons that the Government was earnest in its intention to suppress the Ku Klux, our esteemed friend, Mr. Bartlett Swazey, a disciple of that fine philosophy which acts on the axiom that No. 1 is the first number, at once set about to make pelf out of perjury, in which he

was so far successful as to secure not only his own pardon but a commission to arrest and imprison his former associates as well as other men not his associates, who were connected with the Klan only by public rumor, and that rumor set on foot by the lowest and basest of mankind.

But it was sufficient to satisfy Mr. Swazey in swearing out warrants. So that Bartlett found himself quite famous when he reached the capital of his native State. He was pointed out to many persons, but always as an object to be loathed. This made him, however, only the more reckless in his book oaths, both before the grand jury and in the court. He kept well steamed with liquor the entire fortnight of the term. Maloney was near by all the while, keeping his courage to the sticking place, and, what was dearer than all else, he was furnished with money in abundance by that gentleman, who, though his stripes were not yet healed, had been convinced that Mr. Jefferson Kroom was his castigator and not Mr. Swazey.

At the marshal's office he was a welcome guest, and was quickly commissioned a deputy upon the recommendation of Maloney and of Judge Gardees, who took the lively interest of a skilled lobbyist in urging forward the prosecutions, and who had given the Congressional Outrage Committee some testimony on which to found the passage of the Enforcement Act, that it is believed will yet be published as an appendix to the revised edition of Munchausen.

The grave people of Alabama could not believe it possible that their State contained so exquisite and gifted a liar till they read the judge's detailed statement of finding sixteen negro corpses in one mill-pond near his house, and that too on a day when the wind was not right for seining.

The marshal's office to which Swazey was taken soon after his arrival in the city, and where he soon discovered himself to be quite a lion, presented a scene which simply baffles description. More than twenty clerks were busily engaged at a table which ran the entire length of one room of the building, in making out bills of costs.

The deputy-marshals—rough, ill looking fellows from the back woods, or discharged privates from the Federal army—were standing behind the clerks dictating the mileage (constructive mileage in nearly every instance of a summons, and in many of the *capiases*), and giving the names of their “pals” to be set down as guards for the prisoners at \$2 per day each. Then followed the deputy’s appearance at \$4 a day, in attendance upon a commissioners’ court, which, travelling on wheels, was in constant session. Then came \$2 per diem for fruitless search on every *capias* not executed.

Some deputies would have three hundred *capiases* in a single county. The commissioner’s, marshal’s and clerk’s costs would average about \$65 to the case. The marshal, a pursy carpet-bagger from Maine, walked the room to and fro, twirling in his fingers a cane of Texas thorn, and stopping now and then to rob a clerk of the whisky toddy which sat in front of him, and to bring which from the next door saloon kept a colored boy and the wicker basket of the bar busy.

The marshal received half of all the fees charged for by his deputies, and after overseeing this branch of the business awhile, he would stride in his great cow-hide monitors to a room opposite where sat the District Attorney, a grim-visaged, sandy-haired son of Champerty, whose face was a thing of terror to the trembling owner of a twenty-gallon copper still which ran by moonshine. He was “coaching” the government’s witnesses in the cases that were to come up, while the chief deputy-marshal in another part of the room was paying off those who had already been “coached,” and who had shown the result of their training in open court, and under withering cross fires.

These last were for the most part hardened villains, who had joined the Klan in the very last days of its life for purposes of the lowest origin—some for the gratification of lust—some for plunder—some for private revenge. A few among them were of that abject nature which cried for quarter as soon as a speck of danger showed itself, and one who had witnessed the travail of their souls, when the first arrests were made under the en-

forcement act, could not begrudge the little witness money that was now being paid them.

There was a discharged jury in the same room waiting with watery mouths for their share of the large pile of greenbacks that lay on the chief deputy's desk. A majority were black men. A few among them were intelligent mulattoes—local radical politicians. With these the fat fellow from Maine conversed pleasantly, and explained how Grant had suspended the writ of habeas corpus in South Carolina, and had given that State to negro domination forever and forever.

But Mr. Swazey is the true hero of this chapter, and I beg his pardon now and here for not keeping well up with him, though to do that literally would take me and the reader in places, which while well enough known to one of us (as being of an enquiring turn of mind, and desirous of seeing the things that flourished while yet the carpet-bag was a sign of thrift), would I fear not be enjoyed by the other—the one who pays for this book. Even a Ku Klux court with all the appurtenances to protraction and worry of soul, must have an end, and so Bartlett, with quite a respectable wad of currency in his vest pocket, one Saturday morning took the cars for North Alabama. He got drunk, it is true, on the train; had a fight with a returned Ku Klux, who, strange to say, had not been convicted; broke out a glass of the car window, for which the conductor made him pay two dollars, and behaved riotously throughout the journey. He felt in his new dignity the assurance of Ancient Pistol, "Art thou officer, or art thou base, common popular?"

But this feeling grew less strong when the next station to Dunham had been reached, and he recalled the fact that Maloney had chosen to remain behind in Montgomery.

He argued very prudently that as the government had now done its worst and could do no more till after the approaching State election, it behooved so loyal a man as himself to avoid publicity for a few weeks, especially on Saturday afternoons, when he knew the whole county came to town and when the bar-rooms did

their liveliest business. Besides, on this particular Saturday afternoon there would be two or three hundred men at the depot to hear from Colonel Foley the news of the Court, and with Colwood and Maloney behind at the Capital, he preferred, after revolving the matter over, to let Cicero Crites, who was along with him, bear the brunt of whatever ignominy the crowd might inflict.

Crites was lame, and he knew the South too well to believe that any worse would happen to him than a prolonged looting.

He would not enjoy himself in town that day, and so he had the conductor to stop the train and put him off four miles from the depot at a place called Beal's old fields, as narrated formerly by Colonel Paul Foley.

Now, the nearest house to the railroad track at this point was the log cabin of one Jacob Cope, a henchman of Swazey's, and as servile in his obedience as a cur dog would have been. Cope was a brother of the Mrs. Murph, who secreted Swazey and his disguise the morning after the raid upon Maloney and Hines. For more than a year it had been known that this Desdemona had given away the marital handkerchief to the loyal Cassio with whom this chapter is occupied.

It needed the whispers of no Iago to stir to mutiny the blood of honest Jim Murph, who as a peddler of tinware was much of the time from home, and hence in ignorance of the neighborhood gossip.

But Mr. Swazey had now grown to be a public character, and criticism, seeking for some rent in the garment of his righteousness, had seized upon this scandal, which linked his name with Murph's wife, and had so bruited the same abroad that the husband per force heard it, and heard it in exaggerated form. Murph was desirous of removing to an adjoining county, where he hoped to improve his meagre fortunes, and his wife's opposition had alone thwarted this cherished scheme.

Added to the noxious details of her illicit love for Swazey, it was now told him that it was through the latter's persuasion she held out so stoutly against the change of home.

He upbraided her bitterly and threatened in her presence to kill Swazey if he ever caught him on the premises. It was to communicate this threat to her brother, Mr. Cope, who she knew was aware of her relations to Swazey, and would warn him of any danger threatening to its continuance, that she sought his house about the same hour Bartlett stepped off the train.

Jim Murph was in Dunham on this particular Saturday afternoon, and was at the depot along with several hundred others when the train brought the returned visitors from the Ku Klux Court. There he learned of Swazey having been put off at Beal's old field. He knew well where Cope lived, he knew that his wife had left home to go there as he started to town.

The Devil entered the man at once.

"Here," he said, "is a pre-arranged meeting going on under my very nose. They take me for a fool and a coward. I will nip this thing to-night and the government can appoint another deputy-marshal to-morrow."

The poor fellow was sorely riled, and found what he took to be relief in repeated draughts of liquor when he came back to the town from the depot.

But when the poison got well to its work he was the more maddened instead of being eased, and getting in his peddler's wagon left Dunham late in the afternoon, going in the direction of Cope's house.

It was quite sundown when Murph reached the place of his destination. He had driven his horse rapidly, wishing his interview with Swazey and the rescue of his wife to take place before night.

When he drove up to the cabin Swazey was nowhere to be seen. His wife was preparing supper—Mrs. Cope being from home.

Cope remarked on the rapid driving, and asked that he alight, take supper and have his horse fed—observing that he could return home by the moon, which then rose early.

Seeing nothing of Swazey and concluding that some mistake had been made as to the place where he was put off the train,

he acceded to the request of his brother-in-law and stabled the horse, leaving the harness on him.

Returning to the house he sat in the doorway conversing with Cope, who occupied a stool in the yard, when Swazey suddenly came around the corner of the cabin with Cope's rifle on his shoulder. He checked up at once and, shrugging his ugly shoulders, while his devilish green eyes danced with a wicked light, said: "Jim Murph, I hear you've put out the word that you are goin' to bury me on sight. I'd like to know where you keep your graveyard."

Murph sprang from his seat in a second:

"Yes, damn you, I did say it, and I mean to do it—now—right now," were the words that followed, as he clutched the rifle-barrel, which Swazey had just brought to a level with his body.

The gun fired, but not before Murph's firm grasp had pushed aside its aim from his own breast.

The ball tore its way through the flesh of the abandoned woman who, hearing the angry words, had come to the door just in time to receive this token of her seducer's affection.

She swooned and fell before Cope could reach her, but the wound was not, as justice would have had it, a vital one, being only a flesh cut in the shoulder.

Murph was by this prelude doubly enraged. He had the strength of ten men. He was deadly white, and the rifle which he wrested from Swazey rained thick and deadly blows over the head and face of that villain.

The breech was quickly broken, and holding well in hand the thick but short barrel, he eluded Swazey's efforts to close with him, and holding his foe at arms length so pounded his thick skull and sottish face that, from the blindness of the blood in his eyes and the dizziness of his brain, he fell senseless to the earth, when Cope, now relieved of the woman, pulled Murph away and took the weapon.

The woman was on her feet now and loud in her reproaches of her husband for the death of her lover; but he drove her into

the cabin, and went himself to the stable for his horse, telling the thoroughly frightened Cope to pour water on Swazey.

It was now on the edge of dark and the hard driving had so used up the horse that no beating would make him rise from the earthen floor of the little stable.

Murph returned to the house and with Cope's assistance put Swazey, in whom there was a little life left, on a rude bed in an outhouse. The two then returned, examined the wife's wound, which they pronounced a mere scratch, while in stern and thoroughly conquering words, her husband bade her to set the supper.

After partaking lightly of the food, Murph and Cope went outside the cabin and conversed a long while in a low tone. The moon had not yet risen and it was quite dark.

The men went to the outhouse, where Swazey was still lying half dead and unconscious, and, taking the body between them, went off with it.

They returned after midnight, Murph's wife said, built up a fire and sat till day came.

The night express passes Dunham a few minutes past eleven. On Saturday night it was behind time half an hour, and when it left the depot, Ben Worley, the engineer, threw the valve open and let the black Amazon take what head she would.

The moon is shining brightly now, the track is but newly ballasted and she bowls along merrily. Ben's eyes are keen and constant to what is in front, but where is the engineer who can see around a curve, and especially such a curve as there is four miles below Dunham, just after you pass Beal's old field.

Why, the curve there is a semi-circle, and right in the centre of it is a man lying drunk and asleep on the track with no covering but the moon's rays. Too late now to utter that fierce scream for brakes.

You may crane your neck ever so far over the cab, Ben, to see if you can save him—the tires of the big driving wheels,

wrought far across the sea, have crushed the stupefied flesh into a jellied mass.

When at last the train is stopped they go back, engineer, conductor, and all the male passengers who are not asleep, and they find—why, what do they find?

Only entrails trailed along the iron track and ribs turned straight up, and joints powdered into white chalk, stained with blood, looking like the brains of a freshly butchered hog.

It is true the legs are broken only at the knees, and they lie in the pants on one side of the track in the field, cut as clean from the body as if a surgeon had used his knife.

But what is this on the opposite side of the track which the U. S. mail agent has just picked up? It is the head and face, saving the chin, which is gone, of a man, and a second class passenger gazes on the bloody lump as the conductor holds his lamp close to it, and says :—

“Fellers, it’s Bart Swazey’s head as sure as I’m alive.” And as everybody has heard the name in connection with the Ku Klux proceedings, the opinion of the second-class passenger quickly reaches the train, and his diagnosis is pronounced correct by several Dunhamites, who gather around the conductor’s lantern, and who tell how Swazey returned from court that very afternoon drunk and got off the train near this particular spot.

The head is put with the legs on the side of the track with whatever of the body can be handled, and a negro from the train is sent back to Dunham for the coroner, while Ben Worley, mounting the cab, looks at his watch and finds that he is an hour instead of half an hour behind time.

There was great commotion among the Federal officials when the papers gave the foregoing account of Bart Swazey’s death.

They unanimously agreed and so telegraphed it to the “outrage” papers of the North, that Swazey had been murdered by the Ku Klux and his body placed on the railroad track because he had borne witness against them in the court at Montgomery.

In fact, Judge Gardees long after this wrote a book in which

Swazey was one of the heroes and Maloney another, and it sold well and was believed through all the North, and it aided much to elect Towpath Garfield President. And here is the end of this chapter.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONJUNCTIVE TREASON TO CORNELIA.

The summer time wore on apace.

Leafy June came and with it Dunham's first visitors from the low country, for the town, as has been hinted, bore a high local repute as a summer resort. The political excitement was at fever heat.

There was a tempest in the liver of every white man and the beginning of the end of carpet-baggery was nigh.

The attempt of the government had failed to "dissolve that terrible tribunal, which, in the hearts of the oppressed, denounces against the oppressor the doom of its wild justice."

The law of self-defence had not been repealed.

Spencer might be "counted in" by a servile Senate as her ambassador, but Alabama, for all that, was to have rest at home.

Our friend Paul Foley had been nominated for Judge of the Circuit in which he lived, and old Kroom had influenced the white Republican vote of the county of Dunham to accept him in open convention.

His opponent was an original fire-eater, who now gloried in being the most abject of dirt-eaters. The canvass was hot, and to Laura Foley and her mother hateful; so much so that they wrote Ada Cleburne to hasten the visit she had promised to make South and to come while Colonel Paul was off on the canvass.

Archie had gone to Washington to receive instructions before sailing for his post.

Old Jim had been commissioned general manager of the Ravenscroft property, with Colonel Foley to advise him and to receipt for the rents. The best of the furniture had been sent to the Rectory for the use of good Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, who were urged to sell off their own, and if Moran never returned, to regard the same as given in fee.

In any event he expected to be absent several years, and they could re-supply themselves if need be when he came back. Many of his favorite books he had packed to take with him. The residue were deposited in the town library under loan, and he received in return for this a pleasantly worded vote of thanks.

In truth, it was with a grateful sense of pleasure that the young man noticed the change in public opinion towards himself since the death of his mother and his appointment abroad. Much of the old kindness which he remembered in boyhood came back to him. Even Miss Emma Frost, whose waiting-maid, it will be remembered, was in that person's opinion the only *lady* who was present at Archie's Fourth of July speech able to understand what he said—even Miss Emma thawed an icicle or two, and put on the faint pretence of a smile when she met him on the street. He felt as one does after recovering from a long sickness.

It is so soothing to our vanity and self-esteem to be admired if not beloved among our home people—and this was a feeling to which Moran had long been a stranger. It was known that he was in favor of Foley for Judge, and that wiped out all else.

And Cornelia Renfrew, where is she, and what is she doing?

"Ada Cleburne, her best friend, will surely know," Moran was saying to himself when the whistle blew for Petersburg, as he came South from Washington, before leaving for Europe.

"How I wish I could hear from her," the young fellow thought, but he dared not to write after what Robert Cleburne had told him of Mr. Hubbard's reception, when he had been refused audience, and of her taking Hubbard's escort on her way home. He had received no intimation that her visit to the

Cleburnes was to end so soon, and the conviction was irresistible that, partly to avoid seeing him when he returned to take Laura Foley home, and partly to be with her accepted lover (that being the rôle he assigned Frank Hubbard despite her sacred denial), Cornelia had cut short her visit to Petersburg.

He was deliberating with himself whether he would not stop a day on the Appomattox, say good-bye to the noble family which had taken him so readily at his own valuation of himself, and with no other endorsement than two young school-girls could give. Besides, now that Cornelia had treated him so badly, peerless, pure and sympathetic Ada would obtrude her image on his love-sick brain, and he was cherishing the picture all the while he made light of it. For Moran was now experiencing the emotions which fit one to love in good life-long faith, and to acknowledge appreciatively whatever measure of love might be bestowed in return. He had lost his mother. There was now no place he could call home. Pecuniary embarrassments, which he had never before known, met him every day, and while they were not as yet crushing, they forced themselves on his notice by way of taunting reminder. That long-legged spider—interest in bank—was spinning its web while he slept, and never forgotten for an instant was the nature of its thread. He was soon to sail across the great sea, and to live among a strange people, speaking a strange language, and addicted to customs and habits utterly foreign to his own.

Were he happily married, he thought, how different would all this be. He could then create a little world of his own, and venture into this one in which he now lived, as men go to the pole or take a voyage to China, with home ever in mind. But, here he was dallying with his destiny—and doomed he thought to wait till—

“The thievish years have sucked his sap away,
Pillaged his strength, and filched his will and wit.”

I said that he was so anxious to hear some tidings from Cornelia and Brookwood before leaving America, that he was about

to ask the conductor for a "lay-over" ticket at Petersburg, when the train thundered over the river bridge and pulled up at the depot.

And what handsome blonde woman is she, who lights up the car aisle with her joyous presence, and mellow, low, well-bred mirth—cutting off his contemplated exit to the platform? And her escort, with whom she talks, is he not our merry man of the slang phrases, and the hair that parts in the middle?

Surely these are the Cleburnes, brother and sister, who are taking his train; but he says nothing till the young woman is seated, and has her flowers and books and hand-bag arranged, and till the brother has leaned over and handed the checks for her trunks, and taken a good-bye kiss from those perfect lips.

His heart is in his throat again—this time with unalloyed delight. He has not seen a soul whom he knew since he took the train at Dunham, and a fortnight has elapsed since then.

He goes forward, ere Mr. Cleburne can leave the car, and takes him by the hand.

"My dear sir, allow me," he says, as they grip, and give what Edward Everett would call the pump-handle shake.

"Moran, my dear fellow, have you fallen from the moon? Where have you been, and where are you going? Are you not to stop here? I see by the papers you have been confirmed for some place in Europe. When do you sail? Did you know Ada was on this train? She is going to Alabama to see the Foleys. Do you go straight home? If so, I shall put her in your charge, instead of having one conductor swap her off to the next one."

Such was the volley Mr. Cleburne fired in rapid breath at the head of our hero, never giving him time to put in a word edgewise. The train was now moving off, and Moran pressed a hurried good-bye upon him; but Mr. Robert said that since he had met Archie, he would ride on through town to the other depot, and walk home.

"Let us go this way," he said, advancing to where Ada was sitting with sparkling eyes, she having witnessed the meeting in the car aisle.

"Do you remember this individual?" her brother said. "He will be your escort to Alabama, I guess," and she welcomed Moran warmly, and made way for him to sit beside her.

"It seems an age since you were in Petersburg, and yet it is only a few months," she said.

"I feel proud that you reckon it long, though I cannot hope I was missed—so brief was the period of my stay. Do you know that I was just on the point of stopping off to see you and your family, when you came aboard this train?" he replied.

"Well, it's not too late yet," observed the redoubtable brother, "she can get off and go back home with me, and take a fresh start with you to-morrow.—Talk fast! Here's the depot."

"Ridiculous, Buddy, what are you talking about?" said Ada.

"Well," said Robert, "give my love, both of you, to the Foley. Tell her she's present in my dreams, and that I will interview her on the great subject when I come for you, Ad, next month. Bye-bye," he said, "but remember, Moran, your promise to write me from Europe, for Ada and I will be at a dead loss till we hear from you," and with these words he leaped from the now rapidly moving car.

And then these two talked of the pleasant days they had passed together the winter before, and of the beautiful absent one far back in the mountains of Virginia, and of the gentle girl to see whom they were now winging their way southward.

"Do you ever hear from Miss Renfrew now?" he asked at length.

"Miss Renfrew!" said Ada. "You are grown wondrously formal in the matter of titles. When did you get so stately in your style of address? Ah, I beg pardon! You are going to Europe. I had forgotten."

Moran winced, while the young woman uttered this little pleasantry; but he said, "I hope you do not think of me in any such way as your remark would indicate. Let us say Miss Cornelia, or plain Cornelia, if you prefer. I *have* called her such," he added; and then it was Ada's turn to stare and feel that there might be something of which she did not know be-

tween her friend and this young fellow. And was she interested to have nothing between them that she might not know? Really, her expression just now would have seemed to indicate some such wish—half-formed, and lightly cherished though it were; but this may have been simply the effect of the pleasure it gave her to know that she was provided with a friendly escort the entire length of the long journey that was in front.

"Oh, I hear from her frequently," resumed the girl, "and she always asks if I know when you are going abroad. She knows that Laura Foley and I are correspondents, and expects that I should know in that way your every motion."

"Which you do not," Moran said, "as Miss Laura has other business for her thoughts than to charge them with more than an occasional notice of so humble an individual as myself, and I say this, knowing her to be one of my very best lady friends, too," he added.

"Indeed Laura does like you, as I have reason to know," said Ada Cleburne, "and her father, she told me, thinks the world and all of you. You ought to feel flattered that the prophet-without-honor proverb does not apply in your case; but I mean to find out when I get to Dunham, whether any one else is of that notion, since I have known fathers who praised young men to please their daughters. Besides, what a charming couple you and Laura would make—school-fellows, parents friends, 'hubby' and papa connected in business, and of opposite politics, youth and energy, old age and caution—what a delightful 'combindery,' to quote a piece of Buddy's slang! You see I have imagination, sir."

"Yes, an overflowing one, gorgeous as an eastern sky, rich as a Turkey carpet! Why, I would as soon think of marrying my double first cousin as of marrying Laura Foley," said Moran.

"What in the world could have put that in your head?"

"Why, the eternal fitness of the thing," laughed the girl. "Have I not explained the wherefore at length?"

"If," said Archie, "there were any force in the argument to be drawn from the good-will of the father, there is no one with

whom I stand higher than with Colonel Renfrew, and you can but be aware that there is no sunshine for me in that part of the heavens."

"How am I to be aware?" Ada asked. "Do you think we girls tell each other everything? No, sir, we are better than the gentlemen in keeping our secrets. Cornelia is my very dear friend, but she has never mentioned your name to me since we were school-girls, when she used to claim you as her sweetheart, but that, you know, don't count among grown girls. I would infer, if I did not know better, that you had never met each other till the meeting at our house. It is rather strange that she writes about you and yet won't talk of you."

"Miss Renfrew is a strange being," said the young man. "I was reading a letter the other day, written to the old Colonial Governor Winthrop, by his wife, one of the sternest of Puritans. 'I love thee,' she wrote, 'first because thou lovest Christ.' Do you know," he continued, "that I think the young lady of whom we are now speaking has much of the Mrs. Winthrop about her."

"With a good touch of the Mrs. Winslow, you will admit," smiled Ada.

"I don't follow," cried Archie. "I mean that like the old Puritan woman, your friend believes in mixing love with religion constantly and on all occasions. That she would want to be courted after the strict Bible pattern, which is ridiculous, to say the least, inasmuch as those old Eastern people had nothing in common with our mode of making matches."

"Well, if matches are, as they tell us, made in Heaven," replied Ada, "I think Cornelia is right in her notions, if what you give as such properly represent her. You seem, Mr. Moran, to have bestowed much philosophy on the workings of Cornelia's mind. I shall be shy of you from this time, fearing your mesmerism."

"Oh, you honor me overmuch," the young man answered. "In fact, I was in a semi-soliloquy—meditating indeed on the folly of applying to our Western civilizations the rules laid down in Almighty wisdom, I freely grant, for the Semitic races."

"Changing the subject slightly," said the buoyant bounding woman, "let us have some lunch. Will you fetch some ice-water?" handing him her cup.

While he went forward to the end of the car to get the water, Ada arranged the contents of her basket on the seat in front with artistic skill, deftly carving the cold fowl and assorting cake and sweet-meats in a manner that called forth the highest praise from Moran. Here was a rare pickle—her own compounding. What did he think of it? And then the distinguishing feature of its recipe was given and the name of its inventor—a noted Virginian dame of the long ago.

The girl rattled away in her live, buoyant manner—experiencing pleasure in the simple act of existence, charming in her utterance of commonplaces, but withal he felt her presence to be as bracing as quinine to his own spirit, which though young in time was faded already from the world's usage. He found himself constantly admiring her as she ate luncheon—being for the first time wonderfully impressed with her dark eyebrows, oddly placed, it had before seemed, with surroundings that were blonde throughout. The imp at his side was suggesting constant comparisons and contrasts between this brilliant town woman and her soberer and more accurately beautiful friend in the shades of Brookwood. And then his pride, sadly smitten by the late treatment Cornelia had given it, turned to Ada Cleburne praying to be smoothed and pampered; but during the long and lively journey she merely laughed away all his approaches of distinct favor, and constantly spoke of the Brookwood girl as the most perfect of mortals, her dearest friend, who had persuaded her to like Moran, and no longer than a week ago, knowing of the Alabama visit, had written her to say good-bye to him for all Brookwood before America lost and Europe won his majesty.

All Archie's art was employed in vain to dissuade Ada from her steady use of raillery, and the girl's inner self did not show at all. Not that he was in love with her; but that his disposition to sift the springs of character was foiled—this made the

ennui and chagrin that was seen clearly by the blue-eyed Petersburger long before Dunham was reached, and Laura Foley's arm encircled her at the depot.

But Moran was determined to persevere in his character search. Something had been gained in making headway. A fortnight remained before the steamer sailed; a horse-back ride had been arranged, which was to cover the entire circuit of the Ravenscroft valley; he was under pledge to call at Colonel Paul Foley's frequently in the short time left before saying good-bye, and then, over and above all, was not she and her clever brother to spend the coming winter in Italy, and had she not talked from Knoxville to Chattanooga about Virgil's tomb, and Pompeii, and Vesuvius, and the amber islands which lie in the singing seas that encircle Naples. There was time enough to decipher her character, patience said. "It is not such a bad world after all," was what the young person, whose young experiences I am with stale and prosy pen recording, said to himself, as the early morning train bore him away from his native town to take shipping for Liverpool.

The Foleys and their guest, the Rector and his wife, old Jim with the bridle of Moran's favorite animal, the mare Effie Deans, in hand—these were at the depot, though the hour was early, to see the last wave of his handkerchief from the platform of the rear car.

The returns of the State election were in, and it was Judge Foley who held Moran's hand so tightly, after giving him letters to Lewter & Co., of Wall Street, who would arrange his letter of credit, and to an old New York barrister, who would, the Judge prophesied, show him marked social attentions, on account of courtesies due the late Governor Moran.

The Rector's wife had sent him a sealed package, with a long note, the evening before, the former containing a costly copy of the Book of Common Prayer for pocket use, and the latter much motherly sympathy, and pure pity for the loneliness of the foreign life. These in his deepest soul he rightly valued, and was grateful for. From Mrs. Roberts he received his one parting

kiss—a fact which woke him to the cruel knowledge of the depth and bitterness of his mother's loss.

Old Jim blubbered outright, and no entreaty or command could make him take the greenback bill which Archie tried to slip in the black brawny fist that gave him good-bye.

Laura Foley was as dear to him as a younger sister, and so thoroughly acquainted with his feelings to all others of her sex as never to be conscious of impropriety in treating him with familiarity. She now stole to his side and placed a button-hole bouquet, which she unpinned from Ada Cleburne's bosom, on the lapel of his coat, as the train whistled for the station, while her sweet eyes looking up in his, photographed their parting glance for her own reveries in the future.

"How happy you will make some good fellow's home one day," he said to her in acknowledgment of this little kindness, though his gaze was upon Ada as he spoke. And Ada—had she any marked farewell for the young runaway?

None,—none whatever. Would she not see him again, and in pleasant Naples too. She was glad he was going, and wanted him to study well the guide-books, and learn the language by the time she and her brother came over. Such was Ada's good-bye.

But there was one sign about her and half enveloping her, cheering to Moran as the plume of Navarre to the wearied trooper at Ivry. That wealth of hair, the color of old gold, which he had been constantly praising since the afternoon, when on Effie Deans she rode with him through the woodlands and lowlands of Ravenscroft, its rich folds hanging to her waist, and bound only with a single fillet about the brow—was it not given in all wildness and abandon to the breath of this early summer morning in compliment to him? Was it a far stretch of fancy to think there was at the least an appreciation shown in this way of his profuse and undisguised admiration of that which the apostle pronounced "the glory of woman"?

But he was told when he noticed it that Laura Foley had made the wearer thereof rise at such a heathenish hour that there

was not time enough to complete her toilet. The tone of her voice, however, stamped this as one of those charming little white lies which society must employ to save us from turning Quakers, and draping this goodly earth in drab. Certain it is that Moran, who was by no means in love with the woman, but only in love with her hair, the which his countenance plainly indicated, was made entirely happy just after this remark by the most friendly of farewells, given in the quick yet hearty pressure of his hand, in the rich roll of her ringing laugh, heard above the noise of the departing train, and in the enthusiastic, long-continued waving of her handkerchief to a like signal of his own.

As the long stretch of iron track ended in an abrupt curve, the last distinguishable object in the little group on the depot platform, was the rich flash of that wealth of yellow hair, and somewhere hidden in its meshes was his heart.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EN ROUTE.

Three miles out from Dunham the river, which flows by Ravenscroft, cuts its way through a wild gorge made by the severance of one of the many spurs of the Blue Ridge. Parallel with the river and fifty feet above its low-water mark is the railroad track, located with a heavy grade till the top of the little pass is reached, from which one gets a last but distinct view of the town.

It was with genuine emotions of manly sorrow that Moran looked down upon the clear waters closely associated with the pleasures and triumphs of a virile laughing youth, and beyond them caught the shimmer of the morning sun upon the tin roofs of the larger residences in Dunham. The spires of more than one church and noticeable clumps of trees indicated the location

of more humble dwellings, which, with the characteristics of their occupants, he was now mentally classifying, and his brain was kept busy for some hours with many hued reflections upon the village life left behind.

That flaunting mass of planks painted drab and topped with a tower, standing on the most conspicuous of the town's elevations, is the residence of a petty railroad king, a great chuffy fellow, sedulously silent and worshipped by a good-sized platoon of dependent station agents, telegraph operators and mechanics. This gentleman first made his mark in finance (he will say *feenance*, and it is a favorite word with him) in the Commissary Department of the late Confederate States, and Foley, who hates all the new nobility, is not afraid to say that, but for the abrupt dissolution of the Confederate States Civil Service, the railway king would have seen the inside of a penitentiary.

The new block with the mansard roof, the most prominent object in this picture, now retreating from Moran's gaze, is in the centre of the town and belongs to a Southern Yankee—a man who came to Dunham long before the war, from West Massachusetts, and marrying a hard-visaged spinster dowered with many slaves, had made current in the country an odious pass-word, originated and chiefly practiced by himself. It was, in managing negroes, "to feed well, work well and whip well."

This person, while the most blatant of secessionists, never for once believed in the probability of Southern Independence, and in the second year of the war had quietly converted his wife's slaves into cotton and manufactured tobacco, a large quantity of which he had on hand at the close of hostilities. Converting this into greenbacks, in the early fall of 1865, when the prices of such staples ruled high, he at once became possessed of much ready money in the midst of a people who could not command the bare necessity of pocket change.

Usury had supplemented his war luck, and he now divided with the railway magnate Colonel Foley's curses and the worship of all the dependent natures of the town not already subject to his co-ruler.

The third man in wealth was the late Confederate Salt Agent for the County.

“The soldier’s widow knows him well,
His children beg from door to door,
And shiver while they strive to tell
How he has robbed the wretched poor.”

This was the poetry the Foleys and men of that stamp quoted against him. He had shaved County paper, he had used government funds to speculate in an article of common necessity at a time when it was scarce and the cry for it came from women and children, and the result of his unrighteous thrift was seen by our traveller in the heavy volume of smoke, which now rose from the one large iron foundry that stood near the depot and which employed several scores of workmen.

Perhaps it was as well that he was leaving a home which, despite its fierce denunciation of the new-fashioned carpet-bag larceny, gave such mortifying exhibitions of the utter corruption of the era when taxation was by tithing in kind, and supplies for the war were impressed instead of purchased.

While the best and bravest of her beautiful black-eyed boys were lying in the neck of land between Richmond and Washington, shot to death by the recruits whom Archbishop Hughes furnished Mr. Seward, Alabama was now ranking among her chiefest citizens men who speculated on the necessities of the soldier, and wrung from his family grievous and arbitrary tolls. It was as well that he should be absent awhile and hope for a change that would reinstate honor on the throne. That was a work in which he would gladly have borne a part, but being a Radical he knew it would be denied him by the Bourbons from their bitterness and scorn of alien help—by the ex-Confederate camp-followers from motives of self-interest, as they were the parties to be attacked. These last constitute in the South, wherever found, the so-called liberal element of the Democracy. They answer to the “dough-face” of the Kansas-Nebraska times—a character then well-known to the North.

But there came a warm glow about his heart as the last clump of the village trees hid from sight and the train tore on the down grade that stretched for miles with the winding river. He was thinking of the many noble widowed hearts in the old town, who in the midst of wrecked fortunes would fain have wrecked too but that broods of young children, the pledges of brave dead men's loves, surrounded them and were to be reared in the knowledge that there was no taint of shame in the act that caused their orphanage. With this forcing itself so vividly upon his mind, the thought came collaterally, "What permanent place of honor or regard did the South offer in the future for one of his political opinions?"

Were not these children of whom he was now thinking so tenderly, and with such strong patriotic and race attachment, were they not to him even as Banquo's issue to false Macbeth? Would the line not stretch out to "the crack of doon," and if so, what folly were the politicians and the newspapers putting into his brain for the pure gold of truth?

Would not the Frenchman plot for Alsace despite all Bismarck's beating, and had Hungary forgotten Batthyanyi and '48 till Andrassy went to Vienna?

There was the Scotch Union, it was true, and the Highlanders had been coaxed and legislated into wearing breeches; but had they yielded anything worth keeping, and had they not gained much from the richer English which that people were obliged to yield.

There would be no Poland nor Ireland on this side the water, if Thad Stevens did want such a change in our geography, and despite the prophecy of the Southern school-boys that he would be gratified.

What then remained, so Moran mused, but Macbeth and the line of Banquo's baby kings. He was not frightened for himself, but he readily saw how the North could be, and he no longer blamed the Carpet-Bagger Gardees, who, addicted to statistics, had said that the fertile birth rate of the native Southern English would propagate the heresy of States' rights and home

rule, faster than the barren trunk of Puritanism, grafted with the thick throated races of the Baltic, could rivet the blessed bolts of centralization.

And speaking of Gardees, reminds me to say that he was the first and only person whom Moran met in New York that was known to him.

Going into the banking-house of Lewter & Co., of Wall Street, to present his letter of introduction from Colonel, now Judge, Foley, the clerk at the wire railing left his stand for a moment, and coming in front escorted him into a side room handsomely furnished, where sat a member of the firm and Gardees in consultation.

Though it was high noon and hot in the streets, the gray light, which stole through the ground glass windows of this upholstered dungeon (for such from the thick walls, the cool clammy air and this sombre light it seemed) made the faces of the two men at first sight appear like masks.

But when the letter had been read, and Moran was addressed by the banker, the Carpet-Bagger bowed and made himself known.

"On your way to Europe, eh?" he said.

"Yes," from Moran.

"I am leaving Alabama too. There is nothing more there for me since the State has gone into the hands of the Rebels, and I guess I'll try the Buckeyes awhile."

"Where do you go?" said the younger man.

"To Cleveland. I have lived there before, and have made some real estate investments, which promise well, and which I shall look after myself from this on. I was just talking the matter over with Mr. Lewter, when you came in." Then turning to Mr. Lewter, and grasping a good-sized brown paper package, he said, "You think Mumford is my best chance for a broker? The d—d things have been kept too long already. I shall make way with them at any price before sunset."

With good-bye to Moran and a bow to the banker, the Carpet-Bagger took his package and made off.

Now this Lewter was the son of the gentleman who has been mentioned in the first part of this story as having temporarily resided in Halifax, Nova Scotia, while Mr. Seward was filling the dungeons of Fort Warren with the best men of the North; and he had there got "much gaigneful pillage," to quote an esteemed Puritan authority of the past century, by trading to Wilmington, N. C., with the Rebels. He it was who had taken such good care of the funds which Colonel Foley had left with him at the breaking out of the war, from which funds I have mentioned that Archie's good mother had drawn \$300 to get him away from Brookwood and entered at W—— College.

The Lewters were, as has been said, out and out "copper-heads," Southern to the core as their Virginia birth demanded; but were by no means destitute of that Northern training which, in "gathering gear by every wile," looked not in every case to find honorable justification for dealing with men known to them to be scoundrels. Their house had been a sort of New York headquarters for the Southern railroad robbers, who hawked State bonds about the street as newsboys do war bulletins and royal proclamations.

The choice of their house among so many others in that maelstrom of madness, which surges in sound of the Trinity bells, arose perhaps from the fact that they were known to be Southern in feeling, and the aforesaid railroad ring had for its head a quasi-Democrat, to wit, Mr. Pepper.

It is enough to say that Pepper and Lollamead were frequent visitors in the handsome, cool dungeon, with its dressing-room, its luncheon-room, and its little sideboard liquor stand attached, where Moran and the junior member of the firm now sat and chatted about Colonel Foley, and Alabama, and the Carpet-Bagger exodus, and the condition of the cotton crop, and the popular feeling about the State debt.

"There was twenty thousand dollars' worth of your State's endorsed railway bonds in that package the Judge carried out of here a moment ago," said young Lewter during the course of the conversation about the State debt.

"Lollamead, of whom you were speaking, fell out with Gardees about the 'divvy' in some matters down in your State, and by injunction kept off a transfer of the packages you saw to any *bona fide* holder; but I think they have now made up their differences, though the bonds since their deposit with us have gone down very much in price."

Moran then remembered and recounted the scene in the bank in Montgomery, when Gardees came in with this very package and how that Lollamead had been made aware of information, which it was originally intended only Mr. Pepper and the Judge should know, to wit, that these bonds had been given him on condition of his holding that their issue was regular, which it was not, and this information communicated in advance of the publication of the opinion, Mr. Pepper was to use in gathering to himself shekels from the uninformed of Wall Street.

But General Lollamead, who made no money in this venture which succeeded by falsely telegraphing Gardees' opinion as the holding of the highest court, rallied, and for revenge had the Supreme Court to over-rule Gardees, and to decide that the bonds were irregularly issued and void even in the hands of *bona-fide* holders. Then the bonds went down, and Lollamead combining with Pepper bought largely, and having a case made up for the U. S. Courts, procured our friend Brown of Ku Klux notoriety to hold otherwise, which sent the bonds up, when Lollamead and Pepper sold out at a large advance; but not so Gardees with others, who were not in the secret.

What did Lollamead and Pepper do after having emptied their own load, but induce the Governor to employ counsel for the State, who procured injunctions prohibiting Gardees and others from transferring their bonds to *bona-fide* holders, who might sue in the United States Courts, which injunctions were postponed from time to time to give the State opportunity to show that the defendants were not themselves *bona-fide* holders.

But when this piece of finesse failed to force Gardees and his side to sell out, and the public shame which now broke out from the bonds, being tracked to them, made no impression upon

their obduracy, Lollamead withdrew the Governor from the chase, and the court properly decided it could not restrain the transfer. But a cruel blow had been given Gardees. He swore falsely that he owned none of the bonds, and was contradicted both by Pepper and Lewter's clerk. The Democratic newspapers rasped him unsparingly, and he had been defeated in the late election by a large vote for the judgeship of his circuit.

Yet young Lewter told Archie that Gardees had been the most successful of all the carpet-baggers of his acquaintance, and was the owner of an entire block in the city of Cleveland, valued at \$150,000.

Another visitor now entering, the banker had him seated, and returning to the office with Moran, introduced him to a clerk, who soon had his letter of credit ready, and with it some English gold for use on the steamer and during his first few days after landing.

By this person's advice the amount which he had first wished in his letter of credit was materially reduced, and he was induced to purchase a through ticket from New York to Naples, from the admirably conducted American branch of the house of Thomas Cook & Son, of London.

So that now, with route selected, steamer's berth selected, the stereotyped guide-book bought, and its mandates as to rubber coat and deck chairs being complied with, he felt easy in mind and spent his parting night in America as peacefully as if he were an infant in arms.

I cannot inflict even upon the most rural of readers any description of sea-sickness, sea-hogs, or sea-chickens. The New Jersey clergy have done that till the bookseller who deals in travels walks in fear of his life.

But a word may be safely said of the company he found on deck, and about whom his expectations had been highly excited by hearing from the papers and in conversation with fellow passengers whom he had met in the steamer's office, that it was to be a most select assortment of the *ton* of the North.

One of Grant's pets was going abroad to fill a high diplomatic

post, and the Custom House officials of New York, re-enforced with a crowd of ward politicians, were packed, as thick as the standing-room allowed, on the decks of a little steamboat which kept alongside the great Cunarder till the mouth of the bay was reached. While these fellows huzzaed and waved little flags and emptied big glasses of liquor—all to the health, of course, of the aforesaid pet, that person protruded his fair round belly over the steamer's side and smiled and smiled, and held aloft his new beaver hat. Around this tragic figure were gathered all of the ship's company who could of right be called distinguished.

They were in the order of merit as follows: An old fellow who had read prayers a long while back at West Point, and who called himself a professor in the U. S. Military academy. He was harmless and had forever on his tongue (to the mute admiration of a *real* Iowa professor who walked in his shadow), Veear Sarcrar, Chain chee, Madeichee, Paree, and like scholarly sounds. There was an ex-Congressman who had failed in that last shift of ex-Congressmen, the crew of the Claim Agents, and he was going off on borrowed money to lead the life of an old boy about town among the European gambling resorts.

There was a whole corps of invalided clergymen, each of whom was armed with a pocket flask of cognac, which they were constantly telling each other had been prescribed for their health—the remark in every case being supplemented with a short biography and eulogy of the celebrated New York physician who had prescribed, and when it chanced that two of them had gone in their disorder to the same fountain-head of healing the joy knew no bounds, and one eulogy sufficed.

But the feet of these people was the most wonderful puzzle to the inexperienced Alabamian of all else about the ship. He had seen as a child the winter purchases of brogans by the box for his mother's slaves, and knew that nines and tens were the usual numbers for the most powerful of the field hands; but here was a party of select gentlemen rolling in wealth, many of them, and their cow-hide monitors were actu-

ally a thing of terror to a man with Christian extremities, who essayed a walk on deck when the ship was rolling. To make their deformity more pronounced, they wore shoes a number too large for the feet, and shod with the broad bevelled Scotch sole. These were not Chicago people, else he might have understood it, but were scattered from Nahant to Yankton.

The rarest specimen of this to him strange civilization was a young New Yorker, who introduced himself and offered a cigar, which was declined, within ten minutes after the steamer left the wharf. He wore heavy padding in the shoulder points of his sack coat, so that he seemed at a distance a young Hercules. This fraud which Moran at first swallowed, in envy of its excellence, was betrayed when he stooped his genuine shoulders to draw from an inner pocket a large sized photograph of her whom he called his "duck," and whose bizarre beauty he begged the Southerner to admire.

In the course of a short turn or two of the forward deck this person informed Moran that he was rich, that he hated Mr. Hamilton Fish for being a gentleman, that he had been made a mason the night previous, and that if Moran, whose name even he did not as yet know, had the good luck to be a member of that venerable order, it would be agreeable to go over together the signs and pass-words of the craft.

What else was there to do, when the Custom House dead-beats threw their last empty bottle after the great ship, and gave their last huzza to the great diplomat of the deck, except to take refuge from this young bore in the company of a Galveston gambler, who asked him if he was not from the South, and remarked as his affirmative answer was given that the information was unnecessary as his manner indicated it.

And then came some fine fun, when the diplomatic pet coming to Moran's end of the deck was heard to sympathize with that rare band of thieves, the Southern Reconstruction Governors. Quick as thought the Texas man wanted to know if he endorsed Davis of his State, and the pet squirmed and twisted and smiled, and evaded the issue in a most diplomatic fashion.

Lest I break my promise about the dolphins and Mother Carey's chickens, my hero shall take sea-sick right here as Sandy Hook is passed, and necessitate the closing of this too long chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A LETTER FROM ARCHIBALD MORAN TO ROBERT CLEBURNE.

VIENNA, August 15, 1873.

MY DEAR CLEBURNE:—Remembering as you do my promise to write from this place and give my impressions of the two months' run I have made over Western Europe, you will look, perhaps, for detailed information to guide the trip soon to be taken by yourself and sister.

This, on reflection, I find to be out of my power for lack of space, lack of the requisite knowledge, and from a conviction besides that you might be misled by following my wilful track of travel, and so lose other and better sights and sounds. Hence, you must be content with the most general impressions received in the hurry of transit, and now for the first time committed to paper.

In the first place I made a hasty run through Ireland from Queens-town to Dublin and thence came to Chester on the Dee, where I would rather pass my life than in any spot I have ever seen.

Naples is said to be the most charming site on the globe, but not to one of my temperament can its rich coloring afford that sense of bliss which Chester gave me in as marked degree as the water lilies of the Ouse soothed the troubled soul of poor Cowper.

I pass over Ireland here as quickly as I did over its surface. You know that I "take no stock" in the story of its wrongs, and believe it is saved from anarchy only by the rule of the English. It has fat cattle and big beds of peat; its grass is black green, and its beggars wear old beaver hats, strings of black cloth for cravats, and hold the left hand under the flap of a swallow-tailed coat made of brown linsey, whenever the train runs into a station where they are standing. It must be that an Irishman first gave to Comedy the notion of the "shabby genteel."

London is, of course, a world within itself. Stop at the Charing Cross hotel when you come over, for the reason that it is the best point

from which to make a beginning corner in your survey of that mighty Omphalos. The matter of food is, or ought to be, secondary with every man of sense to keeping his head right, and to go home every night in London by some cross street, is to confuse the geography learned during the day. On the other hand, if you sleep at some noted point and reach out each day in constantly widening circles from your base, one can soon experience the great pleasure of acquiring the topography of even the largest city with something of that exactness by which his native village can be called into existence by the mere act of will. So with London, in a three weeks' stay, I widened my circles till I reached out as far as Sydenham, eighteen miles, where is situated the Crystal Palace with the permanent trophies of the world's fair of 1851. The splendid aquarium at this place made me half believe in evolution.

Three months devoted to Buckle before leaving home, reading his every line over and over again, did not tend to keep down such foolish thoughts, as foolish we must consider them till they are utterly refuted or our pupils are dilated to see clearer.

I freely confess to Anglo-mania, and am, of course, too polite to vindicate at length my delusion, for there is delusion in all mania, and my love for England and all things English has long passed the bounds of desire or passion and is, I confess, abnormal and diseased. When I stand prepared to vindicate Cromwell's order to shoot all Irishmen found on the left bank of the Shannon, when I can overlook the bastardy which sprung from such a fellow as the Second Charles, remembering, as I must, Charles Fox and Sarah Lennox and those glorious Napier boys; when her very roughs and bullies are dear to me, knowing, as I do, that from such material Clive formed the army that won India for trade and will finally win it for the civilization of the Bible; when I make arguments for the little island that sound like Macaulay's vindication of London for having one hundred thousand thieves, to wit: that no other place on earth but London could support a hundred thousand thieves—you, of course, can call such talk nothing short of maniacal. And yet those thieves founded Australia. You will from all this not be surprised to learn that I liked Paris in every way less than London. I saw less for the mind to work upon and less pleasant employment for the eye even.

If this is a world of work, with pleasure thrown in, to fit us the better for business, surely to one of that opinion the daily stride of the great town on the Thames is a more impressive sight for the eye, even, than the afternoon turnout on the Boulevard Italiens, or the manufactures that are seen in the Palais Royal.

And death is positively too good for the man, unless he be French, who

can show sentiment in the Hotel des Invalides and lack it in the great Abbey, or assume to feel for Notre Dame the emotions which belong to St. Paul's and to St. Paul's alone. The French are only the Irish civilized. They have no mission to seek the uttermost parts of the planet and to bring them into harmony with the enlightened relations which exist in the upper meridians that lie on either side Greenwich. I can no more permit their charming politeness to subdue me from entertaining a slight opinion of their capacity for real world-reaching business than I can admire the generosity of their first cousin, the Irishman, who borrows my five dollars and spends it in treating me to champagne.

I know you will smile at all this and sincerely pity me, and throw the quick discharge of the Prussian Indemnity at my head; but I say that a people of thirty-five millions, who had been conquered as they were in thirty-five days, ought to have paid the price of their shame even quicker than they did. The nobility of the action stands out strongly, I grant you, as soon as the contrast is drawn with the things said and done prior to it.

You would do me great wrong to suppose that I do not value the obligations humanity owes to Voltaire and Montesquieu, who interpreted the mind of Britain to France and through France to the Continent, or that poor crazy Jean Jacques, who burned his delirious cries for a higher humanity in the brains of the Gallic *Commune*, has no place in my esteem.

I tried hard to do credit to the beautiful country when I stood in the Place de la Concordé with the ruined Tuilleries behind me and that glorious stretch of street, the Champs Elysees (ending in the haughty arch of Napoleon, the bloody,) lying in front; but the ruins of Mont Valerien and the advertisement, "Republique Francais," on every public building in the capital, notifying the people of the brand under which their latest political panacea was patented, forbid me to harbor sentiments of thorough respect for them or their country.

The guide books will tell you all about the pleasant run I made through Belgium, with its clean and well-paved roads, its smoking cauldrons from which are poured every cunning contrivance in iron and steel, its rows of aspens and Lombardy poplars bounding in squares and rectangles, the well-tilled fields, its multitudes of fat, shovel-hatted, scoundrelly priests, its pictures, which, when surveyed by the square mile, an honest traveller cannot find it in his heart to say he admires except in the gross, as one compliments a whole meadow full of Devons or Cotswolds; its beautiful cathedral at Antwerp, the rich valley of the Scheldt, seen from its spire, and what the guide books won't tell you I will add here, and that is of the indignation which, after the lapse of

three centuries, still rises in every reader of Motley, that the cursed trail of Philip the Second is still seen in the bigotry of the Belgian peasant, which good Leopold and Victoria's godmotherhood, and the near proximity of free, if feverish, France; has not been able to eradicate. The Rhine glories can be read best in Childe Harold. A whole train of historical associations are there awakened which make the picture pregnant with life.

In Munich I saw the frescoes of Schnorr, descriptive of the *Niebelungen Lied*, and I wake up at night scared by the murder in Haran's eye. I am, of course, a fool to think these frescoes the finest pictures in the world; just as I am a fool to think the Greek Slave a finer stroke of genius than the Venus of the Medecis, as I know I will think when I see the original of the last named. My reason is the same in both cases. The frescoes riveted my natural, honest notice in all the crowded mart of Munich art, and impressed me as accomplishing the feat of "holding the mirror up to Nature" beyond anything I saw in London, the Louvre, Antwerp, Brussels or Dresden. The Greek Slave looks like a nude female. None of the costly copies of the Florence Venus which the galleries that I have seen contain, do so accurately describe the perfect girl's form; for there is no notion of a woman to a Northern mind in either of them.

I will let you know when I get to Italy whether I "take back" any of this. In my next I will try to say something of the great exhibition here in which our country plays so beggarly a part, showing, as it does, chiefly sewing machines and soda fountains. There are, besides, some photographs, some false teeth, and a Chicago bar-room where a very vile julep is sold, as I can myself testify.

A New England school-house is the chief trophy of our civilization, and that has been utilized by our practical countrymen and loud-voiced countrywomen as a post-office and lounging room, so that being constantly filled with natives it affords little chance for inspection by inquisitive strangers.

Adieu till I bore you again; meanwhile I am, as ever,

A. M.

CHAPTER XXV.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

NAPLES, Sept. 20, 1873.

MY DEAR CLEBURNE:—The officials in Washington told me that all our ministers over here would be in the mountains during the hot weather, and that my *exequatur* would on that account probably be delayed; so that acting on this hint I loitered on my way out—the more so after I was informed by my predecessor here that the said *exequatur* was making just the speed prophesied for it in the Department at Washington.

Easy therefore in my official mind, I betook myself to improving the routine knowledge of French I learned at college, and who would you think was my instructor or rather instructress?

Why, the most glorious Magyar beauty you ever saw, the daughter of a Hungarian restaurant keeper in the Exposition grounds at Vienna, by name Emma, or, as she wrote it, E'mon Ziffey.

I would I were a Thackeray to describe to you the full measure of her ripe olive loveliness, the perfectly innocent passion with which her searching Southern eyes regarded my poor face, and dwelt upon my evident, but awkwardly denoted admiration for her.

She gave me her address, and promised to write to me, which promise has been performed, as witness a long French letter this day received, the half of which I do not understand, and I am afraid to have my predecessor in office, who is for the present my Vice-Consul, translate it for me; but it is enough to say that it contains much affection, much womanly admiration and presumes this plain American citizen, your very humble servant, to be a Bonanza King, and the son of a Cabinet Minister at the least.

I see in its every line, as I saw in my fortnight's flirtation with her under the linden trees of the Vienna Prater, the hand of her devilish old mother, who is a perfect Sycorax, and evidently meant to "take me in," by profuse applications of what was really the best Tokay wine ever pressed on the banks of the Danube.

I never saw the sin of telling E'mon in bad French that I loved her, or of hearing the same words in sweeter sounds from her own lips, and when I, as now seems plain, foolishly magnified my office, told her of

my loneliness and described the beauties of Naples, my future home, her rapt inclining to the tale did not impress me as being the pose of Desdemona to the black Moor I knew myself to be, especially where French was to be spoken.

But the meaning of the mother's Tokay at her rooms, in Ferdinand Strasse, coupled with the daughter's letter and certain unadvised words by me spoken on a certain evening, when Strauss's band was playing for the Shah of Persia, (E'mon and I having a nook where the light of the great revolving calcium lamp did not reach,) which words shall be nameless even to so firm a friend as I take you to be—all these things tend to mar the pleasant novelty of my Neapolitan residence.

Really, the affair worries me more than you can imagine. My love of adventure prompted me to make approaches, which, on the part of those who should have been her guardians, were treated as the parents of the Pompadour treated the casting of Louis's royal handkerchief.

I can find no fit words to make even polite answer to this wretched letter, and have no heart to causelessly wound what I feel sure is, up to this time, a white heart.

My impulse is and my action shall be frankly to own my error, and without a word of circumlocution or deceit, to set forth the difference in our social positions, the utter thoughtlessness of my conduct, the keen lash of the whip, which remorse now holds over me, winding up with gentlemanly words of honest advice to her, and a petition of pardon for myself. In such a scrape as this I cannot find consolation by thinking there is truth in the common proverb, by which young men put such things aside, to wit: "that it will be all the same a year from now."

I am no "goody goody" youth, as even your brief acquaintance with me will confirm, but I could never look a born lady in the face, after having profited at the expense of her lowlier sister's virtue. And most I shudder to think that for weeks I walked daily on the rim of a volcano, with my very feet in the lava.

Let me turn to a more pleasant theme—my old world home—beautiful bright, lazy, cheap Naples.

But who can describe the indescribable? You and Miss Ada, to whom I beg to be most kindly remembered, will ere long, I hope, see it for yourselves, and I have planned many fine days' pleasure for you at Pompeii, Sorrento, Capri, Balæ, etc., etc. I may even go back with you to Rome, especially if you linger in the peninsula, as you should do, till the Carnival comes on.

My trip to the old town was in the very heat of the dog days. All the decent people were in the hills and hollows of the Apennines, and the fear of Campagna fever dogged my every footstep; but the early

spring in which I hope you may take good-bye of it, is said to show its beauties to the uttermost.

Here it is beautiful at all times. If you do not come out till spring, run across from Harwich to Antwerp, and come into Italy from Vienna. There is no more interesting country in Europe, nor one less known to Americans than southern Austria.

Gratz and Laibach are well worth seeing, and the Valley of the Mur is like the land of Beulah, dear to the heart of the shepherd.

I received a letter since reaching my post from your friend, Miss Laura Foley, (don't get jealous and pull your hair,) and that altogether harmless epistle informs me that you are expected to be in Dunham at an early day to take Miss Ada home.

I want you while there to ride out and look at my old home, since in consequence of a big debt I owe in bank, and on which I just learn suit has been brought, it may not be mine much longer. Perhaps if you are flush of funds and meditate a change of residence farther South (as I half suspect is the case), there might be some temptation held out by a sight of the old place to purchase it, if the sheriff is to have a sale for the benefit of my good friends in the bank.

What a sly thief compound interest is, and what a precious set of Shylocks old Salmon Chase bred, when he devised the National bank system!

I cannot believe but that old Nick Biddle, restored to earth, would make it his first duty to erect a monument to Andy Jackson for killing him in his other life.

Old Jim, as trusty a soul as ever took an agency, will do the honors of Ravenscroft in my absence, and set before you a bottle of port that dates back to my father's time. A glass of it will be remembered even by your well-bred palate. If Jim should by any means be remiss, let him know that you are my friend, and fail not to take the port under penalty of my displeasure.

I greatly rejoice over the news I get from home, that Grant has pardoned nearly all the Ku Klux prisoners in Albany. Many of them were rightly punished, but the order being now disbanded, the President has shown his good sense in declining to make martyrs of men, some of whom were in truth suffering vicariously.

What makes this news especially agreeable to me, is that it was the work of men of my own party—some of them belonging to the Carpet-Bag wing of it. General Lollamead, of whom you heard me speak in connection with my winter's visit to Washington, exerted himself and spent money to accomplish the pardon.

Let me hear from you as to the probable time when you will leave America, and of your proposed route to reach Italy.

Faithfully yours,

ARCH'D MORAN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A COUPLE OF CA-SA'S.

The semi-annual sessions of the Southern States District Courts afford perhaps the best opportunity to a foreigner to study the characteristics of the average Southern citizen. On such occasions by far the larger part of the voters of the county visit the court-house, arrayed in their best dress, and exhibiting their best manners.

Many women of the lower classes are present, some in the capacity of witnesses, some to consult attorneys regarding the division of petty estates in which they are distributees, and some as mere lookers-on of a scene, which to them possesses all the interest, and is criticised with the discernment which distinguished Partridge on the night of the play.

When celebrated criminal causes are for trial, it is not unusual that the *ton* of the county turn out, especially if some noted advocate is advertised to "make the greatest effort of his life." It is certain that the very best show of horse flesh will then be made of which the locality is capable, and that much "swapping" will be indulged in for no apparent cause whatever.

If the term of the court fall at the beginning of a political campaign, the rival candidates for county offices are most probably nominated, or announce themselves as candidates, without the formality of conventions; if in the midst of the campaign, the judge kindly adjourns court for half a day to give the stump speakers his bench and court-room.

There will be a good old-fashioned sermon from the presiding judge on the excellence of the common law and the history of grand juries, a reproof probably for the condition of the public roads, a review of the more recent acts of the legislature, and many thickly larded compliments upon the county.

Something like the above would have been seen and heard by any one with good eyes and ears, who should have attended the Fall Term, 1873, of the Superior Court for the County of Dunham, State of Alabama, Paul Foley, judge, presiding.

"Will you call over the new bill docket, Mr. Clerk?" said His Honor, after the solicitor had finished his cases continued from last term.

"No. 1, *State vs. Reuben Maloney*, indictment for embezzling county funds," said the Clerk.

"Are you ready to try, gentlemen?" asked His Honor of the benches below him.

"In a minnit, if yer Honor please," squeaked an old crack-voiced shyster, who had been man and boy in the purlieus of the bar for thirty years, and at this moment had his ear (the one that did not have a mole on it) stuck nigh to Maloney's rapidly-moving lips.

The result of this conversation was that the shyster, after the State announced its readiness, read an affidavit to support a motion for continuance. This affidavit Judge Foley ruled to be insufficient, and the shyster proceeded to show his knowledge of human nature in the selection of a jury, in which he made such a poor success that three of his four peremptory challenges were exhausted before his client secured one friendly face in the array. That face belonged to a colored man, and to it was added, after using the last challenge, one other of the same cast.

These humble black men, honest so far as was known, constituted the thief's reliance for an acquittal, hoping as he did that they would remember the meetings of the Union League in which he had enjoyed sweet brotherly communion with them, and stand out to the last against the white jurymen.

There were now eleven men in the box, and the regular venire had been exhausted for several minutes. The last talesman called and tendered was our venerable friend, Gilbert Kroom, who successfully passed the ordeal of the shyster's challenge for cause and completed the dozen.

Maloney had hopes that even old Kroom might be for him,

basing these on the fact that Jeff Kroom, along with young Holt and the other Dunham Ku Klux, had been recently pardoned, and that the Attorney General positively refused to send up the applications till Maloney and the colored man, Hines, the parties injured in the premises, requested the pardon.

He argued, therefore, that the forgiving disposition shown on that occasion would secure like treatment on the part of Kroom, who, however, valued Maloney's charity in its true light, which was an enforced concession to the overwhelming force of Dunham public opinion.

That opinion pronounced emphatically that the prisoners had sufficiently atoned for the spare punishment inflicted on the Irishman and the negro, and to it the aggrieved parties bowed with what they claimed to be grace and forgiveness.

Gilbert Kroom entertained very different opinions regarding the obligations imposed upon jurymen from those attributed to him by the red-headed defendant in this case. He viewed the oath pronounced by the clear-voiced clerk as the solemn imperial sound of some heavenly message, summoning him to take a part, however humble, in the awful administration of justice. His white locks and ruddy but stern face were conspicuous in the very centre of the box, and impressed upon the beholder a sense of his rude but patriarchal dignity. His mind was wholly blank in the learning of the schools, but rich in a store of scriptural proverbs and the saws of every-day life, the truth of which had been tested by half a century's experience. No man would have sooner scorned to bring into the jury box his private hatreds or loves, and he honestly felt that, while he could overlook his dislike for the Ku Klux when they so meritoriously thrashed the Irishman, he could and would not refuse him every legal advantage in the court house.

It is alien to the drift of this tale to deal in the details of Maloney's trial, and the reader will be content to know that the vouchers of the sheriff clearly showed the amount of money received by Maloney as treasurer of the school fund, that the Irishman could not in turn produce vouchers for the one half of the

said amount, and that of these last-named vouchers many of them were fully proven to have been forged. The amount of the deficit on which suit had been brought against his straw bondsmen—among them Postmaster Colwood, who had fled the country for irregularities in connection with the money order funds—aggregated nearly ten thousand dollars. Yet he was ably defended, not indeed by the shyster, who took a back seat when the real work of the case came to be done, but by our quondam acquaintance, Mr. Rowton, now assistant United States Attorney, whom Maloney had retained, and who made a most spirited fight for him. When the verdict went against him he had a page of well taken exceptions on the judge's desk, noted at every stage of the trial, on which to take the case to the higher courts.

Foley treated the defence with careful courtesy, so that even Maloney acknowledged his trial had been fair.

Old man Kroom was the foreman of the jury, and rendered the verdict after so short an absence from the box, as to preclude the idea that either of the colored men, upon whose prejudices Rowton had labored through an eloquent hour, for a moment doubted the defendant's guilt.

It was in a very grave, firm tone that Father Kroom looked up to Paul Foley and pronounced the word "Guilty,"—a word that fastened in the toils of the net as sly a bird as ever wandered to strange fields for forage.

In the poll of the twelve, the two black men looked unabashed in Rowton's face as they sounded the same note of doom. His Honor, after a very decent review of the peculiar infamies which attached to this species of larceny, gave Deputy-Marshal Maloney ten years at hard labor in the State's penitentiary, and remanded him to the custody of the sheriff. Lame Cicero Crites was his only visitor in the cell that afternoon. He hobbled in with a pint of consolation corn-juice, over which the two vilified in wrathful words the solid South.

At the same term of the court, Murph was indicted as principal, and Cope as accessory to the murder of Bart Swazey; but the

principal witness, Cope, who submitted and had judgment suspended in his case, was rejected by Judge Foley as incompetent, on the ground that he was still a co-defendant in the meaning of the State's statute, and beyond this, the State had so little to go upon that the defendant was acquitted, to the great joy of the whole community, whose sympathies were deeply aroused for the injured husband.

There was nothing more done by this court of the slightest interest to any character in this story, except that Rowton obtained a decree for the foreclosure of a mortgage on Ravenscroft, in behalf of his client, the dapper little Pepper, whose long-legged interest had woven itself into this kind of a web by the time our friend at Naples fixed to sail.

It was a sore item of news to black Jim, who, having heard a whisper of what was going on, was in daily attendance upon the court, and could not be made to understand why the Judge, whom he knew to be Archie's staunch friend, allowed such a thing to be done in his court.

All explanation was lost upon the old man, and he paid little or no attention from that day forward to suggestions from Judge Foley, his superior trustee, respecting the care of the property. His one hope was that his young master was acquiring boundless wealth beyond the sea, and would return in time to disappoint the prophecies of those who spoke of the day when the old place would be put up to the highest bidder.

Grief preyed upon the old man as the fatal day drew nearer, and he tried hard to cheer himself, and those of the family servants who remained on the land after emancipation, with the hope that the young master would come in time to put the sheriff to shame.

Robert Cleburne called on the old fellow when he came to fetch Ada home, and tasted the paternal port, according to Archie's request; but his promise to purchase Ravenscroft if the young owner remained away, afforded little satisfaction to Jim, who told him flatly that "old massa's bones would walk the yarth till strangers would n't want the ole plantation for de haunts."

The awful majesty of the dead Governor as viewed in the negro's eyes was enough to frighten bidders, blight crops and blast sleep. His superstition and obduracy afforded entertainment to young Cleburne and the group assembled in Judge Foley's pleasant parlor on the evening following the day of the Virginian's ride over the Ravenscroft farm, and Ada insisted upon being taken out to see the faithful steward, and repeat the horse-back ride which she had once taken in company with the distant mortgagor.

Her brother, anxious, I fear, for any excuse to prolong the visit, which certain words said by Miss Laura Foley to him on an afternoon's buggy drive over the same ground had made an era in his rather commonplace life—Mr. Cleburne, I say, for some such reason as this, readily assented to this wish, and the conversation returned again to Moran and his financial troubles.

"Oh, by the way, did Mr. Moran ever write to you?" queried Ada.

"Yes, indeed, I have received two letters from him, both highly interesting and giving much information about the trip you and I are to take. Moran got into an awful scrape over there; but I forgot—I must n't tell you about that," answered Cleburne.

"Oh, do please tell us!" cried both Ada and Laura Foley in the same breath.

"Can't do it," said Robert. "It would be a betrayal of confidence, and besides it amounted to nothing."

"Read us the letters then," said the girls, "and at least permit us to know what he thinks of his new home."

"That much I *will* do," said Robert, "if you will wait till I can fetch them from my room," and he hastened from the parlor to the guest chamber just above, for the Judge would not hear of his going to the hotel, but brought him from the depot direct to his sister and Laura.

The young women enjoyed the reading of the letters more than deservedly; but conscious from Robert Cleburne's manner that he made large "skips" in the second epistle, and having

intense curiosity to connect the said "skips" with the scrape referred to by the reader, they begged in vain for a sight of so much of the letter as Cleburne folded under and concealed from the peering eyes that looked over either of his shoulders as he sat next the centre-table lamp.

Foiled in this, they watched him put the letters in his inner coat pocket and changed the subject of conversation to a discussion of plans for the morrow's pleasures. They were thus occupied till the hour for retiring came; by which time, I grieve to record it, Ada had determined, by fair means or foul, to secure the possession of Moran's letter, and gratify to the full her own and Laura Foley's curiosity.

With this in mind she remained below stairs some time after Robert had gone above, and being conversant with his habit to keep his lamp burning low all night, she initiated Laura Foley's tiny waiting-maid in the performance of a given part of the following plot:

When time had been given Mr. Cleburne to put aside the cares of the day and to betake himself to pleasant dreams about Laura Foley, the little black imp aforesaid, under pretence of getting the gentleman's boots for the scullion to polish, was to enter his chamber on tip-toe and capture his coat, which was to be brought to the sister's room, on the opposite side of the hall, where Laura was to be in readiness to hear the stolen news.

This scheme worked charmingly, and the gay girls in lovely undress proceeded to fathom the secrets of brother Robert's letter—a proceeding altogether unjustifiable, I admit, but that it was uncommon, unnatural, or beyond the sisterly prerogative, I stoutly deny. The low chuckling sounds of laughter, preludeing what they believed would be the discovery of Moran under arrest by some French or German policeman for ignorance of customs or the too profuse use of his American freedom, ceased as the confession of his near escape from sin was read by Ada Cleburne. It is but fair to Laura Foley to say that she was an unwilling accessory in the larceny of Mr. Cleburne's coat, and it may have dawned upon the reader that the principal in this

piece of guilt was moved to its perpetration more by her regard for Moran, in whom she felt an interest that was stoutly denied even to Laura Foley, than from any desire to gratify the Mother Eve in her nature.

There surely can be no sense of shame in the reference to even the most delicate subjects among perfectly pure women, and it is natural to believe that both Ada and Laura went to sleep that night with a higher notion of Moran's manhood—in fact of all manhood—than they had formerly entertained.

That they had a perfectly pure womanly sympathy for poor Emma Ziffey, and a horrid hatred for her old vagabond mother, the angels that played with the lashes of their sleepy eyes told a pretty bird, which in turn told me.

Mr. Robert Cleburne's stolen apparel was re-conveyed to his room with the water for his morning bath, and the entrance of the servant found him in a very sound sleep.

When he met his sister and Laura in the parlor with the morning's mail in hand his brow was clouded, and he announced with evident regret that Miss Ada must be ready for the express train on the same afternoon.

"What can be the matter, brother?"

"I have a telegram that Hubbard, whom you both remember, will not comply with a compromise in which I am much interested, respecting the seizure of his tobacco factory. I hear this morning of his total bankruptcy—full handed, I suspect—and look for nothing else except to have much trouble with him. He is a shrewd fellow and I must look after him," said Mr. Cleburne.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TIT FOR TAT.

Cornelia Renfrew possessed within herself the means of happiness, and seldom envied the pleasures of the gay world from which a fine sense of duty to her parents comparatively cut her off. Life was young and adventure sweet, even if it was no more thrilling a display of heroism than fording the ancestral river, when the tenants of the farm feared to venture in, or slaying with undaunted stroke the black snakes encountered in rambles after the wild flowers that grew nowhere more gorgeously than in the little mountain spurs which surrounded her home.

Health and love of home brought that quiet measure of happiness which, all things considered, is perhaps best for us,—perhaps alone good for us.

The feverish souls that go mad when deprived of the city's smoke and cramped conditions, would have smiled upon the simple methods which Cornelia employed to pass the hours; but the rich glow of life which manifested itself in her face and bounding footstep vindicated a wisdom, whose secret spring was a homely robust orthodoxy in affairs of faith.

Though younger by a year than Ada Cleburne, she had always, even at school, seemed older, though much less acquainted with the "world," as society calls its little circle of scandal-chirruping tomtits.

In constant association with her father, and having no brothers, there clung to her growth a certain beautiful masculinity, which, at first repelling to her admirers and calling forth the harshest criticism of the man milliners, was seen on closer acquaintance to be merely an outwork guarding the inner fortress of a lovable and loving womanhood.

You should have seen her at a sick bed to know how true this speech is. Then her gentle touch was not more admirable than the fine vein of common sense, courage and tact, which cropped out and blessed the recipient of her care.

Much quiet Christian work among the boys and girls of the neighborhood tenantry was laid up to her credit in the upper Courts, where such deeds are rated in coin whose stamp is the love Divine.

Her father's failing health now taxed to the uttermost all her capacity for infusing into others that glad love of life and exuberant gratitude for simple blessings with which her nature abounded. His disease was mental and came from pecuniary distress. To her, ignorant of the many meanings of money, it was impossible to rightly diagnose his ailment—a crushed spirit.

In the decade that followed the surrender of her armies the South was strewn with the wrecks of old dead gentlemen, who could not rally to the new banner of life that was flung out by the humanity apostles with such strange jackal cries in the first night of our woes.

The proud gray heads sought shelter in the grave. They could not live under the new light that blazed across the war-wasted horizon.

Non possumus was their sole reply to the invitation to begin at sixty the recovery of lost estates and personal liberties proclaimed to be in abeyance.

Such an one had Colonel Renfrew come to be, after holding up so long and manfully, to see the subsidence of the great waters and the appearance of the heavenly bow. He was in debt, and its slavery grew to be insupportable to one whose long life had been not only thoroughly free, but attended throughout with the prerogative of domination.

He was not one to play at king in a garret. The substance was gone, and he wished not to delude old age with the shadows of his former state. The future of the young girl, whose veins now alone carried in full current his blood, was the weighty

pressing care of his many wintered life. He wished before departing, to see her happily guarded by the strong devotion of a Southern youth in every way worthy of her.

It was to talk of this, that on the golden afternoon which now danced through the Brookwood roof trees, and over the Brookwood lawn, he hobbled from his invalid's chair on the portico and sought Cornelia in the summer-house that was perched on the decline of the hill and covered a great bold spring, where Tradition said Daniel Boone had fixed for some months a hunter's camp, ere yet he entered upon the conquest of Kentucky.

The girl was occupied with Tennyson's Poems, and had just finished Aylmer's Field as her father came upon her. "What a sad story it is," she said, after telling him of her employment.

"I remember it well," he answered, and with great gravity added, "it is about such things I came to talk to you."

She was much startled by the words and manner, and for the first time in her life felt a sense of embarrassment in the paternal presence.

"What can you mean, papa?" were the hurried words in which she recovered breath.

"That I do not, like Sir Aylmer Aylmer, wish my house left unto me desolate, and knowing as I do that but few years remain to me, my desire above all earthly things is to see you happily married," said the old man.

"Why, papa, I never thought of such a thing. Surely you do not wish me to leave you."

"No, my dear, but I am soon going to leave you, and will pass away unhappy if ignorant wholly of your future plans for life. I have not failed to note Mr. Hubbard's repeated visits here, his little presents to you, and evident happiness in your company. Do you mean to say that you have no knowledge of his intentions towards yourself? I wish to know how that matter is."

"Well, sir, of course you have a right to know. Mr. Hubbard addressed me and I rejected him. I did not love him. We are friends and nothing more."

"When was that?" enquired Colonel Renfrew. "Upon his last visit?"

"Yes, sir."

"He has since that gone into bankruptcy, and has settled a large claim due me—about all the fortune you have—with a notice from his assignee of the fact that I can come forward, prove my debt, and get, we will say at a guess, ten cents in the dollar, of your good money. It is the hardest lick I ever had," the old gentleman said.

"Surely Mr. Hubbard is not dishonorable," cried Cornelia, "and will one day pay you. Why I have just received a letter from Ada Cleburne, who is with her brother in Naples, and she spoke of Mr. Hubbard as being very rich, and said he had made a large amount of money from some transactions in which her brother Robert lost heavily."

"I have a letter from Hubbard himself. He will be here on Saturday of this week, and holds out hopes of making me secure; but how can he do it, unless his bankruptcy is fraudulent, and I would rather lose the money than believe him capable of such rascally conduct as that would imply. He has been my friend always, and was the friend of my poor boy. But there is no accounting for the conduct of people nowadays. The whole country is becoming corrupt and demoralized. Men are daily guilty of actions which they would have scorned before the war. I do not know how it is. Sing something for me, my dear, I do not like to think now."

"What will you have," she asked, "your favorite?"

"Yes, sing that. It is always sweet to me."

High reaching through the balmy air of the early spring afternoon, soared the lark-like notes of the devoted daughter's song.

Seeing that he was much affected, her own bosom broke into tears as she asked, "Father, what would you have me to do? I will do anything for you. Will my marriage with Mr. Hubbard make you happy? Tell me frankly if that is what you wish."

"No, my dear, I wish only to see you guarded with some good man's love. The choice must be your own. I am not an Aylmer in such matters. But it grieves me to think of leaving you and your mother alone here in the old house. I would die happier were you well mated for the voyage of life, which is just opening for you, as it is closing for me. But the choice of that mate must be made by yourself.

"That I have approved of Mr. Hubbard's suit is true, and chiefly so because of your mother's great anxiety that he should succeed. But let your heart be your tutor. He is far older than you, and though by blood a gentleman, this strange conduct in the bankruptcy business I do not like; but that he may intend to explain during the visit he is about to make us. You say you do not love him. I do not wish to intrude into your heart affairs, my dear child; but if there is any one worthy of you whom you do love, I would not have you marry Mr. Hubbard simply to gratify me. You can use your pleasure in answering me whether there be such a person. Your mother tells me there is."

"There was, papa," the girl said, "there is not now. Perhaps it is my own fault that there has been a change. I will accept Mr. Hubbard if he shall again address me, and it will not be simply to gratify you and mother that I do so. Let us go to the house now," she said, rising, "the evening air is too chill for you, and it is time you were taking your gin toddy. The doctor particularly enjoined upon me to see it regularly given."

The late sun cast their long shadows in front as they climbed the hill, the feeble, tottering man leaning on the young girl, —sad lesson here of reversed dependence.

Brookwood was not a whit changed since we first saw it, when Moran was offered its hospitality, a fugitive school-boy. Its inmates were older, its slaves were now freedmen scattered throughout the manufacturing towns of the State, or gone to the cotton fields of the far South; but the blessed look of Nature was the same in this same early spring season.

Mrs. Renfrew had recovered many of those precious household

keepsakes taken by the rude soldiery only to be given away on the road they travelled, to every vagabond negro or Unionist who begged for them,—but her memory of the war was a bitter one that refused to be soothed with any tidings of the success of others under the progress of peace. She still lived in the Confederacy, treasured its traditions and bemoaned its temporary suppression, as she was pleased to regard the great events of the surrender. Poor woman, who should blame her? Her heart was in the rude grave of a young soldier on Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg. By his death the Renfrew name became extinct save as it flickered in the wasting lamp that fed the old life of her husband. What marvel, I say, that she lived in the shadows and brought to the light only bitter prejudices?

She believed, and so told her daughter, that the men of the rising generation were vermin, unworthy a high-bred woman's lips, and seeing, as she thought, an exception to her anathema in Hubbard, had violently championed his suit from the first.

Moran she denounced as a young traitor, when informed that he had taken office under Grant, and bemoaned the attentions Cornelia had received from him in Petersburg and elsewhere. The charity of her husband for all mankind failed to call forth a response in the old matron's breast, when a Yankee or a Southern Unionist was to be the subject of it.

A Confederate Brigadier, who had turned Republican, met her shopping in Richmond, and unabashed by the cool reception given him, forced the fight by insisting that he would call and pay his respects. He got for his pains a lecture on political recreancy, which was for days the talk of the city and fragments of which passed into proverbs. To this stout-hearted old dame pluck was the first requisite for a son-in-law, and believing Hubbard's record as a soldier to be first-class, she put aside her husband's suggestion that he might be found to have defrauded his creditors, by insisting that if they were Yankees they had first defrauded him, and that if they were home folks he would pay despite the discharge given him by the courts. When Cornelia read to her Ada Cleburne's letter from Naples conveying the

intelligence of that young lady's engagement to be married to Mr. Archibald Moran, it was with difficulty that the daughter persuaded the withholding of a letter to Mrs. Cleburne advising, in the boldest terms, a cancelling of the said engagement on the ground of the would-be groom's Radicalism.

In this lady's eyes all the Radicals of sense were infidels, and it was a Christian duty to put them down. This was not a hard conclusion for one to arrive at who read the *New York Day Book*, as Mrs. Renfrew did to the great loss of many valuable hours taken from the dairy and the work-basket.

The reader would do the Brookwood matron injustice to suppose her a shrew. She was only a proud woman spoiled by cruel misfortunes instead of being chastened by them. She mistook her prejudices for principles. She prayed on Sundays for the President of the United States, not with love but with decorum. She was a kind neighbor and gave both gossip and immorality such rebukes as strengthened the whole tone of the society in which she moved. She was, in short, a Cato in petticoats, with, however, a soft side to her heart, gushing as morning light to those whom she loved.

This letter from Ada Cleburne, written on the sunny shores of Southern Italy, to her school-mate and girl friend back in the mountains of Virginia, telling of the Naples Consul's engagement to be married, was it or not a taunt—a woman's triumphing demand that one formerly preferred should know of the changed affection, the transferred loyalty, the new worship, the altered oaths, and learn therefrom the ever repeated lesson of human frailty and fickleness?

Enough was known to the European correspondent of the relations between Moran and Cornelia to have caused the withholding of the news, which was conveyed so very quickly and in a tone that seemed to say rejoice with me and be glad, for this person who once loved you, with better taste now loves me.

The fact all the while had been, that Moran was a very interesting person in Cornelia Renfrew's eyes—imperfect in character by her high standard of morality, easily led astray, as she

believed, from the straight path of duty to his section by worldly-wise and designing men, in danger of becoming dissipated through chagrin at his social ostracism and a weary sense of loneliness, but withal a young fellow of fine impulses, good breeding and keen mind—a person whom she had not allowed herself to love, as lacking in the things she wished the husband of her life to have, but one whose faults were of a kind that she desired, with a passionate eagerness, which was so close akin to the sacred passion itself as to be sometimes mistaken for it, to reform, to make them virtues assimilating with the finer qualities of her own nature, as she was made more and more conscious of possessing what he lacked.

With the same sort of wish, albeit of lower and more degraded vein, women desire to change the manner in which their chosen men wear their hair, and feel a deep interest in the color of their loved one's horse or the make of his boot.

She wished, as it were, to possess him for the purposes of reforming and making anew a life that, rounded off, she could love with the passion of a priestess for its self-erected idol. But when this dream toppled upon reading the Naples letter it carried along in its fall all thoughts of thereafter loving any man in this way, and awakening now, at last, from dreams of any sort, she imbibed a sense of the realities of life with a fresh and startling impression. Mr. Hubbard's practical style of wooing came to her skeptic but in no wise seared heart, as the voice of a school-bell to loiterers. Rousing to some vague and undefined sense of duty, with the faintest tracery of chagrin and disappointment you could ever imagine, she resolved at once to accept Mr. Hubbard if he again offered her the chance. Not reckless, but only anxious for some tonic excitement in a life of dullness, she was likewise determined to marry at a very early day, perhaps before Ada was married. Then with a quiet, well-formed purpose to do this and no more, she put aside the whispering of the subtle spirit that suggested a letter to Ada announcing her own engagement before it actually took place, and failing to acknowledge the receipt of the news of Ada's happiness.

The communication of the newly formed purpose to Mrs. Renfrew caused that good lady such gratification as to be easily observed, even on the third day thereafter, by eyes no less interested than Mr. Hubbard's.

That gentleman rode into the gate of Brookwood with a face that denoted great anxiety as to the reception in waiting for its owner, but when Mrs. Renfrew appeared in advance of her husband to welcome him, Mr. Hubbard grew at once conscious that the freedom of the city, so to speak, had been voted before his arrival by a full meeting of the mayor, aldermen and common council.

This was on Saturday afternoon. On the next day, at the little village church, all the females who had ever experienced the pleasures of male adoration in its first freshness, or had seen it, as in Mr. Hubbard's case, tinged with the more sober and demure shade of business—suggesting the successful search for a good cook or an approved nursery-woman—all, whatever their experience had been, agreed that Cornelia Renfrew and the rich Lynchburg man were to be married soon, and that the old folks were very glad for it—the mother especially so. I see no reason to doubt that they were right.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NEW FRIENDS.

Our story has now reached that point where our hero, having liberally spent the ancestral money for eight years, four at college and as many more since graduation, found himself under the pressing necessity of earning a penny to supply, in part, the frightful deficit for which he was responsible.

It was with this view, chiefly, that he persuaded himself to take office—the worst plan, perhaps, an honest man ever fell on

to repair a fortune, the readiest one ever suggested to a fool or to a scoundrel.

The salary he received was miserably insufficient to support his own, much less the Nation's, name abroad; but he managed by dint of an economy that was both strange and distasteful to him, to lay aside a few hundred dollars at the end of his first year; when lo, an American man-of-war steamed into the harbor, and two dinings of its official crew swept away his last savings, and with all this extravagance, as it seemed to him, no great addition was made to the American reputation for hospitality.

Signor Manso and lady, with whom he lived (the former his vice-consul), had heard a thousand little lessons regarding the politic subdivision of a franc to which he was by force of birth and breeding a stranger; but I am compelled, by reason of an intimate acquaintance with their boarder during this part of his life, to place him in the very unheroic condition of being constantly pressed for money—the keenest torture fate or fury ever devised in horrid hell for a sensitive soul.

It was a delightful life to repair at eleven in the forenoon to the second floor of one of those great Babel masses of granite and marble, which lie near the Palazzo Reale, and in a suite of cool rooms studded with United States' flags, (the dingy coat of arms above the outer door, under which sat a miserable old Neapolitan to answer questions, and ward off illy-dressed beggars,) and make out invoices on which Collector Tom Murphy would get revenue at New York—some for the ward politicians and some for the war patriots—all this was quite delightful and tended to the digestion of the Manso beefsteak, till a young man with a seedy coat and one new glove on the left hand, came in to read Moran a fulsome local notice of his appearance on the Chiaja or at the opera the evening before, and to ask a subscription for his wretched clerical organ, and five francs for himself.

Then the delight ceased and he would subscribe, pay the five francs and beg Manso to ask the Bohemian with whatever politeness was usual among Neapolitans to leave. A shriek accompanied

by a shrug would go from Manso to the old man at the outer door not to permit entrance to any more such for the rest of that day. The old man, who positively came into the Neapolitan world, as he averred, before the introduction of surnames, and hence was destitute of that classifying appendage, being simply Zu Peppi, or in English "Mr. Joe," then let in a wretch from Sicily—a barber, who executed his vendetta and fled for a year to New York, and now to escape conscription claimed the consul's protection as an American citizen under forged naturalization papers. However, Manso saved him from a long correspondence with the American minister at Rome, by saying that one Monsieur Tweed had issued such papers in New York with great irregularity in 1868, and that this wretch's case had been looked into by his predecessor and found to be fraudulent throughout. So Moran is saved from incumbering the archives with trash, and after discharging two of a New Bedford crew whose ship is in dock, and whose master will soon be on docket, goes home to snail patties, macaroni and tomatoes, a pint of Marsala, a bad cigar and the inevitable drive on the National promenade.

At ten P. M., he returns from the drive and the music, the granita and cognac, to take tea with Signor Manso's family and several Italian army officers who regularly attended the little Manso levees.

There nightly Captain Milesi, late a ship broker, now one of Victor Emmanuel's fiercely mustached hussars, holds his sword out of the way of passing dresses, asks questions about General Sherman, and tells Moran he has read the great Shakespeare who wrote Shylock.

Moran tries to convey some sense of the debt Italy owes to England, by asking if he knows of Bacon and the inductive philosophy. The good-looking, intelligent officer smiles, and hands him a month's card of entrance to his own most fashionable gambling and dancing club, and tells how his wife's chamber-maid that day had cut off her brother's thumb to prevent his being conscripted.

The whole party then talk of brigandage, and Lady Manso gives

Moran a book to read, written by an Englishman, who was captured by the brigands near Sorrento and marched over mountains and through grape-vine terraces, fed upon spoilt food, and denied the privilege of changing his linen. Finally, ransomed for a large sum of good English gold, he went home in an English man-of-war, whose officers cursed and swore roundly, both in the harbor and the city, that the good King Bomba was a priest-ridden vagabond, who ought to be kicked from his palace to the street, and from the street kicked to the galleys.

The American is then told all about the suppression of the monasteries and convents by order of Victor Emmanuel, and the parliament successors to all the Bombas. How that the sleek, sly, hypocritical father-in-chief of one of the many religious rookeries on the hills about Naples was found on the fatal morning when the Italian police entered, with their process of eviction, a noted nunnery—was found in the said nunnery, taking a cosy breakfast with the Sister Superior, between whose establishment and his own an underground passage was found travelled by many monkish feet for the many long years during which Italy lay in the slime of a world's shame, and counted her reproach a blessing direct from the Virgin.

It is therefore no wonder that Manso, who is a full-fledged Evolutionist, solely because the religion he had seen has become the chiefest curse of his country—it is no wonder that Manso makes the sign of the evil eye by distending the space between his first two fingers whenever he passes a priest on the street.

And Milesi is more eloquent in his curses than Manso. Moran was startled one evening when the little Manso levee was going on, and the street below was filled with *vivas papa* from a crowd of churls, who were returning to the city from a rural celebration of the last advertised miracle of our Lady of Lourdes—he was startled to hear the fierce denunciation of the military man given from the balcony in the teeth of the surging crowd below, and regardless of the female presence behind the curtains of the little eyrie.

Of course the gentlemen of Italy were skeptic, Captain Mi-

lesi said—how could they be otherwise, with the whole force of what was called the church of God exerted to put down the only successful effort to elevate man made in the lovely peninsula for twenty long centuries. The Catholic was, he thought, the best church, and might after a time be made of use in keeping the people quiet and moral; but for an Italian of intelligence to believe there was anything divine in the little puppet-pulling of Antonelli was a thing impossible—a joke in which even Egyptian gods could find matter for mirth.

Said Mrs. Manso, a fine looking Boston woman, whom her husband won during a winter's stay of her father's family in Italy, looking up from the perusal of the *American Register* published in Paris, "I see here an account of an extensive pilgrimage to Lourdes by the Duke of Norfolk, and several hundred English pilgrims. How does that accord with Captain Milesi's notion that Romanism and political sloth go hand in hand? England is surely a live country, politically speaking—next to our own, Mr. Moran."

"It's a mere fashion there," said the officer, "to be Catholic, and an odd fashion too it seems to me. The climate is against it."

"Ducal rank sets it off in the case you are citing, Mrs. Manso," said Moran. "Howard of Effingham was Catholic, and had command of the fleet that stood out to meet the Armada. Perhaps the Norfolks cherish him as their greatest man, and therefore have forbore to gainsay his religion."

"But he was not *ultramontane*," said Mrs. Manso, "and would therefore not incur Captain Milesi's displeasure."

"Let all people have whatever religion they choose, or no religion," said Milesi, "provided always they serve the State with minds free from church influence and set against church intermeddling."

"Would you wish to look over the *Register*?" observed Mrs. Manso, handing Moran the paper, "or would you prefer the *New York Herald*? I can get that for you," said she, moving towards the adjoining room.

"Thank you, I should like a glance at the *Herald*," replied Moran, who was soon thereafter deep in its garrulous world-reaching columns.

Looking up after a time to interrupt Manso and Milesi in a discussion relative to the chance of France remaining a Republic, Moran said, apparently quiet, "I see here under the head of news from the Southern States, that the Ku Klux have burned my home in Alabama. If it be true, it seems strange that I should learn of it first in a newspaper, does n't it? What is your opinion in regard to that?" asked he of the company, without putting the question directly to any one.

"The *Herald* could get the news by telegraph from your home, could it not?" said Mrs. Manso.

Being informed affirmatively as to that she said, "Very well, then, its European edition is not published or mailed till the very last hour of the Liverpool steamer's departure, and unless some friend would have cabled you, the paper would reach here in advance of news by a letter from your home, supposing your people to have at once written you."

"What horrid wretches those Ku Klux must be," said the lady; "let us hear you read what the paper says of your misfortune."

"What was the loss?" asked Mr. Manso and Captain Milesi in the same breath.

Under the head of telegraphic notes from the South was the following paragraph:

"At Dunham, Alabama, on the night of the 13th inst., a Ku Klux raid resulted in the destruction of the residence of Mr. Moran, now United States Consul at Naples. A colored man was hung by the same parties."

"The loss is about ten thousand dollars," said Moran, "but I feel more anxious to know who the colored man was that is said here to have been hung, than I do about the house, though I was born in the old building."

CHAPTER XXIX.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

Judge Paul Foley, as the faithful reader of this true chronicle has long ere this learned, was a sincere friend of the young fellow upon whom the heavy hand of impecuniosity was now for the first time laid. He had taxed the ingenuity acquired in a long practice with money-sharks and prodigal debtors, to find some remedy by which Ravenscroft might be spared the sound of the sheriff's hammer; but compound interest computed by Pepper on the one hand, and the discovery of many unsettled debts, both of Archie's and of the estate's, left no room in which that ingenuity could find play.

It then occurred to him to suggest to Mr. Robert Cleburne, who had with due formality requested the honor of becoming his son-in-law, that Mr. Moran would prefer seeing the lien in the hands of a friend, and as he, Judge Foley, was bankrupted by the war and could not therefore assist, that Mr. Cleburne should do so. But Mr. Cleburne's promise to that effect was based in part upon getting a five thousand dollar moiety from the fine accruing to Uncle Sam by reason of Mr. Frank Hubbard's waywardness as a manufacturer of tax-paid tobacco; which fine, by reason of more of Mr. Hubbard's waywardness, in connection with wicked men who came in with prior liens, never reached the treasury. Mr. Cleburne had therefore to write his future father-in-law a letter retracting his promise, in which letter he was forced to acknowledge that Mr. Hubbard had overreached him and employed the talk of compromising his troubles with the Commissioner of Revenue merely for the sake of gaining time.

There was much abuse of the government's attorneys in Virginia, who it seems were likewise the attorneys of the railroad

in which Mr. Hubbard, after going through bankruptcy, found himself a large share-owner; but all of the letter with which we are concerned was that part which assured Judge Foley that the money to pay off Mr. Pepper's mortgage on Ravenscroft would not come through Mr. Cleburne, much as that gentleman desired to accommodate his friend Moran.

As to Archie, he was not earning enough clear cash to keep down the interest, and the conclusion at last came home to both Judge and Consul, that the sooner the debt was collected by legal process, the larger would be the surplus left to the mortgagor.

This conclusion, the result of much correspondence between Dunham and Naples, was in time made known to Mr. Pepper, who was continually urging his anxiety to accommodate both Judge Foley and young Moran, instancing in proof of this his taking up the bank's debt as his own, only after he had advanced several interest installments, and then his kindly allowing the debtor to mortgage in security of what was, in truth, a fairly-timed note of hand.

It was not till old Jim was sent for by Judge Foley on the afternoon of General Lollamead's arrival in Dunham, (Mr. Pepper being sick in bed,) and introduced to the great man from the North, who had come up to bid in his young master's home, that a full sense of the situation dawned upon the humble African mind.

The advertisements of sale he had seen put up and taken down; the actual day of sale had come and been postponed by Judge Foley in consequence of Mr. Pepper's kind instructions, and great delight had Jim taken in the disappointment of the village prophets, who had said this one would buy Ravenscroft for so much, and another for so much.

All the while had remained in his black, but staunchly loyal breast, the confident hope that the young master across the water was a Republican office-holder, revelling in boundless affluence and forgetful of the old place only till his attention should be called to its danger, when, so Jim told all the Ravens-

croft tenants, there would come a check for the money and nobody would ever hear anything more from that scandalous Ku Klux, the sheriff of Dunham.

But on the afternoon when the portly Lollamead interviewed him at length about the crop prospects, confirmed and continued his agency in the name of Mr. Pepper, directed in detail what should be done as to the care of the house, winding up with the information that he would buy in the property on the following Monday, and appointing to meet Jim in the town on that day—not till this occurred did the steady faith in final restoration to the old order of things give way.

Even the business-loving Carpet-Bagger was affected by the uncontrollable emotions to which the aged steward—for many years a chattel slave on this particular property—surrendered himself.

Not till the General returned to his hotel, and, from Judge Foley's own lips, confirmation of the truth of all that had been said was dinned into his ears and brain, did Jim mount his mule and turn his face towards a home, which he inwardly swore would be home to him no longer.

This was on Thursday and the sale was to be on the Monday following—too short a time Jim said for any news to come across the big sea that swept between him and the boy he had taught to swim, to ride and to shoot—now seemingly careless of his old home and his old teacher.

A mile out of town Jim overtook old Kroom returning from his regular trade visit to Dunham, for coffee, tobacco, and the smaller spices of country comfort demanded by his large family of fatherless grandchildren. With familiar respect he rode alongside his white brother and hailed him.

"Good evening, Mr. Kroom."

"That you, Jim! Good evening. What *you* been to town for?" said the other, as if the numerous packages which stuffed his saddle wallets showed clearly the nature of his own visit.

"De same ole trubble, my fren, for you *is* my fren and de fren of my young boss, consarnin' of de sale of de Ravinskroff plan-

tashun. It's a kummin dis time and no mistake. De ole place will go nex Mouday at de Court house door, and Jim had rather be sleepin' on de grave-yard hill alongside ole Miss, dan know it for a fack to be jist as it is."

"Who's a going to buy it?" asked Gilbert Kroom. "Foley, I guess, won't he?"

"Pray God he waz," said Jim, "but he ain't. It's a Yankee frum de North what talked to me about it—some bank man my young boss borrow munny frum."

"Some d—d Carpet-Bagger I expect," said old Kroom, and continuing, "Jim you've always heard of me as a Union man during the war and since, ain't you?"

"Dat's so, Mr. Kroom, every word of it."

"Well now, mark you, I'd burn a house of mine 'fore any Carpet-Bagger should live in it, do you understand that?" exclaimed Kroom with excitement.

"A body could n't blame you," said Jim in sympathy, and with a musing regret that he was not a white man to execute a similar vow to Kroom's in the case of Ravenscroft.

At the forks of the road the two men parted, Kroom bidding his black friend good-bye, with a sincere expression of feeling for the fallen fortunes of the Moran family, and asserting over and over again, that if the old governor were alive the devil would be to play before such a scheme as was now on foot could succeed.

As Jim turned down from the main highway to enter the avenue which led up to the old mansion, his mind was turning up-side down with the weight of Kroom's parting words, and he seemed to feel himself the embodied majesty of all the departed Ravenscroft glories. He alone was left, weak and feeble, to ward off the shame that was about to be put upon the old name. His native African passion was dignified by this reflection, and toned to its work the more by Kroom's words. The valley beneath had never impressed his rough breast with any sense of beauty till now; the old Moran manor house, always regarded by him as much a matter of fact to the county under that name

as the Court House itself, seemed to look mournfully desolate in the sunset of this bitter spring day.

All that night and the next day he went sleepless and moping—his ears still ringing with Kroom's defiance of the alien class, one of whom was to purchase the old home, which had so long given him kind shelter, and honored him with a vice-regal authority, not only over the colored quarter, but which included in its scope a general advisory management of the humble white tenants, who occupied the out-lying lands of the farm.

At length his determination became fixed to prevent the ancient croft from being handed over by the sheriff as residence for a stranger. He was not lost to a sense of the risks to be encountered, but felt in every fibre

“Stronger to suffer than Hell is to harm.”

Thinking thus, he had a definite plan of action mapped out by Saturday afternoon, when the usual half holiday was taken by all the farm hands, who repaired to town for purposes of trade and gossip.

Since Archie's departure no one had occupied any part of the big house save Jim and his wife, who slept in the servants' room next the kitchen—those two rooms being connected with the main building in such a manner as to make the whole resemble in shape the letter L.

The farm hands with their families occupied the row of cabins, which in slave times had been known as “the Quarter”—a half mile distant. There was but one white man on the plantation—a tenant who had recently built at the extreme lower end of the horseshoe-shaped valley.

It was in the early days of March and the farm work was in full progress; but for the first time, so the negroes afterwards remarked, received little or none of old Jim's careful attention.

On this particular Saturday afternoon he was urgent in furthering his wife's wish to go to Dunham in the farm wagon, in company with various others of the hired help, and after her departure was the sole human being about the house.

Now, said Jim to himself, is my chance, and gathering his horn-handled hickory stick, and taking from the upper shelf of the kitchen cupboard the keys of the main house, he proceeded to open the rear door of the hall, whence he passed down to the cellar and brought up a large can of kerosene oil. Returning thither he drew perhaps a gill of peach brandy from one of several casks containing that product of the farm, which he alone of all his color was allowed by Dunham public opinion to make as skilfully as his white brother. Swallowing the oily liquid, he unstopped one of the packages containing it, and allowed the contents to overflow the cement floor. Returning aloft he repaired with the oil can to the attic, and drenching stair-ways and chamber floors *en route*, took a last survey of the fields which his eye could cover from the roof.

As he came into the deserted parlor to deposit on its naked floor the last drippings of the kerosene, the oil picture of his old master in a frame of cherry wood over the mantel met his gaze, and for a time quite unmanned him, till the evening wind slamming to its fastenings the hall door, recalled him to his purpose of making his exit.

From the fattest lightwood in the yard he now employed the closing moments of daylight in splitting with his axe fine splinters, which were placed both under the outer door of the cellar, and in the brick openings left in the wall for the ventilation of the ground floor. His task was completed not many minutes before the return of his wife from her tour of shopping.

"Uncle Jim, has you fed everything?" said one of the colored boys in the wagon which brought back his wife, referring to the stock.

"Go 'long home, boy, and don't ask fool questions. Of course everything is fed. D' you ever know me to forget a thing. Ole woman, did you git the box of matches?" asked the black sage, passing into the kitchen.

"I wrapped 'em up in my handkercheef, here dey is, Jim."

"Put 'em on de top shelf of the cupboard long side de house

keys," said her liege lord, bending his head upon his cane, and bidding her in the same breath to "stir up some supper."

It was quite dark and a blustry March wind was howling through the cracks and crannies of the doomed pile by the time supper was "stirred up."

"It's a bad night, ole woman, be keerful about de fire," said Jim.

"Sich a night for all de wurld as dat when de Ku Kluckers was here, when Mars Archie was away," replied the wife.

"Dey tells me the night riders has begun dere wurk agin. Dey was at Mat Loftin's house las' week and mighty nigh beat de life outer Mat," said Jim.

"Trust in de Lord dat dey won't kum here, I do," came from the old woman as Jim reached for a greasy dog-eared hymnal of the African Methodist church, and began his customary Saturday evening's singing.

His manner was to call out in a loud voice, fashioned after the model of the Southern rural pulpit, two lines and then to sing them—repeating this till the hymn was finished, when clearing his throat and giving page, number of hymn and metre he would begin a new one. "Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear my voice ascending high," and "This is the way I long have sought, and mourned because I found it not," were the two chosen for this evening's worship.

By the time they were finished the woman was asleep in her chair. Commanding her to retire, and reproaching her for being thick-headed, Jim made his way into the yard, and carefully felt for his pine splinters in the various places of their deposit.

After altering somewhat the arrangement of them, he returned and without undressing went to sleep on the floor before the fire.

As the night wore on the wind lulled, and the screech-owls, hid in the ivy that ran all over the northern tier of chimneys, ceased their mournful complainings to the moon.

But the rats became as busy as bees, and charged by platoons across the upper floor of the room wherein Jim lay. Their

noise, coupled with a sense of cold from the fire having burned itself out, roused him to consciousness. His first thought on waking was, that all the rats in the county had assembled in convention in the attic of the servants' hall at Ravenscroft. Then it occurred to him to think that the unusual odor arising from so much kerosene as he had on the evening before promiscuously scattered in the big house, had run them out.

Reaching for the matches and the house keys, the latter of which he carefully deposited in the inner pocket of his coat, he sallied into the darkness and carefully fired his first train of light-wood. It was not till he felt sure that several of the ground floor joists were being licked by the tiny flames that he fired his cellar train, which he knew would not reach the spirits either on the floor or in the casks till the door fell in, or at least parts of it fell off. Satisfied that the flames would attack about simultaneously and on all sides except from the roof, he returned this time to stretch himself beside his better half, who was profoundly snoring away the night.

"The job is done," he muttered to himself. "It'll all be over by morning wid me and wid Ravinskrof, and I hope to de good Lord dat Mars Archie, fur away dough he be, 'll 'member dat no strange folks got perseshun while Jim lived."

He knew now by the crackling of the flames and the bright light through his window, that the parlor end of the house was well under way of the fire, and as the impulse became strong to see if the cellar train had failed, the heavy dull sound, which rattled every window in the old house, resulting from the explosion of the spirits below stairs, prevented his rising, but fully roused to consciousness his sleepy-headed partner, who tried in vain to awake him. Jim feigned heavy slumber, but at last rose and demanded the reason of her excitement.

"The Ku Klux! The Ku Klux!" the old soul cried. "They are burnin' the big house down, and 'll kill us in our beds. Don't you hear de guns poppin' and shootin'? Git up, ole man, for your life, git up."

Jim said "Hush and stay still. Let me peep out," and rais-

ing a window with great composure, he saw with a pleasure that savored of the demoniacal how the roof was at last in full blaze. "If it's the Ku Klux dey will think nobody's at home," said Jim. "Now, Sindy, mind me! You run down to de Quarter and whisper to de boys to watch out and keep an eye skun. Never you bother about ole Jim, no Ku Klux 'll ever have the handlin' uv me. Go and do what I tells you and keep under de hill by de Maple spring. D'ye hear?"

And Sindy fled affrighted to the shadow of the first trees, on Jim's solemn promise being given her to hide in the ice-house, and once in darkness made her way by the spring to "the Quarter."

"I wish to de blessed Father de ole groun' cud burn like I have seed it burn in de swamps of Carlina. Den dey'd be welcome to de place, fur as Jim was concerned."

These were the mutterings that escaped from him as he quietly made his way through the rear garden, and past the stables to the grave-yard hill, which now showed its scattered marbles under the oaks, lit up by the fierce light of the great house—a light that cast its radiance half across the great fields in front, and mingled in awful contrast with the darkness, which was deepest as being on the very edge of morning.

Under this fierce light the venerable destroyer of so much valuable property saw lying in the stable yard, as he passed through, a plain plough line, which he picked up and coiled together as carefully as if on his rounds as overseer and farm manager.

Great was Sindy's grief when returning to the burning building with a crowd of the farm men, she saw in the early light of morning, which now contended successfully with the smouldering fires of the mansion for the mastery, no trace of her husband, and discovered what she imagined would be his retreat—the ice-house—in a light blaze.

Not till the faint streaks of coming day tipped the horizon could she persuade any of the negroes to venture to the burning

house, when once she had uttered those horrid words, "Ku Klux" in their ears.

By the time her party came on the ground, the house was a complete ruin, the outhouses were too much under the control of the flames to be saved, and nothing remained except to release the horses from the stable, which though not yet on fire was thought to be in some sort of danger.

Before the sun has well shown himself, Judge Foley, Dr. Roberts, young Holt and a half dozen other men ride in a gallop into the Ravenscroft yard—the fire having been seen plainly in Dunham, and its location fixed at once. Dr. Roberts had sat up the greater part of the night in watch with his sick wife, and brooding over his next day's sermon, when stepping into his porch he saw the great light when it first reached the roof.

A runner was dispatched for Judge Foley, who passing the hotel had roused some of the young men, and the party taking horse only reached the house to learn from Aunt Sindy the foolish talk she gave them about the Ku Klux, coupled with cries that they had murdered her husband. His parting promise to her that he would take shelter in the ice-house from the death dealing guns and pistols which she solemnly avers first woke her by the noise of their firing, is listened to in rehearsal by the white men, who straightway look about for traces of the absent colored man.

His steps are seen in the garden and tracked past the stable, and up the grave-yard hill. There all sign is lost. The same condition of the soil which enables Judge Foley to track Jim thus far, enables him, on returning to the yard and examining it for foot-prints of the mythical Ku Klux, to pronounce Sindy's suspicions groundless. This he does to the assembled colored men with some heat of manner—at the same time bidding them to disperse in various directions in search of their absent chief.

In half an hour there is a loud yell from young Holt on the backside of the grave-yard hill, where it projects abruptly into

a small tributary of the river, the steep incline, with an ever-green growth of laurel, ivy and spruce, suggesting a kinship with the distant line of blue mountains.

Several of the men, both white and colored, answer his shout and make haste to join him. Arriving they see a great oak that has been torn by some long forgotten storm from its firm rooting on the hill-side, and lodged with its top in the branches of an humbler neighbor nigher the stream.

Suspended from the body of this tree by a plough-line is the aged form of the black steward, the keys of the old house next his cold heart—his eyes set in death but turned towards the marble monument of his old mistress (a female figure with clasped hands at prayer), which crowns the extreme top of the hill a hundred yards away. Aunt Sindy and all the colored people never believed anything else than that the Ku Klux burned Ravenscroft and hung old Jim. This opinion was taken to be true, telegraphed North as a Southern outrage, and read as such in the *New York Herald* by Moran in his far off home in Naples, whither we will with the kind reader's permission return in the very next chapter.

CHAPTER XXX.

A SWEETER SOUTH.

It is necessary to chronological accuracy, that we go back a little in this story, and without being able to explain why Robert and Ada Cleburne were so long getting to Naples, to say that at some time during the early spring in the year of grace, 1874, they did in fact reach that city. Their American eyes were ravished with that water scene of surpassing loveliness which has in turn captivated Greek, Carthaginian, Roman. Goth and Yankee. There was Capri and its grottos, Salerno and its

bathing, Pompeii and its fish, Vesuvius and the bottle of Lachryma Christi, drunk on its summit at sunrise, the drives in the Chiaja, the music in the National gardens, the antiquities of the museum, the beggars of the sidewalks, the English gossip about the days of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, the native gossip about the last lottery, the last prima donna and the next revolution.

"What a lazy delicious life is to be led here; what a paradise for nervous people," said Ada to Moran.

"And for lovers," added he.

"Why for lovers?" was her question.

"Because every one is in love," he answered, "with themselves, the sea, the sky, and with each other. Your sex are mothers here at fourteen."

"I should not like the place for permanent residence," observed Ada; "for a visit it surpasses even wonder itself. I never knew what the beauty of the cloud balancing was before."

"We will go to Pompeii to-morrow, with your permission, and see the bay from what I conceive to be the loveliest station for a perfect view," said Moran.

"Agreeable to me entirely, that programme is. What say you, brother?" the young lady asked.

"Moran is in charge of this party as I understand it, while we are in his jurisdiction," said the brother, "whatever schedule he arranges I propose to work up to."

"Pompeii it shall be then," replied Ada, smiling upon Moran. "I want so much to see Julia Diomed's house, and tread the streets through which poor blind Nydia carried that ennui-ridden Glaucus on the last night."

"What a fine muscle he had, for all that ennui you speak of," replied Moran. "I can see him stretched at length in the Atrium smoking a cigar, I started to say, for such a fellow should have enjoyed the bliss of nicotine," rejoined her companion.

"He was the better without it," said Ada.

"Oh, there was some forgotten substitute for the weed, you may bet, in those old days," cried Mr. Robert Cleburne, who

went on to say that if the Naples museum which he had visited that day proved anything, the Pompeians had everything which the people of Naples possessed, unless it was gas, newspapers, steam and the Catholic religion.

"To revert to the previous question," said Moran, "what a delightful winter Bulwer must have spent in Naples dreaming out the characters of Glaucus and Nydia. Can you imagine anything more delightful than the noble intellectual excitement experienced as character after character grew to be objects of his daily love and repulsion (for Arbaces must have repelled him), in the same sense that he loved a Neapolitan flower girl and hated a Neapolitan priest."

"You ought to write a book, Mr. Philosopher," cried Ada, completing the arrangement of a basket of flowers she meant to send her new found friend, Moran's hostess, Mrs. Manso.

"I have written one and dedicated it to you by initial letters. It will appear from a London press next month, and your name is down for a gift copy," replied he with sudden seriousness.

"Indeed, and, double deed, what's it about?" laughed Ada.

"Oh, a matter too deep for the mind feminine—about the relations between rats' tails and squirrels' tails, and so on up to monkeys and to man. Are you not converted to Evolution? Think of the pleasures which come from the contemplation of affinities—the sheep and its federal head, the camel; the humble Chicago porker and its mighty archetype, the white elephant of India, answering through the centuries to a Chester County grunting; to keep with whites, the negro of the White Nile to his companion baboon in the land, where the sun's ray is more perpendicular, and so on; and, I own, I forbear to lead you through the bills of South American humming-birds fashioned to particular flowers with particularly deep petals; or to employ your mind with the black fore-top of male red-birds fancied in the prehistoric ages of all the red-birds to be a thing of beauty and a joy forever by the female red-bird tribe; nor yet to tell you of the superiority, intellectually, which my dog Fido possesses over my serving-man, Zu Peppi—spare me all this and

take it for granted that I have really written a book and dedicated it to you, fairest type of the fairest development."

"Ta-ta, that's baby talk, for 'thank you' in winding up with so nice a compliment after such a mumbo-jumbo sort of index," said Ada.

"We will see each other at Manso's this evening," said Archie. "At what hour will you close your ride?"

"Say eleven," said Robert. "Will that answer?"

"Perfectly," was Archie's response, as he bowed himself out, but not till he was followed to the head of the hotel stairway, which led directly down from the parlor in which he had been sitting, by Ada in person, who cooed him farewell from the banisters.

"It was about that point," said Moran, pointing across the shimmering ellipse of sea, and standing, as he spoke, on the terrace-like front of filled-in earth, which lies between Pompeii and its abandoned port, "where I imagine they must have found the body of the elder Pliny on the morning after all was over."

"About the third morning after, was it not?" said Ada in a tone so sorrowful that the mind of the hearer instinctively amused itself with the remote associations, or rather the utter lack of associations, which should excite that tone in an American girl of the nineteenth century for the fat philosopher of the first century, who, coming from his bath, had discerned the small, fire-tongued cloud, which issued from the mountain's head, and straightway manned his galley to aid in the work of saving human life—taking care, of course, to pick out his friend Pompeianus first, a selfishness that ought readily to be allowed to one dying for others. The scene described in the letters of the dead man's nephew to Tacitus of his uncle, prone to apoplexy and choked beside with the sulphurous red dust which enveloped sea and sky, having his sail cloth spread with all exactness upon a part of the beach beyond the reach of the fretful water, and there stretching his corpulent frame to await *pallida mors*—the crowd of frightened men and women, who rushed back from the

over-crowded port to seek safety in the fields, their heads protected so illy from the showers of hot stones by pillows tied with napkins—this, read long since in the school days, came back to the little party simultaneously, and made up the one vivid knowledge of the spot, alike common to the three, who were, of course, our friends Cleburne, Ada and Moran.

The chattering of the guide had ceased for a moment, the exploration of the city had been accomplished, it lacked an hour till the return time of the train to Naples, and the scene in front of the point on which the party were at this moment standing was that which Moran had heretofore proclaimed to be the finest of the bay views.

But the suggestions of the guide broke out afresh. There was a spot in the farthest removed part of the city where he could show rooms filled with *débris* waiting a visit from royalty to be exhumed. One could there see Pompeii as it looked when the desolation was complete and grass-covered. Some relic might even be found and appropriated if the guards were not near by. It was nearly a mile's walk, but Mr. Robert Cleburne was determined to go, and the sound of that gentleman's pure English mingled with the gibberish of Ruffo Fortunato, the guide, was gradually lost to the ears of Moran and Ada, who betook themselves to the very edge of the sea and gazed, without speaking, upon the wonderful kaleidoscopic sight before them. It was four o'clock P. M. The tideless water, where free from cloud shadows, was as blue as the indigo tub of a washerwoman. Small copper-colored rifts of vapor along with denser cloud masses, generally of golden or sea-green, here floated at varying heights between sea and sun, and with no apparent current regulating their course.

The reflection made on the vast semi-circular basin, which stretched between the sight-seers and the distant line of white buildings which represented the capital of the Sicilies, as the sun's rays were passing through these clouds, was as if an eclipse was in progress—the interjecting body being no dull, cold, worn-out world, like our trifling little black moon, but some almost

transparent orb of many colored composite. Besides the well-known rainbow colors, every blending of light known to the manufacturers of India and of France was there to be seen on one spot and in one glance of the eye.

Far out in the bay, where the plain sea-green recalled one to familiarity, the hundreds of cleanly kept fishing smacks standing to what must there have been a smart breeze, though here all was still as in Eden on the first evening, lent an interest to the picture, which made it simply and superbly perfect.

Moran reclined under the trifling shade of a young olive and asked Ada to be seated near him. "I have long wished you here," he said, "and for the sole purpose of telling you how very, very much I love and think of you, Miss Ada. This place I picked out when I first saw it as the spot where I would address my sweetheart, and after long waiting on my part, and much travel on hers, the hour and the woman have come," relieving his choked throat with a smile as he ran into this sudden transposition of Meg Merrilies. His smile rallied Ada into begging that he would talk about something else.

"I don't want you to make love to me—*now*," said the pretty face. "Wait till we get back to dear old Virginia and I'll give you a sweetheart," but his hand was already stroking her great mass of yellow hair just where it parted above the dark eyebrows as she uttered these words. The hair was really carefully combed and the large Lyons hat which lay in her lap had not in leaving the head released more than one stray fillet, but this he cunningly contrived to manipulate as if it were guilty of a gross rebellion against the coiffure, and the precious time thus gained served to rally his beating heart to a fresh charge and in the end to imperial victory.

"I am a sad dog, as I very well know," he went on, "but for all that there is something good in me which the world has need of, and you better than any one else can bring it out, and I pray you do it." His tone was quite tender now, and his finely shaped white hand had left the bending head to stroke with a delicate touch the rising bloom of her cheek.

There was a proud sense of conquest beginning to steal through every fibre of his being, as his eyes devoured the folds of her throat and the shapely stoop of her shoulder weighed over by the mass of hair which was now fallen in real disorder. He essayed to move her as yet yielding cheek nearer to his hot lips which hungered for some signal to send to the heart; but without wholly withdrawing herself she said, speaking for the first time with any great emotion, but with decided firmness, "Not now, not now! That may be after awhile but not now!"

Though a little abashed, his respect became the greater for her self-command as he saw how well guarded were the outworks of her suspicious pride. "Say but only this then," he continued, "can you in any degree return my love for you? I will give you any time in which to make answer."

She was wholly free from his slightest touch now, and quite herself as she said almost soliloquizing, "I loved you before I ever saw you, when I heard Cornelia talk about you as her sweetheart at our boarding-school. I am prouder now than ever of you, and am perfectly willing to trust you with my life, but let us talk of this again. I am nervous now, and it is time brother Robert and the guide were back. Please don't look as if anything had happened. I will go straight on down to the station house," she added as she rose and moved in that direction, "and will await your own and Robert's coming in the sitting-room. See me up this bank," she said, giving him a hand, "I will not be afraid of brigands till you join me," and in this remark her natural self came back, but there was a gladder light in her eyes than had ever been there before, for the great fountain of womanly feeling had been stirred for the first time to its depth, and she divined in part her capacity for love.

On that evening's train to Naples he manœuvred to have Ada sit beside her brother, while in the same compartment, but facing the guide, he talked very interestedly of what he had missed by not going to see the *débris*, which he doubted not would yield

when sifted greater marvels than anything yet taken from the buried city.

There was a happy glow about him all the evening, very noticeable to Mrs. Manso, when he paid his usual call after the drive, and his bed-time prayer was said with as pure and cleansed a heart as ever throbbed in the breast of his sainted dead mother.

The next day's train took the Cleburnes to Rome, and ere Moran could join them in the eternal city, Mr. Robert was cabled to come home on very pressing business.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE EUROPEAN EPISODE ENDS.

This love business of Moran's has tangled us. Wherefore should time and space be given to the emotions, which are wholly personal to a young man's heart? It is a trifling subject at best, this thing of love. Millions indulge in it. It wrecks those lives which, disappointed in winning the crown of their chase, are unable to see anything beyond. There is to all of us a certain point where we become tired, where we pray the load may drop from us, where we become conscious of the vast gap which lies between our ambitions and our accomplishments.

There is enough of this novel written. It is time the curtain was rung down, the lights snuffed and these poor puppets of ours boxed and labelled for the use of some worse showmen than ourself who will follow us. We mean the critics. They can always work on a small stock of raw material. Happy, happy men! How they straddle this little earth of ours, and yell for a new measurement of its diameter. Mocking birds are they, who listen to all the sounds given by the groves, and tu-whit and tu-whoo them. Solemn owls, some of them, who

if they were a mind to tell could have bettered this and saved a catastrophe there, and made on the whole a really artistic denouement.

I remember them and agree with them, that there is enough of this story written.—My Johnson has not survived the sale of Thrall's brewery, the death of Savage, the alterations in Grub street, the passing away of "dear Goldy," but it is meet that this Boswell should suppress him now and here. The 19th is not a century to be in love with Boswells.

Give us a fresh dip, is the constant cry. "Rowland, the Rowdy," and the "Bloody Barber of the Bowery," savor best of rushing life, and there is no time on railroad trains making forty miles an hour for a pork packer who is crazy for a telegram at the next station, giving a quotation in guts, to read your notions as to who was to blame ten years ago for the failure of reconstruction.

Count in Hayes and go on with the progress of this blessed country. There is money to be made West, and bless your soul there is no time to discuss the South and its pleas.

What is the use of a Bourbon, Fate says, if it be not to smite hip and thigh, the progeny of the pork packers. A pheasant breeder is tolerated in so good a country as England—a country blessed with copper and coal, tin and iron, epsom salts and the gulf stream; but who can abide the rule of manure-makers? who will submit to a slavery, imposed not by strength, but by a low ten cent cunning? Not Moran, at least, who, at length awakening from a long fool's dream of Yankeeizing his country in order to prove himself a good Union man, now sees his errors and repents them like a man.

Oh this parchment business of Government, and traffic in constitutions, what a shekel-yielding farce it is to the players! How the new feudal lords of Erie and Harlem, Lake Shore, and the Pennsylvania, the various Pacifics and Air Lines innumerable, laugh at the travesty, while they fashion a new act of legislation to overturn an old court decision. Kind, gentle, sweet fools, ye people, continue to vote and to worship! Who shall prevent you? The negroes? They don't know how. The

Scandinavian and the chap from Hesse Darmstadt whose granddaddy Washington woke up too soon one morning at Trenton, and whose self-imposed slavery the proud Pitt put to the world in such words of shame as blister now that a century has gone, are they to negative your wishes? God forbid that the kraut-eater should refuse the money of the Puritan or fail to accord him homage.

But the Bourbon, what of him? He is at last vindicated by results. Seward and Chase, and Sumner and Stanton, and poor overly advertised Greeley, are gone, and their works do *not* live after them. They and their fellows have made a more pitiable show in the job of humbling, than even Bismarck did in his loud-voiced proclamations over the French Nineveh. But for you, loyal lovers of the principles which moved the first Rebellion here,—and through this country, France; and through France, the world;—what words are good enough to say in print your praises to the children now learning to read? That you are brave? The world knows that lesson by heart. It is written in the battle mounds of half a continent.

That you are wise? Who else could hold as you have done a race in subjection, planted originally in your midst for purposes of "gayneful pillage," and when the gain ceased were excited to throat-cutting by the children of the first sellers—children who sing "John Brown's body" as a National anthem.

To this degree of rebellion had one thoroughly reconstructed Southern white youth in the enjoyment of office, and greatly petted by all loyal men, arrived in January, 1875.

He had feared such a visitation of conscience would overtake him whenever he had allowed himself to discuss politics, even casually, with a Southern woman; but his studied avoidance of such society for years past had put off the day of self-reckoning.

But Grant's dispersion of the Louisiana Legislature in the month and year of January, 1875, changed Saul to Paul. There could be no further mincing of matters. It was habeas corpus and English history against a little office and his hatred towards some local Democratic politicians.

To prove to all others his thorough sincerity, the determination was at once adopted to resign his present place and never to take office again. His private fortune was for the most part gone—much of it having been spent in attendance on Republican Committee work and open-air electioneering—and he recognized with a feeling of freedom to which he had long been a stranger, that the profession of the law must alone support him for the future.

Now, sure of a pure young woman's love, he was returned to his better self, and enjoyed as much happiness in the last days of his residence abroad as falls to the lot of the most favored mortals.

The same mail which brought him full accounts of De Trobriand's outrage at New Orleans, of Phil Sheridan's dispatches characterizing his next door neighbors as bauditti, and of the outburst of indignation in New York, which the Poet Bryant and the little Lawyer Evarts were called upon to voice to the fighting world, brought him the following simple girl's letter from Ada Cleburne, written on the eve of her departure for America.

LONDON, Feb. 2, 1875.

I was very agreeably surprised, when Buddy returned from the Consul's office this morning with your letter addressed to Rome, and which has been lying here awaiting my call for a fortnight. Robert tells me that he informed you by letter from Paris, of the necessity which called us home before our furlough was out. He is a dear good boy and has put off obeying his duty simply to oblige me with an additional week in France. I thought I had your word not to write till I reached home and interviewed *ma chere* mamma, but I forgive you this time. It is not that I dreaded Robert's teasing so much; but I feel that I am such a poor correspondent, my letters will be more of a "bore" than a pleasure.

It is very pleasant to think that some one loves *me*. I never knew what was real happiness before, and I often pinch myself to discover whether I am dreaming or not.

I did not call to say a formal good-bye to Mrs. Manso, so suddenly were we called away from your fine city. Besides I was real sick with sore throat the day after our return from Pompeii, and was afraid it would terminate in something more than common sore throat. Some

trace of the hoarseness remains even yet. I am so nervous I can hardly write—so I hope you will not expect a long letter. You ask how I liked Mrs. Manso. I was very much pleased with her—in fact, more so than with any lady of Northern birth I ever met; but she is from Boston, and they are not so unlike our best people in the South.

You will ere this reaches you have read the fearful doings of the soldiers in New Orleans. What a dreadful wretch that man Grant must be to wink at such things. Buddy says he will vote for a democrat before he will vote for Grant again, and I hope you will take the same position.

Many, many thanks for the copy of "Aftermath," which you were kind enough to leave for me at the hotel for my railway reading. I greatly enjoy Longfellow at all times, and very much doubt whether any of our many distinguished Americans, who have "done the continent," ever took back with them so large a share of its most pleasing memories for the permanent use of the plain home-folks as this dear old man carried with him. "Aftermath." Is n't it a pretty name for an old man's poems. I shall tell you all about my return trip when you come to see me Christmas, in my own dear home in dear, dear America.

I will close with a prayer that you (and every man of the world) will receive strength from God to withstand the many temptations that are daily thrown around you. I know you can do whatever you wish, and I am proud of you, and know you will never do anything that will change my feeling towards you.

I am ever lovingly yours,

ADA N. CLEBURNE.

"I know you can do whatever you wish," that was bracing to a young man, who already had a sufficiently good opinion of himself. "I often pinch myself to discover whether I am dreaming or not," what holy imaginations beguiled him, as he re-read this sentence, wherein she admitted herself so wholly happy in the possession of his love!

What was he, to be honored with such a tribute as the bounding loyal heart of this queenly young Virginian woman! The old mean bachelor selfishness, which was just beginning to incrust his developed manhood died, within him. Budding misanthropy and the mild attack of skepticism, with which he had been threatened after reading Buckle and Darwin, vanished before the sentence, "I will close with a prayer that you (and

every man of the world) will receive strength from God to withstand the many temptations that are daily thrown around you."

Prayer! Had not his favorite Buckle demonstrated fully the absurdity of the prayer for rain in the English liturgy by such an array of scientific facts, refuting the basis of the claim, as left one of fair reason convinced, while the priestly superstition sank deeper in ignominy than plummet ever sounded?

Had not Tyndall taunted all the world's clergy with reiterated cat calls, for one single *raison d'être* in defence of the efficacy of creature petition? But for all this he would not believe that any model of Ada's mould in vain supplicated its Maker for favor to itself or to its loves. He was immeasurably comforted by the consciousness of having a fee simple in this woman's love.

All the world became the better and brighter from his having this great fortune cast upon him. He ate, slept, exercised, read, wrote, conversed the better now that he realized her words, "I am proud of you, and know you will never do anything that will change my feeling towards you."

He had but one piece of her property, and that an essay in paper covers of Professor Blackie's on "Self Culture," which she had given him soon after her arrival in Naples, and which had thus far lain unopened and dust covered on a shelf with the more ancient archives of the consulate.

Thinking now constantly of her, this little pamphlet was sought for and diligently perused. She had marked one passage, he was pleased to think, with himself foremost in her mind at the time. It ran thus: "There are higher things than knowledge in the world; there are living energies: and in the moral world, certainly, it is not knowledge but aspiration that is the moving power, and the wing of aspiration is prayer. Where aspiration is wanting, the soul creeps; it cannot fly; it is at best a caged bird, curiously busy in counting and classifying the bars of its own confinement. Of course we do not mean that any person should be so full of his own little self, and so ignorant of the grandeur of the universe, as to besiege the ear

of Heaven with petitions that the laws of the universe shall be changed any moment that may suit his convenience. We do not pray that we may alter the Divine decrees, but that our human will may learn to move in harmony with the Divine will. How far with regard to any special matter, not irrevocably fixed in the Divine concatenation of possibilities, our petition may prevail, we never can tell; but this we do know, that the most natural and the most effectual means of keeping our own noblest nature in harmony with the source of all vital nobleness, is to hold high emotional communion with that source, and to plant ourselves humbly in that attitude of devout receptiveness which is the one becoming attitude in the creature towards the Creator.

"Practically there is no surer test of a man's moral diathesis than the capacity for prayer. Go forth to battle, brave young man, like David, with your stone ready and your sling well poised; but be sure that you are fighting the battle of the God of Israel, not of the devil. Whether you have a sword or a pen in your hand, wield neither the one nor the other in a spirit of insolent self-reliance or a vain self-exhibition; and, not less in the hour of exuberant enjoyment than in the day of dark despondency and despair, be always ready to say—'BLESS ME, EVEN ME ALSO, O MY FATHER!'"

These little pencil marks in the margin showed which way her thoughts lay, and he remembered now with a great sense of thankfulness that she had handed him this little book on the morning following an evening's drive, after she had heard him expounding evolution with Manso. What great fools all these scientists now seemed, brought in broad daylight face to face with this woman of faith, who loved him second only to the Great Type of Man. Coupled with, but secondary to the knowledge that now smote him, showing what things she would have him do in matters of morality, came the conviction that she would kindly value his severance from the Republican party and all its teachings. Its traditions even *she* would admit to be fine.

Moran was too self-reliant and morally too brave to have

hunted out any excuse for this step; but the opportunity afforded every self-respecting Southern man at home or abroad to part fellowship with the Republicans, when Grant's mailed hand fell full upon poor plundered Louisiana in the winter of 1875, came to him at a time when the decision as to his future political conduct was already well-nigh made up. He gladly availed himself of the circumstance to write his resignation of the Naples Consulate, and by the same mail to say to Ada Cleburne that he was done with politics forever. He could not be a Democrat consistently with his opinions as to that party's past history.

The barnacles fastened on to the Republican ship had not only disabled her for that rushing war-like cleave of wave, which, looking back to after the voyage is closed, cannot be regarded except with emotion by every patriot, but were threatening to sink her as she lay rotting and moored to corruption as to an anchor.

He had the law to live by and Ada's love to live for. He would go back to America, he said to himself, and either in the poverty-cursed and Carpet-Bag ridden section of the South, which he called home, locate his cottage, and within it place the yellow-haired maiden, or choosing more wisely perhaps for both, seek a home in the great, broad, nationalized West.

The last week of March found him bidding the Signor and Lady Manso a tender good-bye, on the deck of the good ship "Tanais" of the Messageries line of Marseilles, which had called at Naples for freight and passengers *en route* from Constantinople to the city of her ownership. His intention once made up he at once thought to let Ada know of it, and aware that the steamer on which Ada was to sail would take in mails at Queens-town forwarded from London the night after she had left Liverpool, he risked the chance of sending her the following letter, which, however, missed delivery and did not reach her for a week after her arrival in Virginia, being forwarded thither by the steamer's New York agent. But it described so well Moran's feelings at that time, that in justice to him the reader ought to be allowed to look over his shoulder as he writes.

NAPLES, Feb. 10, 1875.

MY DEAR SWEETHEART:—My mind is made up to return to America as soon as the present fiscal quarter ends, March 30th. Self-respect forbids my longer continuance in office under the present administration after the Louisiana affair. Every detail of the horrible throttling of that State is to the last degreesickening to any lover of freedom and fair play. The conduct of the President and General Sheridan puts back all hope of Reconstruction working out its own salvation, as effectually as Pitt thought the battle of Austerlitz had done away with the necessity for the then printed map of Europe. After all the patient heroic endurance of the Southern Republicans, it is too bad that such a crowd of thieves as congregate in the New Orleans Custom House, should, by asking in their name for such help as De Trobriand gave, put them forever in the shambles of shame as servile to Grant's wish for a third term, and alien to all the decent traditions of representative government.

I feel sorely wounded in soul even to the point of personal disgrace. In spite of ignorant and timid agents, in spite of the fierce dissent of all the powerful and shrewd natives, the Reconstruction policy had within it a fair chance for success, had the intermeddlers at Washington but permitted it to gather, what home strength, political selfishness, rival ambitions, ante-bellum prejudices, railroad and bank interests, immigration and in some cases positive patriotism, would have in time lent it, not perhaps from love to it as from hatred of retrogression.

But the fabric, with whatever eyes one looks upon it, is doomed to topple—a justly condemned Babel, many will say—an unfinished Washington monument, will be the sincere opinion of others. Veritably it is "*Monon Ou*"—the "All But," the "Well Nigh," of the forceful Greek and not the Ichabod of the Hebrew. Such as the former has seemed my own wasted life, till you smiled upon and blessed it here in pleasant Naples, where I now sit writing in a window of the Hotel des Etrangers looking out upon the beautiful waters, which wash alike the shores made famous by Moses and Cheops, by Mahomet and Aristotle, by Cæsar and Bonaparte.

But of all the associations which a sight of their familiar face awakens, no one is so cherished as that which connects me with Pompeii, when on a certain golden afternoon not so long gone that I could not give the date of it, a maiden, who shall here be nameless, whispered to me in great confidence the sweetest little morsel of knowledge ear was ever blessed with hearing.

You may well guess after this confession, my great desire to leave Naples and seek America, to which country that maiden belongs, and

for which she will have sailed before this letter reaches her, unless, as I hope, no delay will ensue to prevent its being put in the Irish mail the day after to-morrow in London. That mail will overtake her steamer in Queenstown, and if no soiled quarantine hands finger this package between here and good Victoria's island, I can trust her faithful postmen to deliver it on ship-board.

Seriously speaking, you are the very cunningest correspondent lover ever was blessed with. You do not know your own worth in that regard; but your sex have ever been distinguished in that way, as witness Mme. Sevigne, Lady Montague, De Stael, and, coming nearer home and descending as well in rank, Mrs. Stowe, Kate Field, and our own dear Mrs. Spencer, whose fine letters in the *Southern Presbyterian* we admired together during your visit to Dunham.

My purpose now is to spend a week, perhaps a fortnight, in Paris to which I go *via* the sea and the Lyons railroad, and sail for New York 16th April, reaching there, say the 25th, and seeing you in Petersburg by the 1st of May at the farthest.

I shall then and there relieve you of the interview with that, to me at least, formidable lady, your dear good mother, to whom as well as to your brother Robert, convey all the love I can spare from your gentle self.

Aff'y ever,

ARCH'D MORAN.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FATTED CALF.

There is no need to recount at length Moran's return trip. Perhaps no young man's adventures in Paris can ever be truthfully committed to paper, with any reasonable hope that good will come of the venture.

Perhaps he went to the Valentino, perhaps he danced the can-can after a wine-inspired violin, perhaps he wandered out of reach even of the lights of a cab-stand and saw the streets about the Place of July empty their frightful specimens of men and women into the broader Rue St. Antoine, as the hours grew smaller and the police less plentiful.

In any event it is not incumbent upon me to say what he saw or did. I only know this, that he reached New York in due time, and repaired at once to the banking house of the Lewters for a supply of funds.

The leaping pilot-boat bearing his country's flag, which had met his steamer below the mouth of the bay, the grand sight of the bay itself and the majestic city to which it opens the world an entrance—these inspiring sights had completely silenced his foolish fears, that it was in the power of Grant or of any other man or devil to divorce from freedom the fair and undisputed control of America.

The senior Lewter had known his father in the ante-war days, and welcomed him into the bank directors' parlor, with an approach to positive friendliness. He was an old traveller himself, and enjoyed the opportunity afforded by Moran's call to brighten some of his memories of the continent. The conversation at length turned to America, and to the Southern States in particular.

Mr. Lewter, as has been previously observed in this book, was a native Virginian, an avowed sympathizer with the South during the civil war, and along with many other "Copperheads" had sought the shores of Nova Scotia during that troublesome time, in order to escape the pressing hospitalities of Fort Warren, to which Mr. Seward's little bell had more than once rung him an invitation.

But he had lived North too long, and had passed his life too near the counters of the money changers, to care "a two-penny damn," as Wellington would say, about the politics of any individual with whom he conversed either on business or pleasure. But he *was* just a little surprised as well as pleased to hear Moran denounce Grant and the Louisiana outrage.

"Your people will soon be on their legs again, if the crops continue good," said Mr. Lewter. "The Carpet-Bag exodus has set in, and in twelve months there will not be an hundred of the crew in the entire South. Let alone, the South will at once show signs of revival. In fact it is the best part of the

Republic, even now, in which a poor man can fix his home," he continued.

"Speaking of Carpet-Baggers," said Moran, "reminds me that the last time I was in this bank I met one of the most noted of the breed—Judge Gardees of Alabama, you know him, I suppose, or at least you know of him: What is he about now?"

"Oh yes, I know him. Smart fellow he is too, made away with more positive pelf than any man of his sort who went South, as I have reason to believe. He met with a sad accident only a few days ago," replied the banker.

"What was it," queried Moran.

"Very shocking indeed. It seems that a son of Gardees is a very dissolute fellow, a hanger-on of bar-rooms and bawdy-houses, and has by his conduct caused his father great trouble and the loss of no little money. Well, on one day of the past week, if I remember aright, the father followed the son to some low house and undertook to carry him home by force, when in the scuffle that ensued, the boy, enraged at the time by drink, drew a pistol and inflicted a wound from which it is doubtful whether Gardees will ever recover."

"Where did this occur?"

"In some small town in Ohio near Cleveland. The son is now in Cleveland jail," replied Mr. Lewter.

"Do you know anything of General Lollamead's whereabouts now?" Moran asked.

"Oh yes," and the banker laughed heartily as he said it, "I helped him out of a scrape here during the last holidays. He was actually under arrest for a hotel bill of \$20, and could not muster a shilling to his name. I paid him out, and still hold his note for the amount, which if I never get I shall never grieve over. Lollamead was not a bad fellow, and was unquestionably the cleverest carpet-bag I ever had dealings with."

"You say so rightly," Moran rejoined; "I knew him quite well and can hardly think him so bad a man as perhaps I ought in justice to his associates to think. There was Hunt and Low-

ell, for instance—his bosom cronies. Hell raked with a fine-tooth comb could not show their equals for cheek and wanton wickedness."

"Bad lot I take them to have been, though my acquaintance was merely a passing one of business," said the banker. "They are both at present in the New Orleans Custom House."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Archie. "Why, I saw by the papers that the Legislature of my State had offered a reward for each of them, and that our Governor had issued his requisition for their delivery."

"That is true," said Mr. Lewter, "but *their* Governor resolutely refuses on one plea or another to give them up, and besides there are many influential Democrats in your State who quake in their shoes whenever the prospect is imminent that either of them will be brought back to Montgomery to testify as to the flush times of 1868 and '69. There is always, you know, a wheel within a wheel, and it is so in this instance."

"Well, you want some money, eh, on this check," said Mr. Lewter, arising and taking the blank which the young man had just filled up, "let us go to the Cashier," and he led the way out of the parlor into the office.

Moran received his greenbacks, declined the banker's invitation to dinner with him up town, and was duly ticketed in the Pullman sleeper on that night's train for the South. He spent the forenoon of the next day in Washington, having some unfinished business with the Fifth Auditor, and from that city telegraphed Mr. Robert Cleburne of his being in America, and of his intention to stop off at Petersburg at seven o'clock of the same evening. His train made prompt connections, and at sharp seven he found himself in the Cleburne carriage, and being rapidly whirled to the home of the Cleburnes—the only male representative of that name being on the seat beside him, and insisting earnestly and perhaps with truth that his city was noted as having the worst hotels of any town in the United States, and that he could not consistently allow any of his friends to patronize them.

After a time, Cleburne, who had been listening to our hero's account of his voyage home, cried out, "Why, Moran, old fellow, you have n't congratulated me yet?"

"Congratulated you upon what? on your leaving Grant and the Republicans? You ought to congratulate me on being your first convert, for I have gone with you in that matter."

"No, oh no! I was n't thinking of Louisiana. Do you mean to say that you don't know I am married?" exclaimed Robert.

"Married," cried Archie, "how should I know that you were married?—the dear girl, is she at your mother's? How much I shall enjoy seeing her! When did the affair come off?"

"Three weeks ago to-day. I sent you an invitation, timing it to reach you the very day of the ceremony, but your delay on the road home accounts for its non-arrival. I was thinking of you as having come directly home from Naples.

"Yes, sir," he continued, "I am Benedick, the married man."

"How did Colonel Foley take it?" asked Moran, "he is the most devoted father I ever knew. Went very hard with him, I suppose?"

"Why, sir," said Cleburne, "you ought to have seen him. I actually thought the parting would kill him. At the depot the old fellow took Laura in his arms and boohooed outright. He was so much affected that he did n't have time to notice me, and forgot to tell me good-bye. I told Laura that I was not so very sorry for the omission, as he would probably have enjoyed the fun of caning me more than shaking hands with me.

"But it is natural, that being his only child, he should hate to give her up. He is all 'rosy' now, however, and wants us to come to Dunham and live with him, which I shall be very certain to do—you know. Catch *me* provincializing, will you!" concluded Cleburne.

With this remark closed the conversation, as the carriage had now reached the handsome brick pile embowered in shrubbery, which the last-named speaker called home. Lights were flashing from every window, two colored ushers handsomely aproned

were at the gate, there was a merry bounding of lithe feet down the large steps and into the gravel walk, there was the faint scream of a well remembered voice, and the two young men were captured immediately upon touching *terra firma*, and led into the light as if for inspection.

Moran had not believed before that any such little ovation could afford the intense emotional pleasure which this was now giving him, and he found himself comparing the feelings it called forth with the triumphs which belonged to great orators, and to magnetic military men. He was never so happy before. Conscious now of commanding the allegiance of one royal and unsullied heart, he was suffused with a great glow of sterling, honorable pride, and the current of his being set so sympathetically towards the fair girl, who still held his hand and looked up in his face under the hall gas jets, that his eyes translated to all present the language of his overcrowded breast.

Happy, innocent, youthful love spin out its strands till they be fine as the web of the Venetian glass worker, O young man and maiden! For know ye that when the creditor takes the homestead, when the seedy school-master duns for the arrearages of tuition, when even the laundress becomes impudent, and sickness and child-bearing have hardened the eyes, which were wont to drive all these into the background of the picture—know ye that the sweets of the betrothal time will then marshal themselves to lighten the load of your money-burdened, care-infested memory.

Eke out that joyous time as the traveller in Sahara doles his last skin of water. Dally with it as the mouser does the captured pirate of the pantry. Hold it as the school-child does its first live pet by a string, which, giving a measure of freedom, is strong to insure permanent possession. Let us draw the curtain, or rather shut the parlor door, as Laura Foley, now Mrs. R. Cleburne, did (after telling Moran all the Alabama news), and leave our young friends an hour to themselves.

Ada is of course crazy to compare experiences at sea with Archie, since the steamers of both encountered a storm on the

return trip, and Laura, having never been to sea in her life, has positively no interest in such matters.

Mr. Robert is with his mother, a cigar and the evening paper, to which essentials of happiness his wife is at this minute added. The household (servants included) get together in the supper-room at ten precisely, when Mrs. Cleburne, Senior, adjusts her glossy white house cap, that becomes her brow as well as a coronet, and reads the evening's chapter of Scripture, after which all kneel and she prays as she has prayed in this house, and in this room, for thirty years past—a simple request for some portion, however small, of the general blessing, a homely acknowledgment of gratitude that the day has passed without disaster, a hope that the hearers, then gathered around one altar, may in a coming life recognize each other in a more splendid home, and uttering a grander worship.

This lady is a Calvinist of the Londonderry type, and the first day of January in each year finds her reading in family worship the first chapter of Genesis; there are ten chapters of the holy book read every Sabbath afternoon, and December finds its evening selections in Revelations. There is no skipping in her school of the list of kings overthrown by Joshua; there is faithful recitation of every name in the long Hebrew chronology, which connects the Son of man with the temporal rulers of Palestine, splendid when obedient, captive and prophet-cursed when seduced to idolatry. From this it came to pass, that though a sad wight at the University—when Sophocles was to be construed—her son Robert never once failed to “take first” on the Bible, and what was more to the purpose, kept alive, under all the outer life given to pleasure and at times to riot, a germ of true purpose to make his man's life something more than a frolic.

And Ada, who inherited even more than the son, her father's love of social enjoyment, how could she with such a mother, and trained so painstakingly in the pithy wisdom of the Westminster Catechism, be aught else than the noble woman you and I, reader, know her to have been—upright, scornful of mean

and little things, loyal to love and to country, of generous impulse, of sober purpose, of sensible accomplishments!

On the morning following his first night passed under the same roof with Ada, Moran sought an interview with Mrs. Cleburne, and communicated his conquest of her daughter's heart, and invoked her assent to their early union. The assent was given, conditional upon his connecting himself with some branch of the Christian church. This he promised to do, not in order to obtain Ada's hand alone, but because of the call of duty pointing that way with more or less earnestness since the day of his dear mother's death.

When the announcement of the success of this interview had been communicated to Ada, who waited with sweet patience its termination, ensconced with book in hand in the great bow window of the library, she appeared more happy than Moran had ever seen her, and for the first time voluntarily raised her head, placing at the same time a hand on each of his shoulders, and invited his parent-sanctioned kiss.

After much further castle building with which it is in no way our business to interfere, the two set out for a walk down town, Ada's object being to select a bridal present for Cornelia Renfrew, whose near marriage she had told Moran of soon after his arrival.

A bridal cravat of the most costly lace, cunningly woven in representation of the humming-bird, was finally chosen as the gift.

"I ought to send something," exclaimed Archie to Ada, "and as a matter of course I must do so. What shall it be? won't you be good enough to assist me in the selection?"

"Send that cravat-pin you are wearing. You told me its history and I will promise never to be jealous after you have once parted with it. Now it affects me as the handkerchief did Othello," said the girl, laughing, "and besides it will suit admirably to go along with my little gift, and you shall write a joint note of tender when we get home."

As she said, so it was done, and with deft fingers piercing the

lace humming-bird with the really beautiful embossed gold work of the Montgomery jeweller, she held up the gorgeous throat-scarf for Moran's admiration before returning it to the salesman to be packed.

On reaching her home they sought the library, and on his new sweetheart's note paper he indited to his first love the following joint note to be placed in the gift box.

PETERSBURG, VA., May 12, 1875.

For MISS CORNELIA RENFREW :—We send, with the best greetings of two hearts warmly attached to you, and desirous of your permanent happiness beyond the range of words to say how much, a cravat of lace which one of us wishes to be a part of your bridal suit, and into which the other places for wear or keepsake, as to your fancy may seem best, a pin attached to the bullet with which you were slightly wounded by the Federal raiders in the memorable Spring of the surrender.

You will have to imagine the many sweet things we are turn about repeating in your praise as the time draws nigher for you to enter that mysterious marital region where we are to see our girl friend transformed into a stately madame. Or rather, as a long letter has already told you, we are *not* to see this transformation, since one of us is called to the South *instantly*, and the other has given reasons for her non-attendance which she will not permit to be repeated in the handwriting of her co-correspondent.

Ever faithfully yours,

ADA CLEBURNE,
ARCH'D MORAN.

There has to come an end to all things—a sage remark for the past thousand years,—and so had Archie's visit in Virginia as being included in the universal list. "Good-bye, sweetheart," was said with all the sweet sorrow of Romeo himself—a whole budget of messages was set down in his note book from Laura to the Dunham kin, and in company with his future brother-in-law, who was to be his fellow passenger as far as Burkeville Junction, he departed for the South-West.

He found that in the brief year of his absence, many surprising changes had taken place. To that air of despondency which the property-owners of the county had worn, while yet Recon-

struction was recognized as a living force, had succeeded the same joyous outburst of reviving life, which was witnessed in the first six months following the surrender of the Southern armies.

The negroes, too, were more industrious, more faithful to contracts, and contained among them many outspoken Democrats.

Judge Foley was more popular among them than ex-Postmaster Colwood had ever been. The enforced emigration of that gentleman to the North-West by reason of his difficulties with the money-order accounts of his office, had resulted in the appointment of our *quondam* friend, Miss Ann Duvall, to the vacancy. The cotton acreage of the incoming year was reported to be greater than in any year before or since the war. Northern capitalists were opening up the coal and iron interests, and the price of labor had risen fifty per cent. in twelve months.

Mr. Pepper, the owner of Moran's old home, had divided the plantation into a score of small farms, which were settled by the families of mechanics, who were thrown out of employment in Northern factories in consequence of the panic of 1873, but had laid away something for a rainy day before that crash came.

He rode over the property the day after his arrival and cared for the dressing of the family grave-yard. The ruined brick walls of the homestead had been removed to make chimneys for a dozen frame cottages of neat design, which stretched along the base of the ridge encircling the valley. The old family servants had removed to the railroad towns—some to Dunham, some to Chattanooga, some to Atlanta, which was now evidencing in a nut shell the general throb of energy beating through all the South, save the three States of Louisiana, Florida and South Carolina, yet cursed with high taxes and unpopular government.

Moran caught the infection of industry, and having the best claim as heir to Judge Foley's abandoned practice, opened a law office in his native county town a few days after his return. Fees small but plenty enough for his comfortable support soon

came to him, and he quickly established a good name for neat office work, for which he was indebted to the exact drill he had subjected himself to during the year of his consulship. He found the Krooms and all their neighbors to be good clients, as the iron and coal fever had its centre in the mountains that lay around and beyond the distillery premises of which specific mention was made in the early chapters of this book.

There was much work therefore thrown into his hands in the way of examining titles, furnishing abstracts of the same, drafting deeds, and drawing petitions for the sale of minors' and partnership interests in lands on which the coal men had made offers.

Gilbert Kroom, still hale and hearty, had by a sudden stroke of good luck grown to be one of the rich men of the county. His mineral interest in one tract of wild mountain land had been sold before Moran's return home to a Pittsburgh company, for the snug sum of forty thousand dollars, and if the iron ores on other tracts, which he still retained, proved to be of as fine quality as the tests seemed to indicate, Gilbert said he should have more money than he would know what to do with.

Good Dr. Roberts and wife were not to be satisfied with anything short of Archie making his home with them till he had a home of his own, and the expression of his wish and intention to apply for confirmation at the coming visitation of the Bishop, gratified that excellent couple more than the reader would believe. Young Holt brought the brass band around to the rectory on the first night of his taking quarters there, and after Mrs. Roberts's excellent cake and wine had been set out, quite a charming *impromptu* house-warming was had in Moran's honor.

Old animosities were buried out of sight, and he was once more a boy surrounded by the faces of loved school-fellows—albeit now bearded and in some cases care-worn—while over the good priest's wine, adventures of village chivalry were dwelt upon and curious questions about Europe asked of him, who rejoiced to feel once more the throbbings of a leadership, which had been cheerfully allowed on the river and at town ball, and

which he now for the first time in years thought might again be claimed without a sense of shame to country forbidding the demand.

So in love was he with his welcome, that he listened to Dr. Hasslett murder Latin terms during one-half of the following forenoon, and shook hands with Miss Emma Frost very cordially, when he met that lady on her evening promenade in search of exercise and the latest village gossip.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HANDS ALL 'ROUND.

It is the fashion of all Southern youth of means to take their bridal tours to the Northern cities. We hold this to be a great mistake, unless perhaps the marriage occurs in the summer season, which among folks of fashion would be a greater mistake still.

If the ambition is to be a traveller in Shakespeare's sense, "one, who sells his own lands to see other men's," why of course the Northern tour can in that way be justified; but there is really no finer pleasure city in America than New Orleans, right here at our doors, and such I am glad to record was the opinion of Mr. Archibald Moran, the leading figure in this story.

That gentleman, in the latter part of February, 1876, went only as far north as Petersburg, where Ada Cleburne was made his wife, without more ado than a pretty talk about Isaac and Rebecca, which all good Presbyterian preachers (and Ada would be married by no other sort of divine) have at their fingers' ends, but which Archie thought lacked strangely in the elements which should go to make up that semi-sacrament, which in his eyes holy matrimony was. The ceremony over, whether well or illy done, the pair took the Southern train for New Or-

leans, where they duly arrived in the midst of the Mardi-Gras carnival, a session of the Legislature engaged in the impeachment of Governor Kellogg, a Southern State's fair, whose orator was Governor Hendricks, then intriguing for a place on the Democratic ticket, which this same New Orleans was to pluck from his enjoyment a year later, and in the midst of an international pigeon match of which the much-telegraphed-about Bogardus was to be champion.

Horse races, masked balls, operas and theatres were secondary sights. All the great valley had its representatives. Mexico and Texas were there. Chicago roughs, St. Louis Shylocks with the sweet German accent, young bloods from Red River, were found at the same faro table.

The Indianapolis politician "laid pipe" in the St. Charles parlors under the suggestion of his boss plumber from Austin. Ballet girls from Australia danced on the same boards with, but in rivalry of, the latest graduates from Munich. The levee was alive with trade, the promenades alive with pleasure. Never had Moran conceived it possible to so mingle the energy of the new world with that systematic study of pleasure which characterizes the old world. Who after this will say his bridal tour was not wisely chosen. New Orleans! what a spell in the name, since the days of Talbot and the holy maid! And leaving the beautiful memories of the Loire and its vine-embowered chateaus of the *ancien régime*, how the fascination abides with us through the years of Spanish, and French, and Saxon domination at the mouth of the Mississippi.

Here great old Hickory Jackson might have brought his bride after that half run-away marriage at Natchez, with old father-in-law Donelson aiding and abetting (so much was he in love with Andy's pluck), while Robards, the husband, was taking legal advice in Kentucky woods as to the virtue of a divorce granted by a Legislature at Richmond. Far apart were the actors in that drama, in the days when steam was in its swaddling clothes, and the docile nature of lightning had not been recognized. Here sturdy, valorous and kind-hearted Old Abe

had often brought his flat boat from the head-waters of the Illinois to traffic with traders from the coffee country, and to exchange jokes with his only rivals in the art—the men from Arkansas.

Lafitte, Lopez, Walker, pirates and fillibusters innumerable, destitute of all ties of country, loved to call this place home. Through it had poured the great tide of adventurers who settled Texas, the great tide of volunteer soldiery who had annexed the Pacific slope to the Republic. The lion-hearted Farragut had fought here, the eloquent Palmer still preached here. Princely city, sore has been thy recent afflictions—cursed by Sheridan's insolence, by Packard's brutal bullying, by Kellogg's Greek gifts, by Wells's devil-born patience in evil doing, by Warmouth's and Wheeler's friendship. Enchanting even in disoluteness—a land where a coward or an ugly woman is a curiosity, where you pull oranges off a mile of trees overhanging the streets, where you are sealed up in a brick oven when dead, and your requiem chanted by singers from Italy, where the rule of a Tweed or a Sheppard is felt to be a personal disgrace, even by the Arabs of society—O princely city, may the assured re-occupancy of thy pristine state be no longer delayed, but come quickly, bearing with it blessings beyond count to all the South-land!

So pleasantly fled the days that a fortnight was gone ere Mr. and Mrs. Moran were recalled to a sense of the fact that with all its charms, the capital of the South-West was no place of permanent settlement for a village lawyer recently married to a city woman of expensive even if sensible tastes, and so one evening, the last of their stay, seated on the river bank at Carrollton, one of the finest of the city's suburbs, these two sipped their French coffee and mapped out plans for their married life.

"Why not settle in Petersburg, dear? I am sure there is no young lawyer there as smart as yourself, and Buddy can throw you *ever* so much practice," said the young wife, "and besides you can afford to wait till you *are* well established, and live with mamma till that time," she continued.

"That would be simply insupportable to me," replied the husband. "Don't talk of that any more, Ada. We are to live in Dunham, and in a far less degree of style than either of us has been accustomed to. Colonel Foley has written to me since we came here that he will resign his judgeship at once, and remove to Chattanooga to take the attorneyship of the Unaka and Little River Railroad—a very rich sinecure for life."

"What has Colonel Foley and his railroad got to do with where we live, pray?" interrupted the wife, who was loth to surrender without a struggle her dream of living in her old home.

"It has this to do with it," said Moran, "it offers us a good chance to get a comfortable home on cheap terms, and it advances me relatively several steps higher in the practice of the circuit."

"What are the terms?" asked Ada. "If we have to live in Dunham I had rather live in the Foley house than elsewhere in the horrid old town."

"My dear, you must not abuse Dunham. You cannot imagine what a warm welcome is awaiting you there at this very moment," protested Moran.

"Beg pardon, master. Go on with the terms. How much money will you have to pay for the house?" replied the wife.

"No. I am no master, as you well enough know. We (because you must help me a little) will have to pay \$10,000—about half of which amount Judge Foley now has in trust for me—it being the surplus arising from the sale of Ravenscroft. The remaining \$5,000 the Judge is perfectly willing to give me any time on that I may desire; but my preference is to pay him up in full and take the deed in your name. My old friend, Gilbert Kroom, of whom you have often heard me speak, has kindly offered to lend me even a larger sum of money; but that much I shall borrow from him, trusting that your Virginia property will before long help me to pay it."

"Pay it," cried Ada, "why it can pay that much now, and more too."

"Your brother Robert is more involved than you are aware of," said her husband. "On account of moneyed difficulties at home he returned so suddenly from Europe. Mr. Hubbard not only kept him out of some moiety money that he was looking forward to, but closed out a large amount of Virginia railroad stocks belonging to your mother and which had been hypothe-cated to Hubbard by your brother for a comparatively small cash loan. But let us not talk about Hubbard. I don't like the man."

"Because he married Cornelia. I understand the reason, Sir Launcelot," interrupted Ada, with some snap in her tone.

"No such thing," retorted Moran, seeming to be indignant. "I don't like him because he got away with your good money, or rather with money that would have been yours in part some day. But all that has nothing to do with buying the Foley property—a thing I am resolved upon doing as soon as we get to Dunham and after the manner I told you of."

Now, there is nothing more really galling to a newly-married woman than a reference by the husband to the fact that her marriage portion is likely to prove less than her expectations would have it. The gratifying sense that she can be of help in the life's race that is just opening is wounded in the very dawn of its birth. In revenge for this comes a wicked whisper that she is worthy to have married a man who was in need of no help.

Superadded in Ada's case was a feeling of disappointment that in no contingency was she ever to live in her dear Virginia again. The coffee cups were abandoned, the reckoning paid and the young couple took their way out of the labyrinth of tropical trees and flowers which make Carrollton so charming a spot for flirtation, and sought a seat in the first return car to the city.

On arriving at his hotel he remembered having received a letter from a merchant friend in Dunham, requesting him to investigate the market regarding the placing of several car-loads of clay peas, and sauntering forth bent on that mission he entered the first large produce store on the street, where he made known his business to the proprietor, who requested him to con-

sult a certain National bank on the same street as to the measure of his solvency and the reliability of his promises.

The cashier answered the questions satisfactorily to the good standing of the produce merchant, and calling over the questioner twice, "Moran! Moran! I travelled with a young man of that name from your State on one memorable occasion when I was begging my way South from Appomattox. Do you know such a person, or is it probable that you are he?" asked the cashier.

"That is my name, sir—Archibald Moran—and it is true that I was making my way home from a Virginia school at the time you speak of and in company with some of Lee's men; but I do not recall your face," replied the Alabamian.

"You stopped on the way, badly broken down, at the house of an old planter, did n't you?" repeated the cashier.

"You are the gentleman, without doubt," he continued on hearing Archie's assent to his question. "My name is Bond. I was the leader of the squad you travelled with. Don't you remember me now? I am glad to see you again. How long will you be in the city and where?"

Moran again shook hands and expressed his great joy at the accidental meeting, coupled with the long deferred thanks for the protection and assistance given him in the long-gone spring days of the surrender; but regretted that he would leave the St. Charles the same afternoon at seven for the Northern train.

"Well," said the cashier, "I will call around for a minute and say good-bye before that time. It is now a quarter to three, and I shall find you there, will I, say at five?"

"Yes, I'll be there and will introduce you to Mrs. Moran. I am on my bridal tour now," responded Moran.

"Indeed! Nice time for the trip. I went through that experience long since," said Mr. Bond, smiling and adjusting his pen behind his ear.

At five promptly the visitor came, and gave Ada a humorous account of her husband's bad qualities as a marcher and forager, but represented him as a good companion and a true Southerner, whose boyish denunciations of the Yankees had amused him,

Mr. Bond, very much on their chance meeting. The conversation then turned upon the political condition of Louisiana, and the cashier gave quite an interesting account of the leading jobs of infamy which had been carried through or were then being concocted by the carpet-baggers against the tax-payers. Referring to the 14th September, 1874, when Governor Penn overturned the carpet-bag government in an hour and a half, he said, "I was in that *mêlée*. It occurred just here at the foot of Canal street, and was rather a lively skirmish for a little while. But though we yielded to the first show of force put forth by the general government, still our point was gained. That was to evidence plainly to the American people the sort of State government we lived under, that it in no sense represented us and could be held up only by the bayonet. The moral effect of our moving then was incalculable and will yet bear full fruit.

"By the way," he added, as the party moved into the rotunda of the St. Charles from the parlor where they had been conversing, preparatory to taking a carriage for the Northern train, "there goes Governor Penn now—the gentleman clean shaven, except a dark mustache, who is crossing to the cigar stand. He is a trump card with the young men here.

"Now," said Cashier Bond, "to give you and Mrs. Moran an idea of what a volcano you are treading on for all this outward appearance of gayety and light seeming, let me say this," and he glanced up at the hotel clock. "It lacks now twenty minutes of your train time by that clock over the clerk's desk. Were it necessary either to repeat the movement of September the 14th, or to take any measure of protection for the white people of this city, that even the most sudden emergency could call for, by my simply sounding the fire alarm of this hotel, which is just above that clock you see, I can call seven thousand men into line before this hotel and in Canal street at the Clay statue, before you get away from town. What sort of men they would be—how accurately quiet and self-possessed, and withal how well equipped with powder and pluck, you just ask Kellogg and Longstreet to tell you."

"It's perfectly terrible to think of," said Ada, shuddering.

"I had no conception of such a thing," said Moran. "It reminds me of Sicily, or rather of what I have heard Sicily was in 1860."

"Yes?" said Mr. Bond inquisitively, and waiting for the comparison.

"They told me over there, that in Palermo during that year, on the morning of the very day when the city was captured by Garibaldi, that not one of the twenty thousand Bourbon officers and soldiers which constituted the garrison, had an idea in what part of the island the Liberator and his army were, though the secret of his plans was known to a majority of the citizens, including all the rabble, who to a man were dumb as oysters."

"Well, good-bye," said the cashier. "I hope you will come and see us next Mardi-gras, when we shall have elected old Sam Tilden president and have gotten out of all our present troubles. There's your carriage now, and you have no time to spare."

And so ended the interview with this interesting chance acquaintance, who had given them so clear a sight into the inner secret of the great city, not to be guessed in a cursory view of carnival pageants or horse races.

Moran and Ada live happily in the most quiet part of quiet Dunham, whose conservative flow of life has scarce a sensation. They occupy the old Foley homestead, where Laura and her husband, Robert Cleburne, have more than once visited them.

Ex-Judge Foley, with all his popularity and capacity for managing courts, politicians and people, found it difficult to reconcile in the minds of his old constituents, the consistency of his attorneyship-in-chief to a grasping, purse-proud, dominating railroad monopoly, with his former denunciations on the stump of the corrupt legislation which had nurtured into insolent life that same corporation.

In fact, despite the past, Archibald Moran, attorney at law, has a better name at the bar and among the voters than Paul

Foley, with a life-time behind him in which to have riveted the links that go to make up success.

Maloney, in the general sense of gratitude and amnesty which overspread all classes after the carpet-bag exodus, was pardoned from the penitentiary before his term was half served, and re-enlisted in the regular army, where he was at last accounts serving in the West.

Gilbert Kroom is still a hearty octogenarian, and is spending a good share of his newly-acquired money in giving the children of his murdered son Manuel the best educational facilities which Alabama affords.

Mr. Pepper has joined the church and retired from the lobby business. Indeed, there is no such occupation now to be found in his State. The large fortune which he accumulated has been invested in manufacturing enterprises, which give bread and meat to many of the poorer classes of his countrymen.

Mr. Hubbard is one of the leading Virginia readjusters, and is largely interested in various stock-jobbing operations of doubtful character. He however makes a faithful husband, and lives in a Dutch-gabled mansion in a leading Virginia city. Cornelia is the head of all the charity committees among her church-women, and is the promoter of a system of ragged schools, which hold her in almost adoration.

Colonel Renfrew's death necessitated Mrs. Renfrew's abandonment of Brookwood, and she lives with her daughter, very proud of her son-in-law's wealth, and urgent that Cornelia should spend it rather more ostentatiously than that noble girl is willing to do.

Moran and Ada, while not wealthy, have been greatly blessed, and possess what is better than great wealth, hearts grateful with a small share. Their latest and crowning blessing came in the birth of an heir to the old name—not a boy as he had hoped and prayed for, when the sweet secret was first whispered to him by the golden-haired wife, but a little girl, who inherits with the name the noble countenance of his dead mother.



